

THE RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

TRUTH WEARS NO MASK, BOWS AT NO HUMAN SHRINE, SEEKS NEITHER PLACE NOR APPLAUSE: SHE ONLY ASKS A HEARING.

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TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Zadkiel, the astrologist, predicted that June would bring "an increase of honor and dignity to the Prince of Wales."

The third volume of M. Renan's "History of Israel" has been interdicted by the Congregation of the Index and he says he is "rather glad of the news." The class of readers who will obey the index, he thinks, are not on the whole fond of intellectual excitement. Priests will read the book and be able to answer it, and those Voltaireans who have not yet read the story of the Israelites will be sure now to do so because the index has forbidden it. M. Renan is busy at a fourth volume of the "History of Israel."

Mr. Frank J. Sprague, the well-known electrical engineer and inventor, avows his readiness, says the New York Times, to demonstrate that a train of six standard elevated railroad cars carrying 500 passengers can be propelled by electric motor at a speed of forty miles an hour on a level. All he asks is the use of a two-mile section of road, four months' time, and a guarantee that the expense of the experiment, not to exceed \$50,000, shall be paid if he succeeds. If he fails, he is prepared to stand the entire loss, and is ready to deposit a sum sufficient to guarantee the good faith of the proposal.

The newly constituted Appellate Court is in favor of wearing robes, and Justice Harlan thinks they will give outward dignity to the position of the judges. The *Personal Rights Advocate* pertinently remarks: He who is dignified himself needs no cloak or robe, or other farce to command respect; and that he who does rely upon the latter brings the sublime to the ridiculous. In the nineteenth century the relics of barbarism and childlike usages are doomed and relegated to the cemetery of the past. If the Appellate Court of the United States cannot command respect, nor import dignity because of its worth and intrinsic merit, the judicial robes and other rags certainly cannot create that respect for it.

The agitation in Berlin over the corn duties has become so serious that the Ministry has ordered a strengthening of the garrison. There is no talk of an outbreak, but popular feeling is intense and a bread riot is possible, as there are thousands of utterly destitute people in the city, without the new element that is flocking in from other parts adding to the destitution and to the struggle for employment. The police have become more vigilant in enforcing the laws against vagancy, but the evil continues to grow and the multitude of unemployed increases with the price of bread. Caprivi remains obstinate, but it is believed that he will yield to the popular outcry before it has had time to become more formidable.

Our fashionable women may commit faults of conventionality and even wear low corsages, some of them, before the sun has set, says one of our dailies. They will get over all these inaccuracies in time. We can at least take comfort out of the consciousness that

we do not in reputable homes play games of chance for money, much less indulge in cheating at the games; and that if we lack the shady splendor of a prince royal to set the gait for us, we lack gamester and Guelf, which says the rest for political and social pontiff. Society in this country would not tolerate for an hour gaming women; and if American social life be tame, therefore, compared with that of London and its aristocratic suburbs, there is much reason to be thankful for the tameness.

According to dispatches from Pittsburg last week, Union Station in that city appeared for a while more like a hospital than a railroad depot. All day the building was filled with a miscellaneous variety of incurable people who had been taking religio-medical treatment at Father Mollinger's establishment on Troy Hill. The great majority of them were sadly disappointed. They went firmly believing that the noted priest possessed supernatural healing powers, though he never made such claims himself. For the most part they were hopeless invalids, whose cases had been given up by other physicians. A majority of them were very poor people, who had spent their last money to make the trip to the Troy Hill Good Samaritan. The condition of most of these returning patients was as miserable as could well be pictured. Some were carried to their train on stretchers, while others came to the depot on crutches and wheeled chairs. While a great majority of the patients have been but little benefited others report what seem like most miraculous cures.

Dr. Holmes told me the other day a curious experience of his, says a correspondent of the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*. At dinner one night he was suddenly moved, apropos of nothing, to relate a very curious criminal case that he had not even thought of, so far as he knew, for forty years. When they left the dining room and passed into the library it was found the mail had been delivered while they were at dinner and lay on the table. Dr. Holmes opened a paper sent him by a friend in England and behold! it contained the story of the long-past crime that he had just been relating, revived in the newspaper, and a friend in England, thinking it would interest him from its curious character had sent it to him. "Now what," said Dr. Holmes, "put the story at that moment in my mind? I suppose the Spiritualists would say that a spirit read what was in the paper lying in another room and communicated it to me. Or was it, possibly, my unconscious self that saw it and communicated it to the brain?" "Which do you think it was, Dr. Holmes?" I asked, curious to hear his keen and subtle analysis of so strange an occurrence. "I have no theories," he replied; "I only state facts."

The Swedish Parliament has enacted a law prohibiting Roman Catholics from seeking converts to that faith. Sweden is to Protestantism what Spain is to Catholicism, a country intensely devoted to the national church. It is not strange that such is the fact. For centuries the Lutheran religion was identical in Sweden with patriotism. It was introduced there by the liberator, Gustavus Vasa, and his descendant, the great Gustavus Adolphus, sealed his devotion to the faith with his blood on the memorable

field of Lutzen. Indeed, it is not too much to say that, but for the Swedes, the reformed religion would have been effaced from Germany as it was from France, and Protestantism would have had no foothold on the Continent of Europe. It is not strange that a people with such a history should be strongly attached to their native religion, and jealous of alien propagandism. And yet, in this age, we justly recognize intolerance as a sign of weakness. The Swedes, with their free schools and intelligent literature, should not be afraid of the friction of a foreign faith, and would best show confidence in the national belief by giving a fair field to every law-abiding creed.

In reply to a criticism by Mr. W. M. Salter of the National Unitarian Conference, on account of its Christian position, the *Christian Register* says: "We do not think it was originally a wise thing to adopt the form of preamble which was adopted for the constitution of the National conference. It is capable of misconstruction, and it refers to Jesus Christ in Messianic rhetoric, in terms better fitted to Orthodoxy than to Unitarianism. Nevertheless, it must be remembered that it is rhetoric, and not definition. We imagine that, if a preamble were written to-day, while one-third of the Unitarian denomination might prefer the present form two-thirds would prefer some other form." And yet the excellent *Christian Register* opposes a revision of the constitution of the Unitarian Conference, since it "affords a working basis for the Unitarian body and all who are in practical affiliation with it." But if the preamble is "capable of misconstruction" and contains language "better fitted to orthodoxy than to Unitarianism,"—language, too, which is mere rhetoric, which defines nothing, why not revise and reform the statement so that it will satisfy those who want an accurate and honest statement of position?

An interesting question is agitating the minds of the Methodist preachers of the town, says a Chicago daily. Shall women be employed as church ushers? As the Methodist church is a pioneer among the Protestant denominations, it is quite fitting that this society should first discuss the matter, and, if need be, experiment with it. That the idea never could be put into practice without much controversy and serious differences of opinion is evident from the lively debate which it provoked at the preachers' gathering of Monday. It seems that an enterprising brother down in Ansonia, Connecticut, has already put the plan into effect. As a result, he finds that his front pews are filled with young men. To a laymen such a result would seem to be unqualified success in itself. And why not? Rev. Mr. Bristol's objection that he does not want to preach to young men who come to see pretty girls is not valid from any point of view. Beauty is one of God's most precious gifts, and it can be put to no better purpose than that of enticing young men into church. Moreover, a young man who doesn't admire a lovely girl, and who wouldn't go anywhere to please her, even to church, is hardly worth saving. It is very likely that the Ansonia parson's experiment will be tried in other places. If women are not to be church ushers some better reason will have to be advanced than any that has yet appeared.

"MORE OF US THAN YOU THINK."

"There are more of us than you think who believe as you do; more of us than you suppose who watch your work with sympathetic interest. Familiar as you are with newspaper people you would be surprised, if they were all to express their honest convictions, to find what a large proportion of them are imbued with Spiritualism." This and more was said to us late on a Saturday night by a bright young journalist who sat beside us for a while at the reception given by the Press Club of Chicago to the Clover Club of Philadelphia. The gathering was cosmopolitan and in some respects unique; the spirit of the hour seemingly the least likely to inspire such remarks. Here were gathered representative men from all parts of the country, men whose names are known throughout America and some of them with European reputations. Some who could draw their checks for a million and others whose funds were never sufficient to warrant a bank account. Judges, bankers, merchants, journalists, farmers, horse breeders, authors, publishers, railroad magnates, civil and military officers, all bent on having as much enjoyment as possible, mingled in the most democratic spirit. Boisterous mirth, side-splitting stories, inimitable personations, with rare and brief interspersions of sentiments of soberness and pathos made all oblivious to the passing hours. Yet in this gathering for pleasure and beneath the tumultuous current of revelry ran a quiet stream of thoughtfulness hidden from the casual or superficial observer. More than one, to us a stranger personally, took occasion to indicate his fellowship in belief or his desire for such fellowship. That such evidences of interest in Spiritualism should spontaneously appear in such a gathering is, it seems to us, significant.

In this connection some suggestions may not be out of place. That Spiritualists desire all the world to share with them in their knowledge and belief goes without saying. The exponent of any cult increases his ability as a worker and representative of his school in proportion as he comes into an intimate knowledge of men and things, in proportion as he learns human nature and is able to put himself in another's place and view things for the time being from another's standpoint. Unless one by actual contact comes to comprehend the varying and diverse attitudes of men toward Spiritualism; unless one can meet men on their own plane of thought, and in their unrestrained social sphere learn their mental constitutions, and become, as it were, expert in psychophysiology through contact rather than through books and theorizing, unless one does all this, one is not as proficient as one's mission demands and hence fails to do for Spiritualism all that is possible.

The tendency to fossilize, to run in a groove, to see only through partizan spectacles is as marked among reformers as elsewhere and as noticeable in the Spiritualist movement as in any other. To imagine that one belongs to a peculiar people against whom the rest of the world is arrayed, is not only a source of weakness but something little short of culpable in a person not below mediocrity in intellect. It is inimical to that fraternal spirit, that love of humanity recognized as a cardinal tenet of Spiritualism; it breeds meanness, shrinks the mental faculties, begets selfishness, fosters the pride of ignorance, chills charity, curdles the milk of human kindness, unfits one to act well one's part in life's struggle or to hold aloft the banner of Spiritualism and to stand as an exemplar of its ethics.

Other attractive qualities being equal the true Spiritualist has an advantage over the non-Spiritualist in his intercourse with society. This he should realize and in a dignified, discreet way utilize his advantage in the interests of Spiritualism. Human nature is much the same wherever found, though covered with *a priori* prejudices and the debris of heredity. Let Spiritualists hunt for it, let them mingle with the world in search of it, and when found let them inoculate it with the germ of Spiritualism and feed it with enlightening, vivifying influences from the spiritual spheres to the end that a universal spirit of fraternity shall prevail and the "Church of

the Spirit" shall stand with open doors day and night that all men may enter. There are more than some Spiritualists think who desire to affiliate with such an organization; an organization which shall be known not by any of the old sectarian names, not even as Spiritualist, but which in truth shall be a grand, fraternal Spiritual Alliance. Spiritualists, keep in touch with the world if you would best serve Spiritualism! The intelligent world is closer to your position than you realize. Touch its heart, and God through His messengers will do the rest.

INJUSTICE TO THE ACCUSED.

Courts are established to promote justice, to protect men in their rights, to try evil-doers, those who encroach on the rights of others, and to say what punishment they shall receive for their crimes. But sometimes courts defeat rather than promote justice. According to a column article in the *Chicago Evening Journal*, in the Criminal Court of Cook County the rights of the accused "are regarded more as mere forms than as substantial rights." The fact is mentioned in the article referred to that the statute provides that defendants are entitled to copies of indictments in all felony cases before being required to plead. This means the absolute right first to inspect the indictment carefully before a plea is entered, and have it reviewed by counsel, for very frequently when the defendant is guilty, he is indicted for a higher grade of the offense, or, in fact, some crime other than the one committed. In the Criminal Court of Cook County thirty or forty persons may be hastily rushed into court, where a clerk or bailiff passes along the seats handing to each prisoner a copy of his indictment, which may cover a dozen pages and may contain six or eight different counts, all couched in legal language, with distinctions so nice and technical that even a well-read lawyer would have to carefully consider them before advising as to the proper steps to be taken. Yet before the prisoners have time even to read these voluminous documents the roll call begins. As each prisoner is called the indictment is not read to him as by law required, but the clerk will address him somewhat as follows: "John Doe, you are indicted for the crime of larceny of one watch of the value of \$10, one coat of the value of \$15 and one scrub-broom of the value of twenty-five cents, the property of Richard Roe. Are you guilty or not guilty?" The prisoner is not told that there is also a count in the indictment charging the receiving of stolen goods nor whether the crime is common larceny or larceny as bailee, or embezzlement, although all of these offenses may be distinctly set out in separate counts in the indictment. If the prisoner says "guilty" he is sent back to jail to await sentence without being asked to which count or offense he pleads guilty. If he pleads "not guilty" the question is then asked, "Have you a lawyer?" If he says "no," then "Can you hire one?" If not, some lawyer in the court-room waiting for that purpose may be appointed to defend him. The attorney will probably visit the prisoner's friends to procure a fee, and will use the prisoner as an agent to solicit other business for him in jail, but as a general rule the defense is only a formal one, for the county does not pay these lawyers, and some of them pay but very little attention to the "charity cases." After the accused is sent to Joliet the clerk's record may show that the accused was furnished with a copy of the indictment, a list of the jurors, and that the indictment was read to him. Attorney John F. Geeting, of this city, who has had considerable experience in the Criminal Court of Cook County says that the statements here made are undeniable, and that owing to the practices mentioned with others that are quite as bad, great injustice is often done. Reform should begin at once in the Cook County Criminal Court.

WORK OF A PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALIST JOURNAL.

THE JOURNAL receives a large number of letters, many of them private, from persons representing various phases of thought. Among those received

last week was one from Dr. J. P. Wright, Surgeon U. S. A., stationed at Leavenworth, Kansas, which will serve as the basis of some editorial remarks in regard to the investigation of Spiritualism and the attitude of THE JOURNAL toward mediums. The letter reads as follows:

Tens of thousands to-day would give half they possess if the leading affirmations of Spiritualism could be placed beyond cavil or controversy. Even in this land, where modern Spiritualism first arose, it is even now the exception to find an avowed Spiritualist, or one who admits heartily and without reserve an unwavering belief in immortality as understood by Spiritualists. Now, since this question is admitted to be one of profoundest interest, but one which in the view of a great majority of the intelligent and respectable classes in any community has never approached a solution, it behooves those who maintain that testimony of a nature calculated to convince any fair and unprejudiced mind is available, and such as have investigated, under rare conditions, and have reached affirmative results in reference to the phenomena of Spiritualism, to place such testimony, and such results before the world, again and again; to the end that personal inquiry may be stimulated, and the possibility shown of obtaining a demonstration of immortality. This ought to be the work of a progressive spiritualistic journal. But it is necessary to recognize human weakness; the readiness with which the average man or woman may be deceived or duped; the erroneous interpretation of the impressions made upon the senses, the weakness of human testimony under conditions which usually accompany and impede the thorough investigation of the phenomena in question; hypnotic suggestion, and above all the impositions of dishonest tricksters, whose business is to gain a livelihood by hook or crook; all these have greatly impeded a general acceptance of the views of Spiritualists, and have cast obloquy and reproach upon the very name. It is the duty of any properly conducted spiritualistic journal to remove all impediments to the recognition of this greatest truth, if such it be; and no honest man or woman could have written the article on page forty-one of THE JOURNAL of June 13, 1891. Such an article could not have emanated from a true friend of Spiritualism. I feel that I must say this much, at least, for THE JOURNAL.

It has been and is the aim of THE JOURNAL to present the facts and phenomena of Spiritualism in a way adapted to meet the reasonable requirements of the class of inquirers that Dr. Wright represents. In these columns for years has been urged the importance of having the investigations of Spiritualism conducted as far as possible under conditions precluding the possibility of fraud, trickery or deception of any kind whatever. Without these conditions, however remarkable the manifestations and however circumstantial and accurate the reports, no impression in favor of Spiritualism can be made upon the careful investigator. Since it is known that fraud is practiced by those who claim to be mediums, the first question which arises upon reading any particular account of alleged spirit phenomena is this: Were the conditions such that the medium or an accomplice might have done what is related? If the careful inquirer is not assured on this point, he feels but little interest in the account, especially if he has no knowledge as to the competency of those who conducted the séance.

The Spiritualist who says that such an investigator is over-exacting and unreasonable, thereby makes manifest his own lack of intelligence or honesty. And yet THE JOURNAL has encountered the bitterest hostility of a certain class of Spiritualists because it has insisted upon the importance of test conditions and of the most rigid scrutiny in the examination of the manifestations whether they be genuine or spurious, whenever mediums come before the public with the claim that they are instruments through which spirits manifest themselves. Much of this hostility has come from mercenary men and women who are Spiritualists for the profit it brings them in dollars, who practice fraud and take money from credulous people upon whom they impose their performances as the doings of discarnate spirits. There are hundreds and thousands of such creatures in this country, and wherever one is found he hates and denounces THE JOURNAL, because it interferes with his nefarious trade. But there are Spiritualists who join in the censure of this paper for its discriminating attitude toward mediums more from lack of the scientific spirit and the habit of verification than from any selfish motive. Most of these persons have been brought up

to believe theological absurdities upon mere authority, and they are as ready now to accept as sufficient and satisfactory the word of a trickster when he tells them that through him the spirit of Cromwell, Washington or Lincoln, speaks on, performs the feats that are witnessed.

In every investigation of the phenomena of Spiritualism, be it public or private, the utmost care should be taken to guard against mistake or self-deception, even when all present at the séance have the fullest confidence in one another's honesty. Furthermore every published statement of phenomena designed to corroborate the claims of Spiritualism should be accompanied by such testimony and other evidences as are obtainable, for the benefit of those who have to judge as to the claims of spirit agency in the phenomena recorded, from the published report.

Doubtless the most satisfactory tests of spirit agency come not through public mediums nor under conditions implying suspicion, but in the home circle where confidence reigns supreme. The direct results of such séances must be limited to a comparatively few; but when a statement of the tests received is given to the public, it should be remembered that it will be read by thousands who know neither the medium nor the family and who therefore need all the data that can be furnished to enable them to judge intelligently as to the value of the report.

NOT AN IRRELIGIOUS MAN.

A Cincinnati correspondent, who, had he studied the man would have known better, speaks of the late Dr. N. B. Wolfe as an irreligious man. Not every one can understand a nature like that of Dr. Wolfe. He was in many respects, to use a hackneyed phrase, a rough diamond. He hated cant and hypocrisy with all the intensity of his intense nature, and was always on the lookout for them. That with his impetuous aggressiveness he should sometimes accuse hastily and do injustice was not strange. That he should hold to his opinions with tenacity was only in keeping with his strong and self-reliant character. Imperious as such self-made men are apt to be, Dr. Wolfe was not always happy in his manner and method of dealing with weak people, and with those who substituted craft and pretense for religion and sterling character. His was not a judicial mind, and force of circumstances had over-stimulated some qualities at the expense of others. He was sometimes unjust in his judgments, and inclined to be unrelenting in his animosities. All who had to do intimately with him felt his iron will. Yet at heart he was a generous man and a religious man; though not religious judged by any sectarian standard nor when measured with popular theological tape-lines. He knew no fear, and despised all creeds and all men who taught fear as an essential element of religion. In his book, "Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism" pp. 542-3, Dr. Wolfe defines his views. We commend his words to our correspondent and others. For the benefit of those who have not the book we quote as follows:

By the advent of these phenomena, it is intended that man shall know something more than at present of his future life. It is intended that the mystery and ignorance with which charlatans have invested the subject of death shall be dissipated and denounced, as unbecoming the intelligence of the nineteenth century. It is intended that the systems of theology which find their support through the condition of the human mind, *Fear*, shall no longer prey upon their insane victims, and harness them to the ponderous, crushing car of sectarianism. It is intended that the human family shall no longer be kept apart in the interests of priests or priestcraft; but that they shall dwell together, animated by one faith, one hope, and one charity. It is intended to take away the fear of death and the terror of the grave, making one the angel of peace, the other the garden of rest. I do not wish to be misapprehended. Death is not to be spoken of irreverently. O, it is a noble fact, written ineradicably in the constitution of all things. God ordained it when He prepared his laws. Let us revere it, for it is as lovely as Truth. "*Amici mortui, sed magis*

amica veritas." Every law that finds expression in life is founded in wisdom, and conduces to man's happiness. When he lives in contravention to these laws, he sins against the holy spirit of justice to himself. O, teach him that principles are the life of laws; ideas are the life of principles; and God is the life of ideas! Let him understand that he represents the cosmos of all created things—infinite in faculties; in apprehension, a god! These revelations of law are intended for man's happiness, else they would not be proclaimed. . . . Truth expresses itself in a million of forms, distinct, as the waves; yet one, as the sea. The materials for her temple are being prepared both by spirits and mortals. Soon the architect will come, when it will rise, from granite base to cloud-crowned dome, "A thing of beauty and a joy forever." In this glorious temple all nations, all tongues, will worship for all time. Upon its ample facade will be inscribed, in dimless blazonry, "The Fatherhood of God; the Motherhood of Nature; and the Brotherhood of Man!"

AUTOMATIC WRITING.

Commenting upon Camille Flammarion's article on "The Unknown," published in the *Arena*, Stainton Moses in *Light* says: Further on the writer admits that he is "assured that there are mediums who write so mechanically that they know not what they are writing, and record thesis in strange tongues on subjects concerning which they are ignorant, but this I have never been able to verify with any certainty." I have; and in my own proper person. I have never written in "strange tongues," but I have written automatically precise statements of fact, subsequently verified and found to be exact, such facts being demonstrably outside of my own knowledge. This I have done also when the mind was occupied with a wholly different subject from that contained in the automatic writing, and sometimes with a subject that demanded close and sustained attention. I have published many examples of this in my "Spirit Teachings." I have never found the hand "pause or trace incoherent signs" under such circumstances. In all the books that contained these writings, five-and-twenty in number, there is no erasure or incoherent scribble. All was written without pause until the message was complete; all would bear printing as it stands without alteration or correction. Though the handwriting varies according to the intelligence that purports to communicate, it is always clear and well written, the special character is preserved in each separate case without variation, and there is no sign of incoherence or aimless scribble throughout all these communications. I offer no opinion as to whether the style is similar to my own. There is ample opportunity for each reader of my book to form his own opinion. I add only that there is throughout no single foolish, flippant, or unworthy sentence. A spirit of dignity and sobriety pervades the whole.

THOMAS LAKE HARRIS.

However widely and irreconcilably people may differ in their estimate of Mr. Harris and his mission, it must be conceded by all that he is one of the most remarkable and unique characters of this century. As a poet, he stands among the foremost; as a seer, it is not for this generation to fix his rating, that must be done later. On another page will be found a letter to us from this remarkable man written in his peculiar style, giving his views on Spiritualism. To those unaccustomed to his mannerisms of expression there may come a feeling of annoyance now and then, but the letter will repay careful reading more than once. We share with Mr. Harris the optimistic view so poetically expressed in his closing paragraph; and because we do, are we the more strenuous and exacting in all that pertains directly or indirectly to the welfare of Spiritualism. We desire to accelerate so far as may be the day of full fruition.

We have had summer schools of law and medicine and Hebrew and transcendental philosophy and Chautauquas of Christian philosophy, and camp meetings.

And now we are to have at Plymouth, Mass., a summer school of applied ethics under the instruction of such leaders of ethical teaching as Professors Felix Adler, Henry C. Adams and Carroll D. Wright. The *New York Press* remarks: It is refreshing, as refreshing as a salt breeze on a stuffy day, to hear of a summer school—for that matter, it would be equally agreeable to hear of a winter school or a spring school or an autumn school—that sets out to teach people to do as well as to know. Just at present people who go to schools are—presumably—taught to know on five or six days of the week, and if they are lucky and have a prize in the lottery of pulpiteers, they may be taught to do on one day of the week. The proportions are about reversed from what they ought to be. Most of us have to do on six days of the week and can devote the seventh to learning to know, if we are not too tired out. We haven't time to know everything, and have to hire specialists to know for us. Hail to the summer school of applied ethics, and more power to its application elbow. May the time come before a great while when every church will be a school of applied ethics, and every business house a workshop where the ethics is applied.

The Pope's Encyclical on the Labor Problem is epitomized in single sentences by the *Christian Union* as follows:

- That there is a labor problem.
- That workmen are suffering under gross injustice.
- That it is the duty of the church to concern itself with these facts.
- That wealth is a trust, and must be administered as a trust.
- That hours of labor should be such as to give time for soul-culture.
- That wages should be such as to give opportunity for acquisition of property.
- That, if these results cannot be secured by free contract, the law should interfere.
- That labor arbitration should take the place of labor battles.
- That labor organizations should be encouraged.
- That woman labor and child labor should be regulated and reduced by legislation.
- That the factory acts are right in principle.
- That the church, the state, free labor organizations and capitalists should all cooperate in labor reform.

The Bishop of Lincoln had mixed water with the wine used in the holy communion, says the *Chicago Tribune*. This is contrary to the practice of the Church of England, and conformable to that of the Church of Rome. The Archbishop of Canterbury held, on complaint of certain members of the church, that the Bishop of Lincoln had not offended by mixing water with the wine, but that he had offended by mixing them before the service instead of during the service, and this although it had been church practice to use wine without water during three centuries. The Archbishop's nice distinction between admixture before and during the service reminds one of the famous controversy as to the comparative merits of tweedledum and tweedledee.

Bishop Cox in a recent public address condemned the practice of bicycle riding by women. He says that an American girl on a bicycle looked like a witch. One of the *New York* daily papers says that this remark is susceptible of two interpretations and that it prefers to adopt the more agreeable of the two. The typical young woman of this republican land is certainly a good deal of a witch. And it must be confessed that, clad in her dainty bicycling costume and spinning, with eyes and cheeks aglow, on her steel steed through the smooth parkways by the side of her brother or lover, she is bewitching enough to be publicly called a witch—even by a bishop.

England's princes of the old time wore coats of mail, but the Prince of Wales seems satisfied with a coat of whitewash.



A LETTER FROM T. L. HARRIS.

DEAR SIR: You do me the honor to inquire, in your recent and esteemed favor, as to my views of the spiritual aspects and portents of the hour. Such thoughts as I can express in a few brief moments, rescued from ever-recurrent labor, are heartily at your service, for private personal or a more public service as you desire.

If counted as a critic of Spiritualism, it is because I have been perhaps unduly a sufferer from the sight of its rent robes, its gaping wounds, its prostrate attitude, when in sorrowful years long passed, it met my vision as fallen among thieves, made the booty of impostors and seemingly almost strangled in the morass by the wayside. I have never turned, with the priest and the Levite, to the other side. Never for a day in the last half century ceasing to be conscious that I am a spirit clad with flesh, my heart, hope, labor and life have been given, all given, in such small measures as I have been able to command, to the advance and final triumph of the latent and struggling spirituality that constitutes the reality of man.

The field of Spiritualism is vast as the visible world of human nature; vast also as its unseen upper and nether worlds; now, as I believe, cohering and ordering into one celestial and luminous whole. In this domain there are workers innumerable and their insights, methods, experiences and utterances vary with the stages of advance and with the qualities of thought and angles of vision. We see and outsee; we grow and outgrow. Moses, and those that hold after him on Sinai, glimpse to the ineffable, but often, as he did, *a posteriori*. The Christ, and those who seek to find his footing on the Mount of Beatitudes, behold the same Supreme Beautiful, but with the child's look, the lover's confidence, face to face. Here is a most absolute reality, but we who seek to behold, to apprehend and thence to comprehend, must part veil after veil on ourselves, veil after veil in ourselves; laying off illusion after illusion, from the morass to the hillside; up the hillside to the temple; then through the walls of the temple to the inner shrine.

Spiritualism during the last half century has been the most potent though usually uneventful factor in literature. More and more the book becomes the most vital and luminous of its phenomena. I see Spiritualism both as force and light of flame in Victor Hugo and Edward Bellamy; still Spiritualism—here in dawn, there in shadow—all the way from Phillips Brooks to Robert Ingersoll. It shows, by a deep, broad, reasoning insight and prevision in Julian Hawthorne, whose monograph, "the New Columbus," in the June number of the *Arena*, displays the luminous wisdom of a Spiritualist of profound research and advanced discovery, though he has not the touch or vision of its phenomenal operations. I see it again in the works of Edward Carpenter, whose "Civilization, its Cause and Cure," and whose "Toward Democracy," the most searching and prophetic of prose poems, both evince through masterly statement and fiery passionate humanity the action of the "Living Spirit within the wheels." In all true poetry, vital art and genuine philosophy Spiritualism is present, active, emergent and advancing still.

The absolute realm of spirit, as I conceive, flows into and fills, for its reservoir, the infinite social passion that is immanent as a sea of latent life-force in the generic depths of the spirituality of man. The sphere of fatuous-illusion, reflex images flows into and forms a stratum of seeming spirituality about his egoistic and quasi-spiritual individualism. The Spiritualism of all times, and eminently of our own time, is therefore a fact of most absolute reality, that works its way to the surface of the public apprehension through a veil and net-work of phenomenal illusions. Yet illusions sometimes have a real base in spirit; they are veritable image-pictures, projected into

vision from actual though departed human intelligences. Scriptures of the supernal worlds are woven thus to aerial scroll-curtains, that flash and fold, touching to the sensitive and vibrating natural faculties. And Spiritualism stands, a transcendent, mighty image, fashioned in the human potency of the higher dimensions of space, throbbing with the immense force of the supernal vitalities; but only apparent on the superficial natural plane by means of floating, ever changeable mists and halos, tones and images of manifestation.

The Spiritualism of the abstract thinker and explorer may be a divine *eidolon*, not yet forth-imaged, not yet materialized or incarnate. But the word tends ever to be made flesh. So the doctrinal Spiritualism of the day is in the effort, let us say, to clothe its form, to embody the potency of its promise, first in its own logical reason, led forth to an absolute religion and philosophy; to avouch its method and purpose by an inspiration of its own in the loftier literature; thence through social democracy to transform the institutions of society, and so to uplift mankind into revelation of the proportions and perfections of its own ingenerated and prophetic humanity.

The great reformers of religion of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were Spiritualists, deep set in the supernal reality of life, but their Spiritualism was for the greater part savagely or luridly veiled in the fiction-images surviving from an older and more crude era. So the intellectual and political reformers of the eighteenth century and the earlier years of our own period were Spiritualists, by the fire and fervor of enthusiasm of humanity that animated their thought and inspired their purpose; though surface their minds groped darkly through choking crypts of materialism. As there was an inner divine meaning faintly discernible through the outer and often grossly inhuman verbiage of Hebrew scriptures; and again a transcendent cult of religion derived through the symbolisms of classic mythology; so there is the germ, at least, of all pure human truth implied in all the really vital and rational brain-work of the age that had Franklin and Paine among its historic men. A Spiritualism is hidden in its materialism and a living humanhood in its shrouding naturalism.

And so now; eminently now. Our pessimized Jeremiahs, our optimistic Isaiahs, our vision-conceiving Daniels, our praying, cursing, loving, lusty, hating, pitying Davids tangle the feet and blind the eyes in the clambering, full-foliated vines of a wilderness of literary speculation and hypothesis; but there is a vitality of the summer in all the succulent incubance; a word-growth slowly forcing to find expression amidst it all.

Through all these protean shapes of phenomena; in the varied and genuine marvels of the séances; in voices without visible organs of speech and works of art and mechanism with no visible agency of hands; in the demonstrated action of the laws of transcendental physics setting at naught the resistance of material impediments; in rhythmical harmonies born from the bosom of the air yet audible to the extreme corporeal sense; in evidences, now numbered by millions, of the inter-communication of people of all faiths, all conditions and all cultures, with the men and women who inhabit the great fatherland and motherland above; and so on, on and on, to ranges of demonstration passing all bounds of the phenomenal and touching to the domain of the Limitless Absolute—the spiritual renaissance is moving ever, ever forward. If here yesterday slow as the tides, if to-day many-tinted and baffling as the amour, yet in the to-morrow of the time—who knows?

If the logic of history and the conclusions and insights of reason prove anything they prove that the age is tending, and the human intelligence opening, and the human senses quickening and differentiating to some superlative and magnificent outbirth in earth and time.

How then does this gigantic spiritual movement aspect itself to reason in its present stage? Is it not one visible energy and output of the human renaissance? the race in the throes of a birth to its unified and universal self-consciousness; a consciousness of the God

who makes of it both temple of habitation and theatre of manifested demonstration? Is it not the beginning of the establishment of direct, orderly, open and delightfully fraternal relations of the vivified people of our globe with their kindred of ascended generations; their mightier kindred who constitute, from world to world and system to system, affiliated societies in the universal solidarity of man? Is it not the supreme effort of man's innermost personality to overcome the enthrallment and disgrace of an outgrown and encumbering environment; the effort of spirit to vindicate its enthroned place and assume its regal function in the material sphere? Is it not a stage in the outbirth of the pent and narrowed mankind to harmonic differentiation, shaping thence for transformed environments in divine-human society?

Are not the "fountains of the great deep" of mankind's interior and spiritual-social personality "breaking up," for the outflow and overflow of the fluid riches of its divine content, powers, knowledges, beatitudes, illimitable and eternal? And are not the offensive and barbaric incidents that connect the history of Spiritualism in its modern movement with vulgarity, crudeness and imposture purely extraneous, temporary and incidental?

Must not the pellucid stream of an interior and vital spirituality, bursting forth through the sepulchral obstacles of a decaying and putrescent civilization, bear on its bosom all manner of odious floating waste and refuse for a time? As was said of old, "Offenses must needs come."

We inhabit surprise, where our fathers found but monotony. The fruit tree toils all the winter and makes hardly a showing of result, but the orchards are a sea of bloom with the first warm days of spring. I hope that you feel with me that spring is in the air. The grim, scarred veterans of thought grow young again; we taste the free, delicious breath of the advancing and influent God-time.

THOMAS LAKE HARRIS.

SANTA ROSA, COL.

EXPERIENCES WITH SLADE.

By T. W. DAVENPORT.

Several years ago I had an experience which I think would interest the Society for Psychical Research and prove suggestive from many points of view. So far as I can gather they propose to account for the so-called spiritualistic phenomena in any way or by any hypothesis except the one which plain, common sense people adopt from their first acquaintance with the phenomena. Of course it is entirely proper to explain away the allegation of spirit agency or control in all such happenings, but when the desire to avoid the spiritual hypothesis becomes so strong in the scientific mind that new powers are claimed for the embodied spirit or for its material casement, it would seem as though science had become a little insecure in its own conceit. But to my tale. In the year 1879 myself and family, unknown and unannounced, called upon Dr. Slade, at his room in the Chemaketa hotel in Salem, Oregon, and requested a sitting with him, which was granted without a question. It is entirely safe to say that we had never met before. I inquired, "Is this Dr. Slade?" and upon receiving an affirmative answer and stating our request, we sat down to a maple table with hinged leaves and no drawers, Dr. Slade at my left, my wife at my right, and the two children, four and six years old opposite me. The furniture of the room consisted of this table, a light stand holding a pile of slates and a cheap accordion, and in addition to the chairs a lounge. There was nothing more. It was a corner room in the second story, and was well lighted by four windows. An October sun cast a cheery silver light within. We had no more than time to take a glance about the room, when I felt a benumbing thrill extend to my elbows, a similar sensation to that caused by an electric battery, and at the same time I received a quite heavy slap upon the side of my right knee farthest away from Dr. Slade, whose feet were under mine by his request.

For a few moments I received considerable slapping,

and on various parts of my person; on the outside of both knees causing them to knock together and so loud that the children looked under the table to see the cause. I should say from the feeling that the slaps were given by hands and the hands were large and small; the little ones stroking the sides of my face affectionately. So it seemed. After this, or rather during this queer caressing, the doctor took from the stand two slates and handing them to us with a wet sponge requested us to satisfy ourselves that the slates were free from writing, which we did. Then laying a piece of slate pencil the size of a wheat grain upon one of the slates and covering this with another of equal size he grasped them by the corner with thumb and finger and laid them upon my arms and hands, some sixteen inches from my eyes. Immediately there was a sound as of writing, continuing for several minutes.

A bouncing of the pencil between the slates signified that the pencil was done, and upon removing the upper slate, the under one was covered with writing, at the bottom of which was the plain, bold signature of a friend of whom I was not thinking, one who had not been in my mind for many months. He reminded me of conversations we had years before his death and presumably unknown to any one except ourselves. Other slates were taken and a communication obtained in the same way, except that this time the slates were upon my head, and the communication was signed B. D. "Who is B. D.?" I asked. As quick as thought the doctor answered, "Your father." "What is his name?" He answered, "Benjamin Davenport." "How do you know?" "He tells me so." The communication was more satisfactory as an evidence of identity than the doctor's explanation. He addressed me as he was accustomed to, giving my first name in full, and added, "Perhaps you had better pay a little more attention to this great truth."

The doctor said to me, "If you have any questions write them privately on the slate." I followed the suggestion and I am sure Slade could not know what was written unless his clairvoyant powers enabled him to see through or around the slate or his sensitiveness to see what was going on in my brain. The same slate upon which was written my question received the answer upon the other side and in the same manner as before related. The question was, "Father, do you know of anything that you would recommend for my weak eyes?" The answer was: "Yes, and it will do them good." The slate was shoved under the table leaf and shortly withdrawn containing my father's prescription; at least I say my father's for the reason I had heard him recommend the same in a similar case thirty-five years before, at a time when it elicited considerable discussion among the medical students as to its scientific bearings. There is one thing sure concerning its reappearance at this time; it had passed away from my memory or I should have tried it before, but coming as it did and in the identical language, I recognized it as genuine, and am as certain as to the facts narrated as that I have an existence.

My spirit friends were numerous and the slate was almost constantly employed. One communication was this "I am here, too, Tim," and signed William Davenport. I could think of no one by that name and said so, to which Slade replied as quick as a flash, "Yes; he knows you and you know him." Several efforts to place William Davenport failed and I said again, "I don't know him." "Yes! yes!" Slade answered with increased emphasis, "he knows you and you know him. He died of small-pox." I knew of no one by the name of Davenport except my first wife who died of small-pox and we came to the conclusion that things were getting mixed and dismissed the subject.

In connection with this latter there is a sequel which renders it especially rich to psychic students. Every one understands the power of association in bringing things to mind that have long since passed from memory. Well, more than a year after the sitting with Slade, I met a Kansas man by the name of Charles Davenport, formerly from Ohio. Learning that I had lived in Milford Center, Ohio, he remarked that I must have been acquainted with his brother

William who learned his trade, tanning, in that place. Yes, I responded, he was my next door neighbor, and although three or four years older than myself we were quite intimate during the years we lived in Milford, from 1837 to 1840.

Passing my mind over related events, I said, "The last time I met your brother William was in the summer of 1848, when I met him and his brother John, a stranger to me, while they were on their way to Wisconsin to set up in the tanning business." "Yes," said Charles, "they did so and they drove a large trade, marketing their leather in Chicago and St. Louis. On one of his trips to St. Louis my brother William was taken sick, and the doctors, not knowing what was the matter with him, he went home and died of small-pox." Just then, and not until then, did the connection appear between William of my boyhood days and the spirit who told Slade we were acquainted. The information given by Slade that William died of small-pox only deepened the mystery, as I had never heard of the circumstance.

Several months before meeting Slade, in presence of a lady medium from San Francisco, this same spirit presented himself for recognition, and gave his name, but I could not think where or when I had known him. It is likely that if he had given his name by which I knew him when we were boys, Bill Davenport, the sound would have awakened the whilom registered impressions which are vivid enough when touched.

Such incidents as these are numbered by thousands among Spiritualists, who have no explanation except upon the continued spirit existence of those who once lived upon this material plane. So far as I have heard, any other explanation is mere conjuring.

In this case, even supposing the preposterous assumption that Slade did the writing between the slates, how could he have known anything of a prescription given before he was born? To explain or account for such occurrences except upon the spiritual hypothesis we would have to endow common human beings with powers and prescience, compared to which the demigods of the Grecians were very tame. Still I am content to let the Society for Psychical Research classify them as they will.

REMINISCENCES.

By MRS. J. M. STAATS.

CHAPTER VII.

INVESTIGATION WITH INVESTIGATORS.

As years rolled on and the growth of Spiritualism steadily increased, I found myself constantly employed by anxious and intelligent seekers, a number of whom became regular visitors. All sorts of people, young and old, every variety of questioner came. The wife who desired some spirit friend to give her information of her husband's shortcomings; the husband who begged advice regarding the speediest way to obtain a divorce, the mother bereft of her darling seeking relief in the assurance that it still lived and visited her in spirit, the speculator and soldier, the inventor, lawyer and judge, indeed every variety of professional men seemed to accept the communion with spirit friends as most natural. Actors more especially, many leading ones of that day becoming not only avowed believers but in many instances mediums. So interested were many of our best physicians that a number of them contributed valuable experiences to the paper edited by the late Charles Partridge.

One circumstance narrated by the late Dr. John F. Gray was and is regarded a remarkable instance of the body being in two places or the spirit showing itself to another while the person is living. The doctor had a patient in New Jersey very low with typhoid fever. He had on his last visit left instructions very imperative regarding a change of medicine at a given time provided the fever abated, as it had run its course, a fact which made the change of great moment. The doctor not being able to make his call at the usual time on the following day, when he reached the house later found the wife of the sick man greatly excited on account of the insanity of the

husband which had shown itself that afternoon—her proof being in the fact that he insisted upon taking the other remedy, declaring that Dr. Gray had been there and ordered it. So positive was the man that the doctor, not wishing to excite him, asked at what time he was there. "At 3 o'clock," he replied. Dr. Gray remembered having thought of his patient at that hour, felt great anxiety and regretted not being able to be there to make the change if symptoms demanded it. The sick man recovered and ever after insisted that the doctor came into the room and ordered his wife to administer the medicine as she did, because of the positiveness of her husband who was wrought up to a pitch of excitement when his wife tried to convince him the doctor had not been there. These are happenings which I have no doubt could be multiplied and related by many who would say they had nothing to do with Spiritualism. If, however, they do not belong to Spiritualism they at least show the independent action of the spirit while cumbered with the body, which fact admitted one must be able to go still further and allow greater freedom to the spirit when death has set it free.

Among my many questioners a large majority sought tests—nothing but tests, something which the medium did not know. Tests are very peculiarly marked—that which one may consider incontrovertible, another quite as clever may regard of very little importance; while the test fixed in the sitter's mind, if given, is certain when reasoned upon to be regarded as simply mind reading or the action of the stronger will over the weaker. It would be impossible for me to tell the smallest portion of proof diametrically opposed to the theory of mind over mind, in all cases where mediums are employed to communicate, meanwhile it is an established fact that there is such a science, if so we may call it, as successful mind reading, whether of spiritual origin or not, I cannot say.

One of my investigators was a plain, honest, homespun man from the rural districts, whom I held in great respect, having had a number of interviews with him, for his kindly sympathy expressed toward his fellow man and his deep affection for his mother who had very recently died. Having been a devout Methodist all her life, she had been a great reader of the Bible and knew nothing whatever of modern Spiritualism. She had, however, during her illness told her son that if it were possible for her spirit to return she certainly would visit him. I not knowing this fact, at our first sitting the investigator was rewarded with an undeniable test of the presence of the spirit of his mother. She gave her name and a number of tests which he regarded as perfectly satisfactory inasmuch as a part of the communication pertained to matters unknown to himself. The other part related facts known to other members of her family but out of the reach of his mind. This gentleman came very frequently, always obtaining satisfactory results. One day I found on my return from a walk this man waiting my coming. It being out of his usual way to call in the afternoon, I was a little surprised, as he appeared very anxious to see me.

Seated at my table in as passive a condition as was possible for one to attain, to my surprise there was no evidence of the presence of a spirit. After waiting a few moments my sitter looked at the pencil in my hand, and asked if his mother would tell him "which of them fellers had licked?" Not understanding his question and feeling a little surprise, I asked what was his question. He replied, "Heenan and Sayer fit to-day, and although I hain't bet no money, I thought I would like to know if mother could tell me which one got the best of it." No response was given, not the slightest effort of control of any kind; meanwhile my mind was blank and my arm and hand quite rigid, while my questioner looked as if disappointed and yet ashamed. However my impressions were given him to the effect that as the law of like unto like seemed to form the basis of attraction, it did not appear to me at all probable that his mother, whose highest enjoyment in life had been found in the worship which the Methodist church offered, would find the slightest attraction in a prize fight in London. This theory seemed possible; he

begged my pardon for his ignorance, a sin which one should readily forgive, and we discontinued the sitting for that time. In a few days this affectionate son came again, asking explanation for his mother's silence. Her reply reads as follows: "My son, I could not reach you, darkness through which it was impossible for me to see settled about you and I went away grieved." The gentleman fully realized that he had attempted to question or rather draw his mother into a sphere which she could not enter.

One of my many visitors, since deceased, came to me very frequently, being herself mediumistic; her communications were very voluminous and very correct. A large family had passed to spirit-life and they found no difficulty in reaching her; however, as a rule, only one name would be given. This fact gave her husband, who was inclined to oppose her investigation, a fair chance to cavil. After much persuasion he agreed to accompany her. Making an opportunity as early as possible without previous engagement, the two came together. The gentleman forbidding his wife to speak, placed a long sheet of paper before me, handing me a pencil, remarking at the same time, "If any of my spirit friends are present they know what I want as well as I can tell them." Immediately my hand was moved to write full names of men and women, every one of which distinctly differed from the other; on it went without stop or stay, until the entire page was filled with names, all of which were recognized by the gentleman, though some were unknown to the wife. At length, becoming a little annoyed, the questioner pointed to a name and asked if he had nothing to say to him. "You have got what you asked for and you are not satisfied; the forces are used up," signed "Your Father," whose whole name was written.

Turning to his wife he accused her of telling me what his objections and doubts had been relative to names given her. This being wholly untrue, as we both averred, he confessed himself fairly convinced, from the fact of some of the names given not having been, as he said, thought of in years. This gentleman gave me the satisfaction of knowing that there really was no set test in his mind; hence he believed he had in no way nor had his wife attempted to impress my mind, both being passive and the wife indifferent.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HUMAN IMPONDERABLES—A PSYCHICAL STUDY.

By J. D. FEATHERSTONHAUGH.

XXIV.

RAISON D'ETRE OF A SPIRITUAL HYPOTHESIS.

We cannot in all cases disprove that we do not cerebrally furnish the knowledge reflected back to us, but at all events there must be a limit to our physical capacity, for it is reasonably certain that we cannot kiss our own forehead, and it is equally certain that the same lips which speak to us of the innermost secrets of our life are the ones which caress us. Who then touches you and speaks to you, with this intimate knowledge shared with you by no living person? We have no option, for the very nature of the phenomena forces us to search for proof or disproof of these spiritual claims.

It is always in our power to establish in the most positive manner that the medium distinctly remembers the appearance of a vision, to which her attention has been directed, and gives the same description and name, when the intelligence presents itself to other members of the family attending subsequent séances, without the relationship being known to her. To a father and a son going separately to séances, an independent voice gives the same name and the true relationship of a dead friend, coming to the one as a wife, to the other as a mother; and the medium recognizes the visions to be the same in both instances. This well and personally asserted fact has an important bearing on hallucination.

In the clairvoyant state which confines itself to mundane affairs, the forms of living persons are perceived spoken of as living and the acts they do described. In the other phenomena known as spiritual, the visions

perceived and the descriptions given are those of the dead. There is a marked distinction of perception in the two cases, appearing to depend upon a difference of condition in the object. There is no experiment that succeeds more constantly than that of an apparent child, known by its manner of speech and thought, its gentle touch and the size of its hands and arms, holding converse with you, preserving always the same individuality and giving you a familiar name, when extreme care has been taken that no child should be in the room and no possibility of one being admitted.

Although we must place ourselves upon the sure ground of observed fact, appealing to the senses, we lose important considerations if we fail to compare the various features which present themselves, or neglect to examine the relation between them. Among the most interesting parts of the inquiry is the intimate connection the visions of the psychics have with the intelligent physical acts accompanying them. When the hallucination* of a dead person, never before heard of, impinges upon the medium's brain, she accurately describes it and speaks of some act about to be done by it. If the act takes place, which it often does, and the intelligence performing it presents the feelings, character and knowledge that belongs to the one described, in his life-time, we cannot fail to see not only the relation between the vision and the objective act, but the relation also of the vision to the one it assumes to be. Although the vision is subjective, as the medium alone perceives it, yet the act is objective and establishes perception of an invisible force producing visible movement. We will then modify our old physical notions of hallucination as insufficient for this class of effects, and perhaps find in it the key to unlock many difficulties.

Among the prominent traits of these phenomena, is the well sustained individuality of the intelligence addressing us. We recognize at all times the characteristics to be the same in manner of address, thought and act. The uniformity of accost is striking in both the gentler and rougher greetings, which contrast so widely with each other. This individuality so constant and marked, has perhaps more than any other consideration, led up to a confidence in the identity of these intelligences—they were like what we fancied they ought to be. The recognition was hardly more doubtful than if living friends had met in the dark, except in the matter of voice. It is also dwelt upon, and it must be confessed with much weight, that a majority of those who have studied the question (so great as to be practically unanimous) has declared itself for the spiritual belief. This result seems to be universal with all classes of men, in all countries. On the other hand it is charged that the opponents are most exclusively those who deny the facts from general considerations rather than from special knowledge. From this point of view, and it is notoriously the true one, the affirmative is necessarily entitled to the respect we refuse to a negation carelessly and ignorantly uttered.

The phenomena are continually exhibiting newer phases under more exact conditions, so that at present it may be the most prudent course not to insist upon a hypothesis prematurely but to content ourselves with summing up those facts which are absolutely certain, and of whose reality every inquirer can assure himself by the most vigorous experiment.

Weeding out the follies, exaggerations and frauds surrounding the subject, enough of truth remains to make it and its causes full worthy of careful examination and most serious study.

We find then:

1st. That this force acts intelligently at a distance from every human organism.

2d. It produces effects that are physical impossibilities to us.

3d. It writes reasonable communications in various languages between closed slates, with and without a pencil. It thus answers questions secretly written, as well as those mentally dwelt upon, in straight and parallel lines.

*Hallucination is used to express an apparent vision, without any visible object.

4th. It plays upon untouched musical instruments.

5th. It has exact perception in profound darkness.

6th. It reveals secret thoughts, words and acts.

7th. It takes on under some unknown conditions, the members of the human body, becoming sensible to both hearing and touch.

8th. It possesses memory, reason and voice, frequently correcting mistakes of those present, and the erroneous judgments of the psychic.

The facts enumerated are absolute certainties to all competent observers. In the strictest sense of the word they know that these things are so, and they know that they know. The causes therefore that have led up to the adoption of a spiritual belief are to be found in the character of these facts, and not as is so often asserted, in groundless and superstitious imaginings. This belief, even should it be abandoned in the future, is to-day the logical outcome of effects produced upon our senses, and finds support in direct methods of reasoning as to the causes.

The voice that speaks is a human voice. The hand we feel has a human form and touch. The feelings expressed are those of a human kind. The writing and language are such as we use. The hopes imparted are those we feel. A marked personality is a constant characteristic. The things that are done are beyond our experience of human capacity. Emotion is felt, affection expressed and demonstrated by caresses. The voice that talks to us of some past act in our lives, or in its own, speaks in the character and with the knowledge of a dead friend. Upon such considerations is the conviction of spiritual intercourse mainly founded.

So closely do these intelligences represent humanity that at the very outset we find but two roads open to us; either a psychical force of our own with the capacity of exterior speech, furnishing unconsciously to ourselves correct statements from our own storehouse of knowledge, or a foreign entity speaking to us through its own independent powers. If we adopt the first we load ourselves down with the insuperable difficulty of attributing to a living being the faculty of projecting exteriorly to the organism, hands, thought and speech, whilst always professing a falsehood with respect to its own status. To enable us to weigh intelligently a given hypothesis, it is not sufficient to dwell upon some isolated phase, but we must compare the various forms, and trace their close inter-dependence, until we reach a common ground sufficient for them all.

In the great majority of cases, with some singular exceptions that exist in all subjects,

MESMERISM

generally presents itself to us as an imponderable force, proceeding from one organism and producing effects on another, near by or at a distance. The effects on the operator are physical, causing prostration and sometimes profuse perspiration; also physical on the recipient, inducing coma, a partial or complete muscular inability, and total insensibility to pain. If we stop the process at a point where the power of speech remains, we find the senses and the conscious brain inhibited, and the mind, independent of their agency, developing powers that the normal state rarely gives any evidence of.

Then this mesmeric influence appears to have accomplished its end in setting the mind free from the limitations of matter and sense, and enables us to observe the next step in the grand scheme of psychical life—

CLAIRVOYANCE.

In the conditions thus prepared, where the visible is shut out and the invisible opened, the innate powers of the mind begin to exert themselves through other channels than the senses, in the perception of external matters at a distance, knowledge of the silent thought, and correct statements of words and acts far beyond the reach of sense.

At length we find ourselves forced by the higher examples to recognize an intelligence embodied in us, evading physiology, exercising the functions of mind, energizing without the senses or the conscious

activity of the brain, leading an interior life, with its own consciousness, memory and reason apart from the normal state. Another phase of mental life of which we know nothing consciously, acting without matter, with attributes superior to the cerebral ones so dependent upon matter. These powers exert themselves in a rudimentary way, without the material organs of thought or sense, and being of no practical use in our normal life, yet still must have an ulterior object, for it cannot be that they have been implanted in vain.

As the clairvoyant has powers of perception, without material sense, of things invisible to us, which we afterwards prove to exist, so she has hallucinations for which we find no *vera causa*; but the fact has a significance, that these hallucinations of the dead and veridical perceptions by the same clairvoyant often intermingled, and the conditions under which they appear seem to be intrinsically the same. When these facts had been before the world long enough to gather proof and obtain wide credence, there came the

TO BE CONTINUED.

COMPETITION AND SPECULATION.

We must understand that there is an industrial competition going on which is a continuation of that eternal battle for supremacy, that extends back to the time when all mankind were engaged in war under one pretence or another—love, wealth, territory or religion; that extends back to a time antedating man's existence on the earth, when the wild beasts fought for existence, and even before that when the forces of nature battled for supremacy. One of the fundamental principles of evolution is struggle. Wherever you find life you find struggle. As you come up the scale of civilization, you find the more refined means of struggle. In the labor market the laborer sells his labor, and the price corresponds with the demand and supply. And the merchants, they too compete when they do not have a mutual understanding to avoid the disadvantages of competition.

The physicians compete with one another in advanced methods of treating disease. The teachers are competing with one another in the various systems of education. The lawyers compete with one another in special studies of the law. And we find the same principles in all the professions, all the occupations. Competition everywhere; one trying to produce a more excellent article, another trying to produce a cheaper article; one acquiring a superior faculty in keeping books, another in learning the best method in cleaning chimneys.

This is the age of machinery. Now can be accomplished in a few hours what it took years to perform a few hundred years ago. What is the result? Why, the enormous increase in production. Now comes the question that affects the interest of the worker most vitally. Who owns the machinery? Into whose pockets flow the benefits arising from the increased output? The answer to these questions answers the whole problem of the present time. Thousands of men, inventors, have been sitting up night after night in planning these inventions, these "labor-saving" machines. True, the machine operators have been helped to some extent, but the greatest and most direct benefit goes to those who own the machines. Owning the machinery they have only to do as they have done before, employ the laborer, and then use the machinery and get all the advantages of the enormous production that results.

If the mass of laborers owned the machinery the results would go to the man who produced, but now the results go to the man who only stands by and sees others produce. These results enable the non-producer to exercise a mighty power in his behalf; influencing popular opinion in the newspapers, influencing candidates and voters at elections, and even influencing national legislation, thus making the very laws of the country favorable to him even in this advanced age, which acknowledges human rights and liberties more than any other.

Men used to learn trades which, at the time they learned them, seemed to promise them a means of subsistence through life. In a few years, after they had become efficient by ingrainings every fibre of their being with their new duties, so that they were incapable of doing anything else—behold! machinery has come and they are thrown out of employment. What a terrible meaning in these words—thrown out of employment! The deadening of every ambition, the blasting of every hope. Poverty, degradation, starvation and death staring them in the face. Accustomed to their trade, many of them are thrown at sea, wrecked as on a desert island. And to-day the system of tramps—I call it a system—came from men who

were thrown out of employment—men who have not the fertility and adjustability to the new or changed environments. Thousands who otherwise would have been good and useful citizens became a prey upon society, and are mere drones. Great crimes are committed by men who are no longer competent to earn their living, by men who are not "smart," for a smart man can earn his living by the labor of others.

Generally the criminals are not smart—I mean the criminals who are caught. They are not smart. Salmon P. Chase once said: "Your criminals are not in the jail. They are in the public offices, the treasuries; they are managing your charitable institutions, your hospitals and asylums; they are in your halls of legislature and in your pulpits. They use their influence in corrupting the very laws that are made for your protection."

We live in an age of specialization of industries. A man cannot get a living nowadays without a trade or profession of some kind unless he is smart in a certain way, and can take advantage of his fellow-men. A man must have a special aptitude for, or knowledge of, one special thing to succeed. It seems that a person has no right to be born unless he is gifted in some special manner. We formerly prided ourselves on the necessity of a complete trade such as was required in the old country. Now it is all changed. You must be a book-keeper or a blacksmith, working in one particular line only. Instead of being a shoemaker you must be a heeler, laster, pegger or sewer. If you study law you must be a patent, criminal, divorce, probate, constitutional, real estate, marine or mining lawyer. I have known some mining lawyers who would beat a Daniel Webster, a Henry Clay or a Blackstone in mining cases. Everything now is specialized. A few years ago the shoemaker made a whole shoe. Now he either cuts the leather, or drives the pegs, or rounds off the toes, or fastens the buckles or does the fancy stitching. Anything but doing the entire job, and as Henry George says, instead of seeing the shoe growing under his eye a complete product of skilful hand and devising brain, a masterpiece of beauty and utility, he does his work in a routine manner, without artistic talent or a mechanic's pride in his workmanship.

You find the physician that treats the eye, another the ear, another the lungs, another the throat and another the teeth. Besides these there is the microscopist, the student of bacilli, the catarrh specialist, the skilful surgeon, the herbalist, the faith, mind and water curists. And the special parts are becoming more specialized. All this develops great skill in certain lines; but at the same time the tendency is to narrow the man and prevent that breadth of view which comes from a distribution of the mental energies over a larger surface. If I wanted a skilful piece of work done in the way of medicine or surgery or law, I should go to a city specialist, but if I want to find a large, well-rounded man, I go in preference to the country physician who has had an experience of forty years with all kinds of patients, and under every variety of circumstance.—From a report of a speech by B. F. Underwood.

EGYPTIAN TOMBS.

Miss Frances E. Willard gives a sketch in the *Union Signal* of a trip up the Nile, and referring to the pyramids and the theories concerning their use, muses as follows.

Why this laborious effort to preserve from decay the bodies whence life and spirit have departed? The doctrine of metempsychosis, or the transmigration of souls, offers the only answer to this interrogation. According to this belief, every spirit not thoroughly purified on its departure from the body, must pass through a long exile, entering successfully into the bodies of different animals, and returning after cycles of these transformations, to its own corporeal form again. The importance of finding its own still in existence, and in a tolerable state of repair, will readily occur to thoughtful minds! But besides the horrid possibility of failure here, the disembodied spirit had a thousand other things to dread. Whenever the body it had last left became subject to corruption, the course of its migration was suspended, and its ardently desired return to a human body—its own—delayed. Hence, every form of animal life became precious, as the possible shrine of a departed friend. The greatest care was employed in preserving all, so far as possible, from becoming decomposed. This was effected by the intricate and mysterious process of embalming, in which certain orders of the priesthood were almost constantly employed. After migrations of three thousand years through inferior animal forms, the spirit was permitted, as has been said, to return to its own human body, and to try its chances once again. Now, if we could, by a prodigious effort of imagination, put ourselves for a moment in the place of an Egyptian of the olden time, and if we could conceive of the anxiety with which we should

guard against the possibility of a "failure to connect" in the endless whirligig I have described, we might appreciate why their tombs are finer than their palaces; why the dead were in their thoughts more than the living, and why, when this grotesque belief had passed into the life and heart of the nation, the king, who had all resources at his command, should, on his coronation day, put his whole empire under contribution to begin for him a tomb which should rival the mountains in its stability, and guard his paltry dust from every chance of harm.

HONOR THE FLAG.

"Patriotism is a heroic failing," said Lessing, and Th. Paine said "the world is my country." These sentiments repudiating the old-time "love of fatherland" have been adopted by a majority of socialists of all colors, and they are also in favor with laborites in general all over the world. During the great Franco-German war of 1870-71, the laboring classes of France and those of Germany exchanged brotherly greetings, disclaiming not only active participation but even every trace of sympathy with the fratricidal encounters engineered by those famous dogs of war, the Emperor Napoleon III. and King William, of Prussia. That sort of manifestation was pronounced treason and General Vogel von Falkenstein sent the signers of the German declaration under the military escorts to the fortresses.

There is a good deal of sense in such anti-patriotic declarations in favor of universal peace and in the brotherhood of man. But such fraternalism can not be realized right away. The population of the earth is evidently not yet ripe for the change and, meanwhile, sensible men ought to be satisfied with any installment of fraternalism our present social institutions are prepared to give us. The sentiment of nationality, commonly though not quite correctly called patriotism, is such an installment upon the full sentiment of universal brotherhood. And there is not a country in the world which does practically extend the institutions of nationality further than the United States. Tearing down our national institutions, or trying to destroy the States will not advance the idea of universal brotherhood.

A procession of strikers at Duluth, Minn., the other day, cast the flag of our country in the street for the men to march over and trample the stars and stripes in the dust. Such a demonstration is, to say the least, most injudicious and deserving a condemnation. It is surely not the flag which can give offense to any sensible man or society. It is nothing but an emblem, an outward sign, of the fact that upwards of sixty millions of human beings have united for the purpose of living under the same laws and mutually assisting each other as far as our present social institutions offer opportunities for doing so. That is a great step in advance on the road that leads towards the universal brotherhood of man.

Let us not throw impediments in the way of that consummation. The more we advance our common national institutions, the surer do we prepare the people for the comprehension and final realization of the sublime ideal of the brotherhood of all mankind, and of the establishment of a "United States of all the people and nations of the world."

The flags of all the nations of the old world make displays of pictures of beasts or birds of prey which place their rulers on a level with the brute creation as far as their maxims of rule and ruin are concerned. The flag of the States, of our nations, displays the stars of heaven, clearly showing that this nation is destined to carry mankind forward on the path of evolution until the high and heavenly goal of a universal brotherhood of man shall have been reached.—*The Personal Rights Advocate*.

The sportiveness of kittens is exuberant and makes them the most delightful of pets. Lindsay's remark is superfluous, except that it has to be made for the formal completeness of his treatise that dogs and cats take part in the fun and frolic—sometimes rough and boisterous enough—of their child playfellows. They give every evidence, in fact, that such fun and frolic are the most enjoyed features of that period of their lives. As the animal matures it becomes more sedate, and even assumes a meditative air, but the taste for sport does not die out till infirmity begins to wear upon it. A cat mentioned in the *Animal World* would allow itself to be rolled up or swung about in a tablecloth, and seemed to enjoy the fun, and Wood's dignified Pusset would let his friends do anything they pleased with him—lift him up by any part of the body, toss him in the air from one to another, use him as a footstool, boa or pillow, make him jump over their hands or leap on their shoulders, or walk along their extended arms with perfect complacency. At the same time he was keenly sensitive to ridicule, and if laughed at would walk off with every manifestation of offended dignity.



THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

Ofttimes when cares oppress,
Or lowering skies
O'ercast my rugged path, she stands
Beside the way, with clear, unclouded eyes,
And meekly folded hands.

Angel of Patience! on
Her peaceful brow
No crown she wears; yet in her face
A smile of tender, pitying love I see,
Of gentle power and grace.

Unto her oft I
Lift my weary eyes,
Bedimmed with grief, bedewed with bitter tears;
My sorrows breathe, as at her feet I lie;
My hopes, my doubts, my fears.

"Patience!" she softly murmurs,
Bending o'er:
"Deem not thy Father's time as e'er too late;
All things together work for good, He wills,
To those who, trusting, wait."

"Courage!" she whispers still;
"The darkest hour
Is near the dawn, then yield not to despair;
The ills I may not from thy path remove
I give thee strength to bear."

Thus doth she utter
Words of counsel sweet—
My guardian comforter from day to day—
And shed a cheering light around my feet,
Amid the shadows of the way.

Angel of Patience!
When life's closing hour
Draws near, beside my pillow stand;
And on my fevered brow lay thou the touch
Of thy soft, cooling hand.

Lo! thou to pastures
Green, and living streams,
Shall lead me when all earthly conflicts cease;
Even to the borders of that radiant land—
Thine own fair land of Peace.

—Mrs. A. M. TOMLINSON.

Under the heading "Things Women Should Know," the *Christian Advocate* says: The other day a lady sent some money in bank-bills in a letter to a friend. She might have registered the letter for ten cents, or she might have got a postal order for the amount, or a check, but she did none of these things. The letter did not come to hand, and both parties were in a worry for some days. Ten dollars is not a large amount, but ten cents spent in insuring its safe delivery would have saved worry and waiting, and having "searchers" sent out by the postmaster, and suspicion of innocent parties. If any one is foolish enough to send bills in unregistered letters, they should be perfectly new. Old bills are detected in letters by the peculiar odor they have absorbed while passing from hand to hand and being carried in pockets. Nothing is more dirty or malodorous than old bank bills. When a deed is given or a mortgage made, it should at once be recorded. A young girl a year or two ago lent all the patrimony she had, and received a note for it secured by a mortgage. The mortgagor told her there was no hurry in recording the mortgage, and she believed him. In some mysterious way her mortgage paper was lost, and she has no means of enforcing the collection of her note, and may lose her little all. The recording of the mortgage promptly would have saved an expensive litigation and a great deal of worry. Contracts should be reduced to writing. A mere understanding as to what certain payments for services rendered are to be often results in loss to the employee. If the understanding is reduced to writing, unpleasant complications may be avoided.

They present a restful contrast to their American sisters, writes Annie R. King in the *Chautauquan* for July. While the American woman labors to push herself socially beyond whatever position she may have been placed in, chafes over domestic occurrences, has spasms of despair over her failure to find a mission, bemoans her small value as a factor of the world, the Spanish women know, or at least recognize, no social scale. Whether her friend sells cigars, or is in the commission business, he is her friend, and is endowed with ideal rank. He is like herself an exile from the kingdom of "the what might have been." A laugh greets the daily mistakes in domestic service, which form the burden of the American woman's complaint; she

has her mission from her birth—to be a true friend, wife, and mother. She floats down the stream of time; the American swims. She dances through life to the accompaniment of jests and compliments; the American marches through it to martial music. She has no end in view, all thought is for the present moment; the American lives to leave an impress on her time. The Spaniard reaches an end; the American a destination; death comes after ease no less than after struggle. George Eliot said that God made women to match men, so that it rarely happens that even in the South the Spanish woman marries the American man. The Spanish man cannot be taken too seriously, the American woman cannot be taken lightly; a balance of power is struck, and the nationalities live side by side in harmony, separated by a stream of deep individuality.

Fraulein von Chauvin, the German lady scientist in natural history, who had her place next to Virchow at a scientific congress at Berlin, having been prevented through ill-health from going through the regular school routine, including languages, has concentrated all her interest in the study and observation of animal and vegetable life. She has by her ingenious experiments and discoveries, proved herself a natural scientist of the first class, and enjoys a wide and general reputation as such. Her aviary is a regular Noah's ark, where she, as she says, by her love forces the most different animals to live peaceably together. Vultures, pigeons, ravens, owls, fowls, a parrot, a stork, peacocks, ducks, etc., all get on together in the best possible manner, and know and obey the voice of their mistress. A Siamese cat has its quarters in the same cage as some Egyptian rats; but they take no notice of each other. Fraulein von Chauvin's collection of butterflies is the most perfect in Germany. Also within the vegetable world this gifted lady has wrought many wonders, and she has reared flowers and seeds where no botanic garden has succeeded. Her health does not allow her to read or write much; but one or two of her treatises have attracted great attention.

For the first time in its life of thirty-eight years, the Old Colony Historical Society met away from its Taunton home and convened at New Bedford May 16, writes A. L. in the *Woman's Journal*. It was addressed in the evening by Miss G. Louise Leonard, upon "Woman in Ancient Egypt," where her gentle influence was seen in a mild and just government, and woman could ascend the throne, and the daughter was preferred to the son. Children were named first for the mother, and every husband took his wife's name, but left her her own property. Their literature was the richest, their architecture the grandest then known. Learning rather than wealth had honor, and morality was above all. In later days women fell to the lowest depths, and Egypt is no more. But her massive ruins tell the story of her wonderful past. Wisdom may be learnt from her glory and her fate. Miss Leonard is secretary of the Egypt Exploring Society at Washington; a lady of literary attainments and agreeable presence. The address was much enjoyed.

The German Government has partly granted the petition of the Women's Reform Society of Germany, with headquarters at Weimar, that young women be allowed to have gymnasiums of their own, and to take on graduation, the honors and testimonials now given exclusively to graduating young men. The setting apart of special state institutions for young women was regarded as a premature step by the government and was refused. Favorable action on the latter part of the petition will, however, render it possible for every young German woman to try for the honors of graduation. The standard of the German gymnasium is about as high as the standard of Hamilton or Union College, so no German girl with enough money, ambition, and natural ability need in future know less than a Vassar or Smith College graduate.

The women of Wisconsin have for some time enjoyed the right to vote in school elections, but as a rule they have not availed themselves of it any more generally than their sisters in the East. At the late election in the town of Deerfield, however, the question being whether the town would support a free school, the opponents of the plan seemed likely to carry the day, when, at the last moment, 34 women walked up to the polls and cast a solid vote in favor of the school. When the ballots were counted, they footed up 159 for and 158

against, the majority of one being thus due to the woman vote, as otherwise there would have been only 125 yeas against 158 nays.

Mrs. Verina M. Morton, the wife of Dr. Walter A. Morton, of No. 324 Gold street, Brooklyn, filed her certificate recently in the County Clerk's office, Brooklyn, to practice medicine. Mrs. Morton is a colored woman, 28 years old, a graduate of the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia. She was born in Cleveland, and was for a time resident physician in Rust University, Holly Springs, Miss. Not long since she was married to Dr. Morton, who was the first colored man graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in Brooklyn.

Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer announces from the platform that there are to-day 40,000 girls in the colleges of America. This gives color to Dr. Seelye's declaration that before the end of the present century the American women will be better educated than the men.

Thomas Lake Harris has ready for the printer a volume of reform lyrics entitled "Battle Bells, Verse Studies in Social Humanity." Those familiar with the earlier poetical productions of Mr. Harris know that this volume will be well worth having. He should have also a wide reading among the younger generation of thinkers now wrestling with the grave sociologic problems of the day.

Hurrah for the Fourth of July! The day on which millions will recall with patriotic pride and gratitude the services of the wise and good men who founded this Republic.

A STRANGE FORCE.

TO THE EDITOR: Mrs. Anna Abbott, the "Little Georgia Magnet," was here last week and exhibited her powers at the Odeon in the presence of good audiences of our citizens, on Wednesday and Thursday evenings. Twelve men were selected to act as platform committee to test her powers and, being one of the committee on Wednesday evening, I will give a brief account of some things that occurred and some theories or guesses.

The committee first examined her pulse and temperature and found that her pulse was much above and her temperature was much below normal. Her pulse ran up to more than a hundred beats per minute and her temperature was about ninety-one to ninety-four or five. Sometimes her pulse runs up to 130 per minute and at the same time her temperature falls to about eighty. And the lower the temperature and the more rapid the pulse, the stronger the power.

It occurs to me that this feature of low temperature and high pulse may be found in all good mediums whose phase at least is that of physical phenomena, such as moving tables and heavy objects. I call to mind that it applies to several with whom I am acquainted. My temperature is high and pulse very low, though strong and regular, running on the average from fifty to sixty per minute, and I might sit at the table it seems till doom's day without getting a rap.

Mrs. Abbott informed me that a doctor once gave her medicine to raise her temperature and lower her pulse, which interfered with her power, and gave it as her opinion that had she continued taking the medicine she would have lost her power.

And it occurs to me that as medicines can be taken to reduce the power in her, medicines might be used to make it work in others. Mrs. Abbott weighs about 100 pounds, judging from lifting her when the current was not on; but allowing the current to start before lifting, we found that lifting at least 1,200 pounds did not raise her from the floor. And the lifting was actual, not imaginary. The power opposed our efforts, Mrs. Abbott not exerting herself any whatever. The power worked as she wanted it to work. When she wanted it to pull downward it pulled downward so strongly that the combined strength of several powerful men did not overcome it or have any visible effect. When she wanted it to pull upward it did so and raised from the floor ten men, who average about 250 pounds to every man, making a power lifting about 2,500 pounds, but Mrs. Abbott did not lift an ounce.

I held my hand between one of her hands

and the point of contact and another held his hand under her other hand and she only touched our hands very slightly and did not exert herself a particle. We inserted an egg under each hand and saw that she only touched the eggs and lifted the enormous weight, the eggs being in contact with the chairs supporting the weight. The eggs were not broken. When she wanted the power to work horizontally it did so.

She stood on the heel of one foot holding a pole in front of her chest and four of us took hold of the pole and braced ourselves and pushed with all our might, but it seemed like pushing against an iron post. She stood perfectly erect and against all that mighty pressure brought to bear upon her she did not give to any visible amount. We were pushing against the force not against Mrs. Abbott. She was placed standing on a chair and two of the strongest men braced themselves under her elbows, and when the chair was removed she at once came down to the floor in spite of the great effort of the men to keep her up. The force that pull her down to the floor must have exerted more than a thousand pounds.

When we were trying to lift her from the floor a gentleman in the audience, a powerful man and reputed to be the champion lifter of the county, said he could lift her. Being called to the stage, he lifted till he was tired and satisfied she could not be lifted. The next day he was stiff and sore, having strained himself trying to lift the little woman from the floor.

One gentleman came upon the stage with rubbers on his feet and when called upon he found no trouble in lifting her, but when required to remove the rubbers from his feet the little woman got so heavy he could not raise her from the floor.

Two little boys were called from the audience and she communicated the power to the boys through her hands so we could not lift them.

In this case the force was communicated to the boy through two silk handkerchiefs, Mrs. Abbott and the boy holding opposite corners of them. The boy was pinned so fast to the floor that the combined efforts of four of the strongest men could not lift him or make any visible effect.

It is the same force that works in the production of the phenomena of Spiritualism, but I saw no evidence of any spirits in this case except the spirit of Mrs. Abbott and others visibly present. She produced raps that could be heard all over the auditorium, but she could not control them.

I have seen the same force, however, rap and write intelligent communications and answer and ask questions. However, it was not the force, but an intelligence that was able to use the force to produce the messages. The force is only the instrument of intelligent communication and the agent sending the communication is the intelligence which speaks to us claiming to be another person than ourselves and one that once lived in the flesh. Faithfully,

T. W. WOODROW.

MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA.

UNEXPLAINED PHENOMENA.

A pretty frame cottage on the meadow road near the old Brinkerhoff homestead in Rutherford, N. J., owned by Prof. Garrett Alyea and occupied by Joseph Kling and his family, is, says a dispatch to the *Boston Globe*, the centre of attraction in that village, just now, because of the spirits that are supposed to haunt it. It has long been haunted and rents for a mere song. Fred, the eldest son, and Mrs. Kling, report a mysterious affair which happened last week. The former says he had just got into bed when he felt something press down upon him, and the harder he tried to move the stronger the grip of something became. He could move his arms and did move them, but felt nothing. The light was burning dimly, but he could see nothing in human or animal shape. Then he tried to cry out, but his power of speech had left him, and for what seemed like half an hour, he lay helpless. Then he felt the pressure being removed, and as soon as he found himself free he jumped out of bed, and, turning up the lamp, searched the room. Suddenly he heard a piercing scream. He thought it sounded like his mother's voice, and, rushing to her room, he found her almost in convulsions. As soon as she could be quieted she said that as she was about to get into bed the room suddenly brightened up as if by electricity, and she saw in one corner near the ceiling, a death's head, surrounded by a ring of fire. She screamed, and when she threw herself on the bed the death's head vanished. All that night the family

SPIRIT COMMUNICATION.

SIR—The enclosed communication from the well-known author and poet, S. C. Hall (who was editor of the *Art Journal* upward of forty years), I received through a young lady medium, two years ago, viz., on March 22, 1889, the evening before his funeral, as his secretary's letter (enclosed) informs me. The expressions used in his communication are very characteristic of him, for my late wife and myself often visited him, as he lay on what proved to be his "death-bed," before he received his reward in the "higher life"; and we had received scores of letters from him, in which he often avowed his impatience to join his "darling in heaven!"

The ladies of "Kenmare" and scores of others whom he had benefited will be glad to receive the assurance of his happy state!

G. MILNER STEPHEN.

40 York-place, Portman-square, W.

Friday, March 22d, '89.

No separation! United now for ever! I am so glad I was called away. I can come and add value to your communications now, dear friend, and my dear young lady (the medium). While I think of it, accept our warmest thanks for the lovely flowers (a funeral wreath) sent to my earthly residence. I am so much obliged to you.

I have little poems to give you later on. I shall still have an active life, and continual progression. I will strive always to be a benefit to those below me, as well as to the angels immediately connected with us.

I thank God I am relieved of the burdens of my flesh. I am so grateful for it. My darling (his wife, the authoress) was so pleased to meet me here! I longed to go to her. Now, thank God, I have all the happiness I can wish for. Many will miss me, many will regret my change; but through those whom I can convey my messages and words of love to, I shall never lose the opportunity of doing so.

My darling wishes her affectionate greetings made known to you, my dear friend.

I have a little weakness remaining, but, thank God, I am freed—freed from the earthly body. All earthly ties are broken, but through you, and the kindness of God, I shall ever communicate with you and those dear to you; and at last we greet you here, not until your valuable labors are finished; not until the day of your noble work closes; then we meet you here.

Then at once you are one with Jesus.

And our spirit works begin;

At the close of earthly labors

The light of heaven comes in!

Farewell! God bless you! S. C. HALL.

—Light.

No city in the Union offers so many and varied attractions, combining city, suburbs and seashores, as Boston, in which to spend your vacation; and no hotel in the city offers so many inducements as the United States—centrally located, horse cars connecting with all depots, places of interest and amusement.

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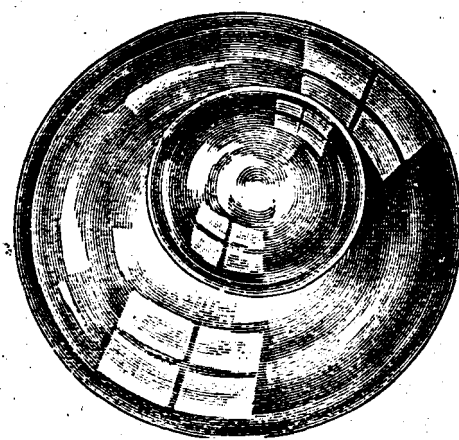
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Come with thine unvelled worlds, O truth of night,
Come, with thy calm. Adown the shallow day,
Whose splendors hid the vaster world away,
I wandered on this little plot of light,
A dreamer among dreamers. Veiled or bright,
Whether the gold shower roofed me or the gray,
I strove and fretted at life's feverish play,
And dreamed until the dream seemed infinite.
But now the gateway of the all unbars;
The passions and the cares that beat so shrill,
The giants of this pretty world, disband;
On the great threshold of the night I stand,
Once more a soul self cognizant and still,
Among the wheeling multitude of stars.

—ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN IN SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

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Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes
After its own life-working. A child's kiss
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad;
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Of service which thou renderest.

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Would make us bow the head
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BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head are for sale at, or can be ordered through the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

Beyond the Bourn: Reports of a Traveller Returned from "The Undiscovered Country." By Amos K. Fisk, author of "Midnight Talks at the Club." New York: Fords, Howard & Hurlbert. pp. 222. Price, \$1.00.

Here is another volume that shows one of the marked intellectual tendencies of the times. The work purports to give the experience of a man who, after a railway accident, had lain three days for dead but was resuscitated, and who, after those three days in the other world, felt himself an exile in this. He is the "mysterious stranger" of the introductory chapter, and the "manuscript" which he confides to the hands of the "editor"—for the reader is given to understand that it was written seventeen years ago—constitutes the bulk of the book, and purports to give his experiences during the three days. The spirit guided by a party of intimate friends "gone before" sees scenes of happiness in constant activities in a realm that affords unlimited scope and inexhaustible fields. Multitudes of earth-born souls greet with renewals of old affection or with beginnings of new. Freedom from the petty passions and weaknesses that belong to the flesh, and unhindered opportunities for teaching and helping, and for the successful following of aspiration toward true nobility of character make this earthly life appear, by contrast, extremely poor and unsatisfactory. The author philosophizes in a very interesting manner as to the principles of existence here and in the world of disembodied spirits. The position taken is that evolution is going on in spirit life as well as here. In the chapter on "Life on a Distant Sphere" the earthly visitor is represented as taken by his spirit friends to a special planet, larger than ours and older, inhabited by a race much more highly developed than ours; and, somewhat in the fashion of the present day, is painted a picture of advanced individual and social, industrial and mechanical, commercial and intellectual life upon this most interesting planet. Under the title of "Spirit Relationship and Achievement," is considered the interchange of communication, and individual social growth, mentally, morally and along spiritual lines. The concluding chapter is devoted to showing how all the divine revelations which men have claimed to receive, or have received, have come through man; that they are, on account of their human element, so much the more valuable as a history of the progressive growth of man's knowledge of God.

The work is clear in statement and written in an attractive style, and it is pervaded by an earnest, reverent spirit. Mr. Fisk, the author, is an editorial writer on one of the New York dailies and is author of a book issued about a year ago which was well received by the public, entitled "Midnight Talks at the Club." For all who believe or are interested in Spiritualism, especially this last work, "Beyond the Bourn," will possess great interest.

What's Bred in the Bone. By Grant Allen. Boston: Benj. R. Tucker. 1891. pp. 238. Paper, price, 35 cents.

This novel took the \$5,000 prize awarded by the London *Tit-Bits* for the best original story. The story is well told and there are many original and dramatic situations in it, but at various points in the plot and denouement the reader will be reminded of like situations in "The Silence of Dean Maitland" and Holmes, "Elsie Venner." As a whole, it is meant to be a study in heredity, while it deals somewhat with the mysteries of hypnotism and mind-reading.

Life and Career of Charles Bradlaugh, by George Jacob Holyoake, published by H. L. Green, Buffalo, N. Y., (price 15 cents,) is the best sketch of the great English agitator that has been published. "The key to Bradlaugh's character lies in this," says Holyoake; "His one idea and motive was the ascendancy of right through him."

The Law of Change, a lecture given by Mr. E. R. Brown, of Elmwood, Ill., under the auspices of the Peoria Scientific Association, is a thoughtful and eloquent essay.

MAGAZINES.

The July *Arena* contains a number of notable articles. Camille Flammarion concludes his brilliant paper on "The Un-

known." George Stewart, LL.D., of Quebec, treats of the life and writings of Oliver Wendell Holmes—whose full-page portrait forms the frontispiece of this number—in an admirable manner. Edgar Fawcett exposes the evils and follies of high life in the city with great boldness and force of expression. Prof. J. R. Buchanan writes ably on "Revolutionary Measures and Neglected Crimes." The editor publishes a reply to his own paper on "Socialism," by Rev. Francis Bellamy, the Christian socialist.—*St. Nicholas* for July has the usual variety of reading matter and illustrations for children. Its bright pages can hardly fail to brighten the minds of the boys and girls who read the stories, poems and descriptions and view the pretty and funny pictures.—The July number of the *Atlantic Monthly* begins with "The Lady of Fort St. Johns," a new serial, a story of one of the lords of Arcadia, Charles de la Tour. There is a good deal of dramatic interest in the first installment, which ends, as all well-regulated serials should, in a situation which piques the curiosity of the reader. Prof. Lanciani contributes a paper on "Underground Christian Rome," in which he tells of the discovery of the Christianity of an ancient Roman family from the excavation of their ancient burial place. Extremely interesting is Octave Thanet's essay on "Plantation Life in Arkansas." The reader is surprised to find the patriarchal state of society which still exists in Arkansas. The article is full of amusing sketches of character, and of special interest to the student of folk-lore.—A wonderful story of progress is S. N. Dexter North's account of "The Evolution of Wool Spinning and Weaving in the July *Popular Science Monthly*." Prof. G. Frederick Wright contributes an illustrated paper on "Man and the Glacial Period." David Starr Jordan, president of the new Stanford University, gives his own experience with a peculiar psychological phenomenon; namely, "Colors of Letters." There is a fully illustrated article by Prof. Joseph F. James on "Pollen; its Development and Use." "The Meteoritic Hypothesis," as recently set forth by Lockyer, is reviewed by J. Ellard Gore. In "Scientific Dreams of the Past," by Albert de Rochas, curious evidence is given which shows that the telegraph, phonograph, and other developments of modern science were imagined centuries ago. Mrs. Fanny D. Bergen contributes a chapter of "Animal and Plant Lore," dealing with many strange modes of using saliva in folk-medicine.—The July issue of *The Eclectic* begins with a timely article on "The Warfare of the Future," by Archibald Forbes. Messrs. Henry James, Andrew Lang and Edmund Gosse discuss "The Science of Criticism" with much suggestiveness, and Max Müller talks about "The Enormous Antiquity of the East." Holman Hunt, the great painter, discusses "The Ideals of Art." Theodore Watts has a paper on "The Future of American Literature." Mr. P. G. Hamerton finishes his discussion called "A Positive Basis of Morality," and Prof. Huxley has another article on the fabled flood under the name of "Hasisadra's Adventure."—The "New England Magazine" for July contains a variety of good things, and serves up a larger portion of fiction than usual. This is for readers in the woods and at the seaside. The initial article of the number is "The State of Maine," by the Hon. Nelson Dingley, jr. It deals with the past history and present resources and attractions of the state, in a concise and interesting way. William M. Salter, in "Emerson's Views on Reform," shows what a radical the Concord philosopher was, and how few of the most advanced reformers of to-day are as advanced as he was in his ideas of social comedy.

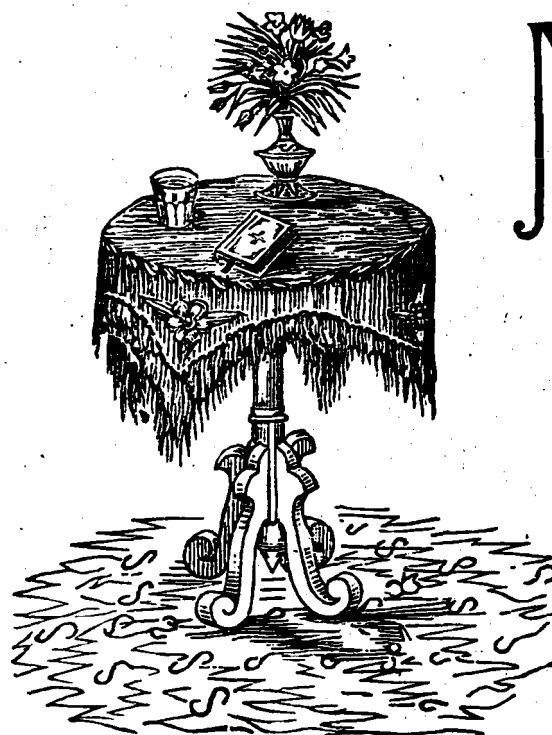
John Wesley and Modern Spiritualism. An appeal to the Ministers and Members of the Methodist Church based upon reason. By Daniel Lott. We are constantly called upon for something from the pen of John Wesley, and this may be of interest to many. He was a man of superior mind, in many respects and far in advance of his time, as will be found by examining his sayings and ideas. Price, 25 cents. For sale at this office.

PASSED TO SPIRIT-LIFE.

Passed to spirit-life, June 3, 1891, at the home of his parents, I. E. and M. F. Dwight, their only son, Frank E., after a long and painful illness. Calmly, hopefully, he left this world, his dim eyes looking beyond the misty veil, where the soul's clear vision will be his. He leaves a wife and daughter, two sisters, besides his parents. 39 years he traveled life's pathway, shedding light and gladness on his way, by his quaint humor and rare wit. A thoughtful, honest man was he, liberal and just in dealing, he won the respect of all who knew him. The funeral was held at the home of his parents, June 5th, Rev. T. C. Drury and Miss Jennie B. Hagan officiating.

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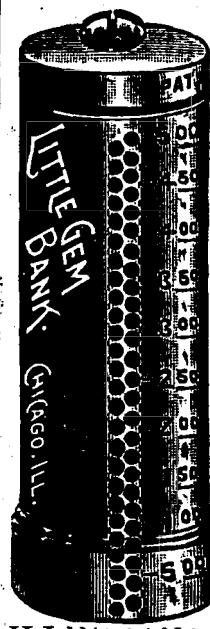
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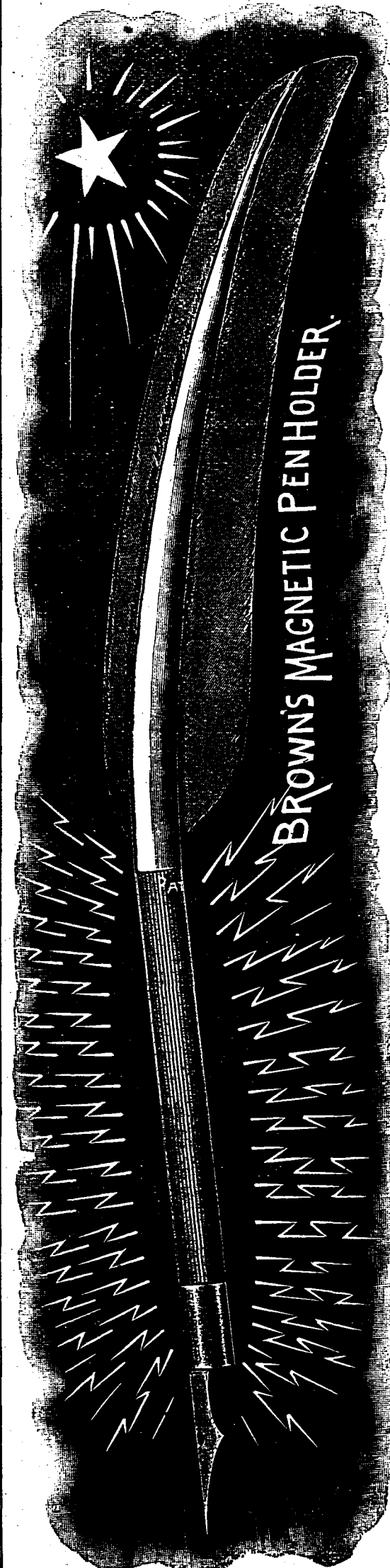
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BOOKS WITHOUT MONEY.

Readers of THE JOURNAL will be doing an excellent bit of missionary work if they will forward me a list containing the names and addresses of Spiritualists, liberalists, and broad minded church people likely to be interested in Spiritualism. The names should be very plainly written, and in cities where the free delivery system prevails the street and number should be given. Where possible I would like to have the list classified, so that I can tell the respective belief of each person whose name is supplied. For the largest and best classified list I will give the sender a copy of D. D. Home's "Lights and Shadows of Modern Spiritualism," a large 12 mo. book of over 400 pages, and a work which every person interested in Spiritualism and psychical science should have. This book was published in England at \$4.00. My edition is from imported English sheets and better bound than the original. The price is \$2. For the second largest and best classified list I will give a copy of volume two of Dr. Eugene Crowell's great work, "Identity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism," original price \$2. This is a large book of over 500 pages, and a valuable acquisition to any library. The work was published in two volumes but each is independent of the other, and those who obtain the second volume do not need

the first to interpret it. I now have all that remain of the edition and am closing them out at \$1, although the book could not be published singly for less than \$2.50. To all who send not less than fifteen names I will mail a copy of "Signs of the Times," the admirable address delivered by Prof. Elliott Coues before the "Western Society for Psychical Research." This pamphlet retails at 15 cents. These offers are good until August 1.

MR. JAMES H. HASLETT.

The mortality among well-known Spiritualists within the past few months has been unprecedented. THE JOURNAL with profound regret announces the transition of Mr. James H. Haslett, of Port Huron, Michigan, who passed to a higher stage of existence on June 23. Mr. Haslett had become widely known through his splendid and generous public spirit in establishing the camp meeting which bears his name. He was a genial gentleman, and devoted to Spiritualism, showing his faith in works rather than in words. Though a man of only moderate means, he did more for the cause he professed than has any one of the millionaire Spiritualists of Michigan.

Mrs. Effie F. Josselyn, referring to his transition, writes: "He was loved by all who knew him, and his departure will be a sad blow to Haslett Park Camp; but perhaps the affliction will draw us closer together and make us better as we think of the noble work he did for Michigan Spiritualists; and all that he would have us to do."

LAKE PLEASANT CAMP.

The announcement of the New England Spiritualists' Campmeeting Association for the season of 1891 has been published. Those desiring copies can obtain them by addressing J. Milton Young, Lake Pleasant, Mass.

Rev. Sam Small has published a statement saying that although he resigned "the disagreeable function of president of Utah university" and was discontinued by his request from the Western field, free to find conference relations elsewhere, yet he is a "lawful preacher of the Methodist Episcopal church, with credentials untarnished and without a charge against me anywhere. I feel satisfied to trust the true verdict of honest men and the unerring judgment of God." He says that his enemies have tried to ruin him as a man and a minister, and that the press generally has suppressed certain statements which he gave to the regular news association. THE JOURNAL knows nothing about the circumstances of Mr. Jones' difficulty with his denominational brethren or others in Utah. The reference to him in THE JOURNAL of June 20th was based upon dispatches published in all the daily papers. To correct reports that were in circulation about him, Mr. Small communicated with Bishop Andrews and received the following reply:

Denver, June 15th.—To Rev. Sam Small: Newspapers totally incorrect. No adverse action. You are discontinued according to your own wish, written to Dr. Iliff.

E. G. ANDREWS.

THE JOURNAL's statement was: "Some suggested his dismissal but upon his own request he was permitted to withdraw from the church." While there is nothing to correct in THE JOURNAL's statement, Mr. Small's denial of charges against him that have appeared in other papers is cheerfully mentioned in these columns.

Miss Kate Starrett, a teacher in the Hendrick's High School, who for nearly eight years, was one of the bright lights among American teachers, just as the school year closed and when vacation with its many pleasures was to begin, passed from earth to that invisible realm where the "weary

are at rest." Miss Starrett was a woman of fine intellect, was energetic, and deeply interested in her work. At the risk of her health she continued to teach until she had to be assisted in ascending the stairs of the school house and a few days thereafter, so greatly over-taxed were her physical powers, that death resulted. Such forgetfulness or disregard of the conditions and requirements of health is to be deprecated rather than encouraged, yet one cannot help admiring such zeal and devotion in a teacher of one of our public schools.

Mr. and Mrs. Dwight, of Stafford, Conn., have our sympathy in the loss of their son whose obituary notice appears in another column. He had been a great sufferer and death was undoubtedly a welcome relief from hopeless invalidism. Mr. and Mrs. Dwight are regular campers at Lake Pleasant and among the most highly respected there. Mrs. Dwight, an excellent medium and a woman whose life is busy with good deeds, in a private note announcing the transition of her son, writes: He was conscious to the very last, and told his wife to keep up good courage, it would be easier for him. And as she took his hand he said, "Don't hold me, let me go." As his spirit left the body he raised his hand, as if to clasp another.

B. V. C. writes: On Friday evening, 19th inst., the ladies of the New Society of

Ethical Spiritualists held a festival at their hall, 44 W. 14th street, which proved to be in every way a decided success. It was the pleasantest gathering of the kind that it has ever been our fortune to attend. On Sunday, the 28th, we held our last meetings until September. Looking back over the five months of our existence as a society we see every reason for encouragement and determination to work for the maintenance of a Spiritualism pure and undefiled.

Mrs. Elizabeth Lowe Watson lately sought to adopt a boy from the Ladies' Protection and Relief Society of San Francisco. Her application was refused by the Evangelical Christian women who control the institution because she would not guarantee to bring him up in their faith. As soon as THE JOURNAL receives full particulars they will be given to its readers. It may be said now, however, that the concern receives State assistance, and its constitution declares sects unknown in the management.

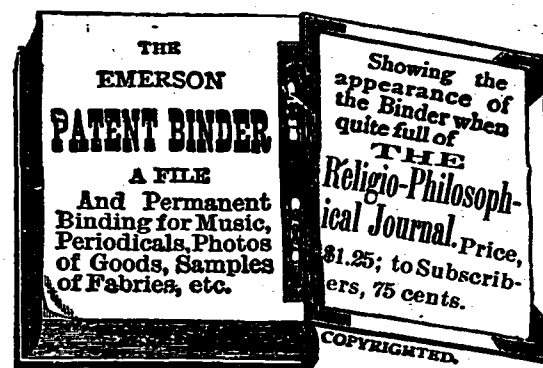
Thomas W. Whitall writes: I wrote you lately to discontinue my JOURNAL, but have now changed my mind. Truthful, sincere and independent papers are too rare to be lightly passed by, and I should miss THE JOURNAL greatly. St. Gervais les Bains, France.

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—A—

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ESTABLISHED 1865.

CHICAGO, JULY 11, 1891.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 2, NO. 7.

For Publisher's Announcements, Terms, Etc, See Page 16

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

When a perpetual motion inventor applies for a patent he is always requested, it is said, to supply a working model, and that settles him. The professional model-makers at Washington do not consider it their business to criticise the devices of their customers; so long as they are paid they are entirely willing to embody in wood or metal anything to please, no matter how absurd it is. But their best efforts in perpetual motion models do not go.

According to accounts published in the daily papers, the home of Hogan Nelson, eight miles west of Lake Crystal, is the scene of considerable excitement owing to the occurrence there of some strange phenomena. Nelson's daughter Annie, eighteen years old, seems to be accompanied by invisible spirits that rap on the tables, floors and elsewhere. Articles of clothing and jewelry disappear and no trace of them can be found. Strange noises occur in the day time and at night when Annie is at home, but cease when she goes away. Throngs of people visit the house daily. The girl reports that she sees a white dove about the house with a book in its mouth, but no one else can behold it. The Norwegian church is holding an investigation at the house.

The *Agnostic Journal* (London) of which Mr. Stewart Ross, a Scotchman, is editor, says that "Cumming—Comyn it should be spelt—is a very old name in Scottish history; but it is not a reputable one. More than five hundred years ago it was associated with cheating and treachery. It was a Comyn who basely deserted Wallace at Falkirk; it was vengeance on the treachery of a Comyn that caused Bruce to imbrue with blood the high altar of the Grey Friar's Monastery in Dumfries." Yet according to the reports received on this side of the water William Gordon-Cumming has been so well received socially since his marriage, and has such bright prospects of being returned to Parliament as a vindication by his home friends, that he has given up the idea of publishing a book on the baccarat scandal which he was preparing by way of a complete exposure of the Tranby Croft affair. His enemies will not, therefore, be delighted and his presence in Parliament will materially change his position as regards his former chum and gambling companion, the Prince of Wales. Sir William in Parliament, after being virtually convicted of cheating at cards, will not be an ennobling spectacle, but it will be in keeping with the fact that he had a royal "banker" in his games.

Some facts given by Gen. Francis A. Walker in an article in the *Forum* for July, sketching the future of the negro, based on the statistics of the race back to 1808, when the slave trade was abolished, indicate that the negro problem will become less and less rather than more and more a political problem, and that the solution may reasonably be left to the operation of physiological and economic laws. The census of 1810 showed that the negro numbered 700,000, or 19 per cent. of the entire population. In the recent

census he is but 11.9 of the entire population, or, while the white population has increased sixteen fold, the negro has increased but ten fold. Taking the statistics by ten and twenty year periods since 1810, Gen. Walker shows that the increase by per cent. has declined steadily, and asserts that in all probability this reduction in the negro's relative importance in the population will never be reversed. Gen. Walker argues that in those parts of the country where the negro is not an economic necessity, the black population will become more and more reduced by the entrance of a vigorous white element. Industrial considerations at the same time will draw him to his more natural habitat, the Gulf States, where the white man cannot take his place. Whatever growth may be expected from the colored race will take place there, and it is not probable that a race so limited in its range will ever reach to one-third even of fifty millions.

In August, 1890, in the *Chicago Tribune* was printed an article purporting to be an account of experiments made to discover how, by means of photography, the mango trick was performed. The article was accompanied by half a dozen illustrations indicating what was seen during the performances of the Indian fakirs before a number of persons. One observer took a rapid pencil sketch of what he saw, while his companion took a snap shot with his kodak. On comparing the pictures with the photographs, in no instance did the camera record the marvellous features of the performances. The sketch, for instance, showed the trees grown from the bush, while the camera showed there was no bush there. The conclusion arrived at by the writer of the account was that the fakir had hypnotized those present but could not hypnotize the camera. At the time *THE JOURNAL* discredited the story, having no confidence in its truth. In the last number of *Light* (London) is printed a letter from the writer of the *Tribune* article, stating that what he described never occurred, but was merely imaginary, written for the purpose of presenting a theory in an entertaining form. The writer thought that hypnotism might be the secret of the art of the Indian juggler and he embodied the idea in a sketch. In the *Tribune* of Dec. 6, 1890, the sketch was acknowledged to be a fancy one. Too much caution cannot be exercised in reading mere newspaper reports of alleged phenomena, whether they are given under the name of hypnotism or of Spiritualism.

Copies of the full text of the second memorial presented by Herr Cahensley to the Papal Secretary of State have been put in circulation. The scheme of Herr Cahensley is to de-Americanize Catholics in this country and to foreignize the United States in the interest of the Roman Pontiff. His aversion to our public schools and to the English language is very marked. He explains to the Pope how to perpetuate foreign languages and foreign political, social and religious ideas, and points out the most feasible methods for "foreignizing" the country and how most effectively to bring up American-born children of Catholic parents, so that they will always be papists of the continental type. Says the *Chicago daily Tribune*: "According to this foreign agitator the way to

Americanize foreigners is to un-Americanize the popular sentiments, ideas, and civilization of this country! With a grave face, and, we may well believe, with a sneering grin behind his mask, he declares that the American Constitution provides for de-Americanizing this country and hence it is unconstitutional to oppose that process! He claims that the American Constitution can best be carried out in letter and in spirit by keeping the children of Europeans out of the public schools, by educating them in foreign languages, by separating them into distinct nationalities under European non-English-speaking bishops and priests, and using them in the interests of foreign nations and the Roman Papacy. Herr Cahensley sees great possibilities of taking possession of this country and running it in the interest of foreign governments by segregating the Catholic Germans, Poles, Bohemians, Hungarians, Italians, Canadian-French, Spaniards, Mexicans, and other races into separate language nationalities, isolated from American life, ideas, and influences, and manipulated by wires pulled in Rome, Cologne, Vienna, Madrid, Prague, Pesth, Naples, and Quebec." The American and Irish bishops would oppose any such scheme as that of Herr Cahensley, Secretary of the Archangel Raphael Society, and it is not likely to result in any practical results.

It is evident from the reports published, including repeated declarations of the Mormons, that the fight for polygamy in Utah has been given up, and that the Saints have accepted monogamy in good faith. There is no reason for the old party issues with their animosities, and voters of the Territory are likely soon to range themselves under the Republican and Democratic parties. The People's party—Mormons—has already been disbanded and the breaking up of the Liberal party—Gentiles—is probably not very far distant. Utah, with a population of 200,000, should now be admitted to statehood. It has been suggested that polygamy, instead of being dead in Utah, may be only in a comatose condition. There is no grounds for doubt that the institution is at an end there, and even if it were not a thousand influences are at work which would be sure to destroy it speedily. But considering the difficulty that the general government had in dealing with slavery in the states, the recommendation that the Constitution of the United States be amended so as to make the legality of polygamy in any state forever impossible is worthy of consideration. Says the *Inter Ocean*: After slavery had been gotten rid of the Constitution of the United States was so amended as to guard forever against its reintroduction in any state. Polygamy should be guarded against by a constitutional provision of a similar character, and it can be. Neither political party has any sympathy with polygamy, and every state in the Union would ratify such an amendment, if given a chance. Before taking any chances on polygamy such an amendment should be adopted, or at least gotten well under way. If congress would only provide for its submission and thus set the ball in motion everything else would take care of itself. Beyond a doubt the ratification would follow the submission. It would be safe to count on that. But once let the statehood of Utah be established in advance of such an amendment and the snake might thaw out and use its fangs.

REFORM PROSPECTS.

Many people are at times impatient to find a specific that promises to cure at once all the ills which society is heir to. In the case of bodily disease, such promises are never made by honest physicians, who understand that radical cure of deep-rooted disease takes time and skill; only quacks offer panaceas to take effect at once. The processes of healing, as of growth, accrue in orderly succession, and quack medicines are liable to relieve present pain at cost of future added misery. So with diseases of the social body. With the best intentions possible, would-be reformers offer this, that and the other specific for our many social infirmities. But while the doctors disagree, the patient's symptoms get fully discussed and described, and when the seat of the disease is discovered, the best remedies may be applied, whereupon the process of cure may set in. While in the midst of one of the oft-recurring waves of social agitation, some imagine, seeing the worst aspects of the evil brought to present view, that there was never any worse state of affairs. Impatient of the existence of wrongs thought to be ineradicable, they are prone to think their own times the worst of all times. But if, when the warm-hearted, impatient reformer finds himself in one of these pessimistic moods, he will recall the progress made and the many social evils which have been removed through years of persistent agitation even within the present century, he will feel more like praising than decrying the work of his own age.

There are men and women living to-day who can remember when theft and forgery were punished by death, according to English law. There are some who can recall the pathetic ballads of half a century ago, reciting the wrongs of the chimney-sweeps—ballads now completely passed from mind. Those who are familiar with the naval stories of Captain Maryatt will recognize the evils of the press-gang system, which less than a hundred years ago was a recognized institution, yet which the civilization of to-day would think barbarism. What are the worst evils inflicted upon the employed children of to-day, guarded by legal enactments and strong public sentiment, compared with the slavery of the babes of fifty years ago to their often brutal parents as well as employers, both of whom, the one under scriptural, and the other under legal protection, could whip and abuse the child-slaves in their charge without intervention by humane societies or legal statutes? The outrages which inspired such poems as "The Little Factory Child," to be found in G. J. Holyoake's Miscellaneous Works, and Mrs. Browning's pathetic "Cry of the Children" are, thanks to the education of public sentiment, no longer possible. And although the poor debtor may be to-day, even in some States of our Union, arrested and imprisoned for failure to pay his debts, yet the wholesale and indiscriminate incarceration of such incapables as "the father of the Marshalsea," depicted in Dickens's "Little Dorrit," is no longer in harmony with public feeling, and such imprisonment seldom occurs, while the creditor who spitefully has recourse to any outgrown law in such matters is frowned upon and at once classed with the Shylocks of society.

One hundred years ago there were no societies "for the prevention of cruelty to animals," nor "for the protection of women and children"; no "bureau of justice" to present and insist on the claims of the impetuous and friendless. Increasingly the rights of the laborer have been recognized, and his hours of labor lessened at the demand of public opinion, during the last fifty years. Once he and his little children worked without respite fourteen hours a day for the pittance that kept them alive. He has wrested bit by bit, so far, from that which claimed it, time to sleep, time to eat, time for a very little recreation. Now, in these days when brain and thought are so necessary to our complex civilization, he finds he needs time to think, and he asks the idlers to fill up some of his hours by their working, and asks capital to return some of his surplus earnings, stored in his employers' coffers.

In spite of the many wrongs seen everywhere in our social system, and our almost hopeless distance from

the goal of a perfected humanity, none need grow hopeless of ultimate success in any necessary reform if they will but consider what has been accomplished and what is being accomplished in so many different departments of ethical reform. Temperance among the people is being viewed in a far different light from what it was at the beginning of the century. Science is bringing its focus to bear on the problem of pauperism, and is already planning systems of self-help for the poor by which the evil may be relieved. It is not so long ago that a newspaper was considered a luxury out of the reach of the working-classes, save when several combined to subscribe for one in common, to be read in turn; but to-day, when the newspaper is a much greater power in civilization than then, there are few families so poor as to be without their daily or weekly paper, and even those few have plenty of opportunities for free access to those paid for by others. Everywhere libraries are open to the people in a munificent fashion altogether unknown until this age. Many living can recall when letter-writing was a luxury to be rarely indulged in because of the cost of postage, while communication by telegraph, telephone or cable was an undreamed-of possibility; when travel of a few hundred miles took more days than it now takes hours to accomplish. Wonderful progress has been made the last quarter of a century in widening woman's sphere of education and occupation. Assured of such triumphs in the past, reformers will work hopefully for additional triumphs in the future.

The earnest discussion of economic social questions to-day should be welcomed. Henry George and Edward Bellamy, whatever may be thought of their theories or dreams, have, by their vivid portrayal of existing evils, and by their pictures of ideal conditions, contributed to stimulate thought upon questions which must be met and solved.

One result attained by the agitation of industrial problems in Chicago has been the bringing together of capitalists and laboring-men in "Economic Conferences," to discuss temperately the issues between capital and labor. Without especial arbitrary statutory enactments, there may yet be such a pervasive education of public conscience as shall make those who, by superior judgment or favorable circumstances or skill, become possessed of more capital than is necessary for the use of themselves and their families, ashamed to do aught but turn it into channels where it may be used to uplift the less fortunate. We see, occasionally, evidence of such sense of responsibility to the community, in the gifts of libraries, industrial institutes, etc., by direct gift or by bequest. Wealth wisely used may be a great blessing to society. With all the evils accompanying it, it has been as Buckle points out, one of the great factors in producing the highest condition of civilized life. But in the hands of selfish and unscrupulous men money may be, as it often is, the instrument of corruption. Public sentiment will yet require full justice to employes, the poorest and the most ignorant not excepted, and the use of large accumulations of money from the profits of labor and the skill of capital for the elevation of social conditions.

PLANCHETTE.

No other mechanical accessory of psychical phenomena has been so widely used or has produced such sensational results as the little instrument known as planchette. Originally of French origin, as the name indicates, it has been utilized in all parts of the world and unnumbered instances of its effectiveness are of record. It first attracted attention in France about 1857, as near as we can state without authentic data for reference. Many suppose that the instrument had its origin in this country; while this is not correct, it is probably true that it was first made an article of merchandise in the United States. On this point we have before us an interesting letter, dated May 29, 1891, addressed to Mrs. J. M. Staats, who had supposed the writer to have been the inventor. He writes:

"I regret that I cannot throw any light upon the origin of planchette. I was first induced to make it

and offer it for sale through an article in the London *Once a Week*, describing it and its antics. This was some thirty-two years ago. I was the first one to manufacture and offer it for sale, and for this reason I was looked upon as its inventor; I see that such an idea prompted your letter. I also tried to patent it, solely to make money out of it; but the Patent Office declined to give me a patent, alleging as a reason that it was immoral in its tendency; and I must confess that at times its answers were startling, even shocking, to orthodox minds. I learned afterward that the patent office official who passed upon its merits was a staunch believer in the Westminster Confession, and I was powerless against such narrow-mindedness, and so my patent was denied. Many went to making it; profits were reduced, and seeing no money in it I gave it up. There are some manufacturers still making it, and it has a sale of at least 2,000 to 3,000 a year."

The demand is much larger than Mrs. Staats's correspondent estimates and is just now having one of its irregular periods of activity. A series of extended and exhaustive experiments would undoubtedly be productive of data for valuable generalizations. That many messages written with the aid of the planchette are from spirits seems conclusive; but that more of them must be accounted for in other ways is equally as conclusive. Sometimes facts have been given unknown to any one present, at other times predictions made that have come to pass. Under some hands there has come at one time messages of the purest and most exalted nature, and at another abominable falsehoods and unutterable profanity. On this point and in reply to a complaint that spirit communications are not to be trusted, Mr. Thomas Shorter, of England, once wisely remarked: "Well, perhaps that is the very lesson they were chiefly designed to teach you." An intelligence claiming to be a spirit gave the following through a planchette:

"It is one of the important providential designs of these manifestations to teach mankind that spirits in general maintain the characters that they formed to themselves during their earthly life—that, indeed, they are the identical persons they were while dwelling in the flesh—hence, that while there are just, truthful, wise, and Christian spirits, there are also spirits addicted to lying, profanity, obscenity, mischief and violence, and spirits who deny God and religion, just as they did while in your world. It has become very necessary for mankind to know all this; it certainly could in no other way be so effectually made known as by an actual manifestation of it; and it is just as necessary that you should see the dark side as the bright side of the picture."

While on the theme of spirit messages we venture to give another which was rapped out at the call of the alphabet before the invention of the planchette, in the presence of the late Mrs. Leah Underhill, the elder of the Fox sisters, in the early days of modern Spiritualism. Mr. E. W. Capron, author of "Modern Spiritualism, its Facts and Fanaticisms," (1855) was visiting the medium one evening when two young men from Tennessee called. He afterward published the incident, and it is to be found in Epes Sargents' "Scientific Basis of Spiritualism," page 255, as follows:

One of the young men asked if a spirit could communicate with him and was answered in the affirmative. "What spirit?" "Your father." The young man wrote down on a piece of paper the following question: "By what means did you die?" Immediately the alphabet was called for, and the word "poisoned" spelled out. The young man started with evident astonishment, for he did not anticipate so prompt and correct a reply. He then asked if his father had anything to communicate to him, and received the following:

My son, lift your thoughts to God and remember your wrongs no more. To dwell upon the past will retard your progress and blight your future prospects. Your path leads on to glory; then labor to overcome evil with good, and a crown of righteousness will be yours in time and eternity.

Your affectionate father,
HENRY CHAMPION.

The young man then said his father was murdered

by poison administered by a brother, who had escaped the penalty of the law. The son declared that he had been for years determined on avenging his father's death. Unlike Hamlet's spirit-father, this one advised his son to dispel all vindictive feelings, and the son declared that from that hour his schemes of revenge would be given up.

AVARICIOUS INHUMANITY.

According to reports published in the daily papers, one day last month an unfortunate man with a wound in his forehead, weak from loss of blood, went to a doctor's office in this city to have the wound dressed. The doctor sewed up the wound, demanding in payment three dollars. The man had a little less than two dollars with him, but agreed to get the balance at once. The doctor invited him to reseal himself, when he tore open the wound he had just sewed up and put the man out of the office. The *Inter Ocean*, referring to this instance of "avaricious inhumanity," says: "This dastardly outrage was nothing less than a crime, and it will be a thousand pities if the law have no stern way of dealing with such cases. At least the offender should be drummed out of the profession and made to feel uncomfortable in the community. The office of the physician is one of the highest and most sacred as well as the most responsible. It can not be too well guarded; and though the physician, like the laborer, is worthy of his hire and should be paid for his services, there is an element of humanity in his profession that takes no account of profit and loss, the work of charity being to an extent inseparable from the duties and obligations of this noble calling. There are many disreputable, ignoble men in the practice of medicine, but they are exceptional in the regular associations of qualified physicians, and it is to the interest of those bodies as well as to the benefit of society in the large that men so undeserving of trust as Dr. Whitney seems to have proven himself be expelled the profession. The doctor might have been justified in thrusting a non-paying patient out of his office, or in turning him over to the police; but to deliberately tear open a wound because the victim, willing to pay, had not quite the full amount in his purse was an act of unpardonable barbarity that should be rigorously punished." The physician was arrested and tried on the charge of assault but the charge could not be sustained and he was acquitted. It would seem from the testimony that the wounded man did not act straightforwardly, but the remarks quoted above are not the less just. If a man sells another a watch he cannot recover the goods by force in default of payment. He must go to the courts. Shall a physician be allowed to rip open a wound which he has dressed because he fears he will not be paid for his work?

THE RAILWAY PROBLEM.*

Mr. Stickney, at present chairman of the board of directors of the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway, was the first general manager of the Canadian Pacific railway and for more than a quarter of a century has had close connections with railway enterprises. It might fairly be presumed that a railway administrator of his known intelligence and experience with great railway corporations, was quite competent to deal with railway construction, management, competition, tariff, legal rates, passes, watering, stock manipulation, discrimination, etc., and the kindred subject of railroad legislation, but one is a little surprised to read in a work by a railway magnate the severest strictures on the greed and ignorance of railway managers and a clear and careful statement of the just grievances of the people. Instead of following the example of railway officers and representatives who generally use their knowledge of the railway question from the inside to construct sophistries to deceive the public, Mr. Stickney does justice to all parties, and throws new light on the subject. He describes the railway rings as they once existed and the radical changes in their condition, closing the

chapter on the era of construction as follows: "Thus in twenty years have the mighty fallen from a position of power and influence never achieved by any other class in America to an estate so low, though still clutching the semblance of their former greatness. The humiliating knowledge is ever with them that the only vestige of former power they still possess, either for good or evil, is the ability to 'cut rates,' and thereby deplete the treasuries of their companies."

After hearing for years indiscriminating denunciation of granger laws, it is refreshing to read these words in a work by a railroad director: "The uprising of the people of the Western states, which is now being considered, was not against the aggregate amount of the rates which were being collected by the railways, but against the discriminations they were practicing in collecting their revenues." This "discrimination" the author shows to be unjust, injurious to commerce, and by reaction, hurtful to the railway companies themselves. If in the early days of railroad legislation, the companies had made slight concessions and had corrected the most glaring cases of discrimination, Mr. Stickney believes that much of the recent trouble arising from that cause would have been averted. To the plea that competition demands these variations of rates, he replies that competition is not discrimination.

One chapter is headed, "Railways are Agents of the State." He claims that railways exercise functions delegated by the State and should therefore be administered as a branch of State government. In order to secure the enforcement of rates, Mr. Stickney prescribes the following: "Clearly, if the government would enforce its laws against the railway companies, its chief executive officer who has charge of this department, whenever he becomes satisfied that any management is persistently disobeying the laws, should have power to take possession of the property and manage it through the intervention of a receiver or otherwise, until he can have satisfactory assurances that the law will thereafter be obeyed."

The work is an able and original contribution to the discussion of the railway problem, and it is marked by a humanitarian spirit as well as by a clear and vigorous style.

WAS IT A COINCIDENCE?

The *Annales des Sciences Psychiques* has the following which seems to have been investigated in part by Prof. Ch. Richet, under the name "Cas de Carquiranne."

On the 23rd of October, in the evening, I went to sleep as was my wont in the small tower of the chateau de Carquiranne. The bed is a metre from the door and a metre and a half from the window. The head of the bed was toward the door. It was about 11 o'clock. When the light was extinguished I went to sleep; there was no moon; I do not remember whether the blinds were closed, I remember only that the chamber was tolerably dark.

At the end of a certain time, I cannot say precisely how long, I felt myself awakened by something which was near me, leaning over me, as it were. Then I thought at first that some one had come to scare me, and I said several times: "Who is there? who is there?" but no answer and no movement. It was, as it seems to me, a face absolutely black; but I can affirm nothing as to its form except that it was a face which was looking at me. Then I began to be frightened, and sitting up in bed I pushed back with my arm this figure which seemed to be leaning over me. But I felt nothing, and the form seemed to me to disappear. Then I thought it was a dream, a nightmare, and I went to sleep again. I am sure that I was awakened; as to the hour, it seems to me that it was in the small hours of the night, but I do not venture to be positive about anything.

On the next morning I told this dream, but without attempting to give it any meaning. At half past 9 or 10 in the morning I received a dispatch announcing the death of my grandmother. She was eighty-three years old and her death was not imminent. She was in the neighborhood of Lyons. I had left her three

days ago and, although knowing her to be sick, had no uneasiness about her. However, this dream did not make me think of her. She died in the night of the 21st to the 22nd of October, at 1 o'clock in the morning. I have never had any such dream or nightmare before, for when I dream I understand that it is a dream, while in what I have narrated I felt myself perfectly awake.

GABRIELLE RICCETTI.

M. Ch. Richet questioned Emma B., one of the persons to whom Gabrielle Riccetti told her dream, before having the dispatch announcing the death of her grandmother. Emma B. relates the following: "In the morning at breakfast, at 8 o'clock, Gabrielle told us she had had a dream which terrified her; that she believed at first that some one had come to scare her, but that she knew quite well that it was a dream for she had made a gesture with her arm to push away the figure and that she had felt nothing at all. She added, 'I am still all of a tremble about it.' Then I remarked to her that it did not prevent her eating her stew with a very good appetite."

The editor says: The sincerity of Gabrielle Riccetti, in the service of Madame Ch. Bulez, is undeniable. It is a question only of knowing whether there is any relation of cause and effect between this hallucination (which is half a hallucination and half a dream) and the death of the grandmother of Gabrielle. As there is almost a complete coincidence of the day and the hour and that on the other hand Gabrielle never before had had any similar hallucination, one may suppose that there is no absolutely accidental coincidence. But nothing proves it, for Gabrielle did not recognize her grandmother in this apparition, and she did not think of any relation between the apparition and the death of her grandmother until after receiving the news of her death.

It is nevertheless an interesting fact which it will be good to add to the numerous similar facts related in "Phantasms of the Living."

As a thought-provoker THE JOURNAL has won its spurs; but having them it is not well to rest on past victories nor to close its columns to contributors even though they do hit hard and seem sometimes badly biased by motives of various colors. In the current issue appears a communication from Utah, written by one who covers his identity with "cottonwood." Some will no doubt think what he writes is all "cotton," and others will say he is bilious. But the article at least represents the views of a keen observer accustomed to measure public thought and tendencies, though his tape-line may be gauged to a standard of his own design. Any way, his remarks and conclusions are provocative of thought, and hence find place.

Christian ministers make a mistake in teaching as some of them do, that there is nothing in the Bible in favor of using strong drink. The editor of the *Agnostic Journal*, in reply to a questioner, says: "Give strong drink unto him who is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts" (Prov. xxxi. 6, 7,) was paraphrased thus by Robert Burns:—

"Give him strong drink until he wink
That's sinking in despair,
And liquor good to fire his blood
That's press'd with grief and care,
There let him bouse and deep carouse,
With bumpers flowing o'er,
Till he forgets his love and debts,
And minds his grief no more."

Dr. Bernheim reports encouragingly upon the success of his method of curing tuberculosis by the transfusion of goat's blood. Dr. Bernheim's friends go farther than the doctor and declare that the majority of his consumptive patients are not only cured, but endowed with a ravenous appetite for tin cans, glass bottles and old boots.

Texas has a "Hog" for governor, a "Pig" for judge, a "Lamb" for senator, a "Durham" for representative, and a "Buffalo" for sheriff, says the Florence, Ga., *Banner*. It would seem as if the Lone Star State proposes to run her political machinery on a "regular stock combination."

* "The Railway Problem" with many illustrative diagrams. By A. B. Stickney. St. Paul, Minn.: D. D. Merrill Company. 1891. pp. 249. Cloth \$2.00.



MODERN MESSIAHS.*

By M. C. C. CHURCH.

In the language of the day, Spiritualism must be making its "dent" in quarters least suspected by its devotees. When the house of Harper Brothers—which has always evinced its hatred of Spiritualism by excluding from its catalogue the works of its ablest expounders—publishes a work like this it gives one hope that the law of progress is still operative and that we may some day convert such men as Buckley, of the New York *Christian Advocate*, and his co-laborers, the Harper brothers, who belong to the Methodist persuasion.

This work by Mrs. Oliphant is filled with Spiritualism from beginning to end; and while she evades a direct committal she nevertheless comes so near the boundary line of fact as to practically endorse all that is claimed for its phenomena, and thus aids the cause.

This work is evidently written to bolster up and clear the memory of Laurence Oliphant from the low, vulgar charges of the Harrisites and to show, if possible, that Oliphant was a "bigger man than Harris." Mrs. Oliphant has certainly succeeded in showing that he was a man of unbounded credulity and that he surrendered his manhood as well as reason to the claims of one of the greatest of our modern messiahs.

Mrs. Oliphant's efforts to belittle Harris by calling him a "vulgar mystic" is in the line of the usual English criticism. It is always bumptious and brutal, if not opinionated. The British Isle blesses the world with all that is great and noble—with a card-gambling prince to lubricate its fastidiousness. Harris is not my ideal of a messiah; but he is not "vulgar"; he is a most agreeable gentleman and this notwithstanding the fact that he was born on English soil. Now, after sixty years of tutelage he is a full-fledged American. This is proven by the fact that he now essays to lead American "labor" into the promised land of plenty, although he himself never made a dollar by sharing the lot of the wage-earner. His recent program under the taking name "New Republic" is fathomless in froth and fiction, but is an earnest of his still good intentions to enlighten the race in economics and to show how all may have a good time provided they follow him and—furnish the money. He has temporarily tabooed poetry for—the poor; and extends his hand of "greeting," although there is nothing in it to feed the hungry or to keep the sheriff out of the hungry man's hut.

No one who is acquainted with the best literature of the times can question the ability, inspiration and true poetic talent of Thomas Lake Harris. In the coming ages he will stand with Byron, Shelley, Keats, Longfellow and Tennyson. Mrs. Oliphant shows her own ignorance or the usual English prejudice by not recognizing the fact. Mr. Harris, like all of his class, is peculiar if not eccentric; but he has power and force of character of some sort, or people would not love him and hate him as they do.

Mr. Harris would never be guilty, like Oliphant, of the bad manners of calling his hosts "hogs" after sharing their hospitality; nor charging lassitude of temper to American girls who know how to flirt without being free—the "freedom" being the suggestion of Mr. Oliphant's "worldly-holy" instincts. Mrs. Oliphant has the bad taste to introduce these allusions in letters of Mr. Oliphant to his mother; and the Harpers, to cater to English taste, have the audacity to print such stuff for American readers!

The first volume of Mrs. Oliphant's book is mainly devoted to Laurence Oliphant's life and adventures up to the time he met the "angel" of his destiny—T. L. Harris. According to her story he was descended from a noble house, from a long line of distinguished Scotch ancestry. After the somewhat

misty heroes of the past, the house appears only in the occasional mention of a name here and there, when a Lord Oliphant witnessed a royal charter, or lent his silent support to a protest or revolt of the Scotch nobility of his time. In the Scottish War of Independence, Sir William Oliphant, the acknowledged head of the house, held Stirling Castle against the English.

Anthony Oliphant, the father of Laurence, distinguished himself as member of the Parliament House of Edinburgh and at last found his fortune in the colonies, where he held various dignified posts, among others that of Chief Justice of Ceylon. About sixty years ago he was attorney-general at the Cape, where he married Miss Maria Campbell, and there at Cape Town, in the year 1829, Laurence was born. He was the only child; and according to his biography partook largely of the characteristics of both of his distinguished parents. His individuality developed as he grew to manhood—displaying aptitudes in diplomacy, statesmanship and forensic ability of no ordinary character. Strange as it may appear, this remarkable man never received the regular education of the English nobility. As he says himself, his was an "education by contact." In this respect he was never much like his "idol," the "prophet," whom he once worshipped and afterward despised. He studied law, not to practice it, but as a part of an English gentleman's accomplishments. His career was remarkable in many respects. He served his country as attaché to various legislatures; was Minister to Japan; served in the Crimea in various capacities; was war correspondent for the London *Times* in the Franco-German war; and afterward made his mark as a writer for various newspapers both in this country and in Europe. His best literary work was for the Blackwoods, appearing in their magazine as a regular contributor for many years. "Piccadilly" was his most popular work, first appearing in "Blackwoods' Magazine." It was a satire upon English society. The best thing in it is an extract from one of Harris's sermons so interwoven as to make it the introduction to that man, whom he afterwards regarded as the representative of if not the real messiah himself.

Laurence Oliphant was a voluminous writer. I have not space for an enumeration of his works; if the reader has interest in his writings, any respectable book-seller can furnish a list. After having read most of them I fail to appreciate the judgment of his superiors as to their literary merits. Oliphant has written but two works that will live: "Piccadilly" and "Scientific Religion." "Piccadilly" was his contribution showing what a man of the world thought of life and its meaning. His "Scientific Religion" was the embodied thought of himself and wife—after their Harris-Haifa experience. It is a travesty upon words to attach the word "science" to such a production. It is nothing more and nothing less than Harrisism filtered through a hypnotized brain—cultured by contact with the world. The literary part of the work, however, is well done. Like Harris he postulates the freedom of the human will to start with. But I cannot pursue this part of the subject further.

This article was begun with another object. My days of hero-worship are at an end. I seek to know the fact, the law, underlying all this phenomena of messiahship. For a hundred years and more the world has had many messiahs. Nearly all churches are built on this claim; and where these claims have been pushed to an abnormal sequence the result has been disappointment, deception, loss, insanity and bad temper generally. Oliphant's experience is no exception. He got badly worsted and then turned messiah himself with a result sharply outlined in this book.

In the catalogue of messiahs we have had, among others, Swedenborg, Jane Laye, Joanna Southcoat, Ann Lee, George Fox, Wesley, Joseph Smith, John Wroe, Schweinfurth, of Rockford, Ill., Cyrus Romulus Teed, Mrs. Eddy, Harris, and most picturesque, if least pious of all, Laurence Oliphant.

Of all the names mentioned in this list, but one will stand the test. That name is Emanuel Swedenborg.

With all of his learning, science, contact with the world, and his exceptional social advantages he at times had his vagaries. But ignoring all the past, standing upon the broad scientific platform of induction and deduction he placed the facts of the world of spirit on an impregnable basis. He assented to nothing that he could not prove. He ignored the orthodox claim of the freedom of the human will and reduced the whole universe, whether human, angelic or divine, under law as irrevocable as the methods of the Infinite Will and Intelligence itself. This was his starting point. From this base he reared and is still rearing the vast temple of Knowledge which is to scatter all darkness and delusion. Instead of there being one messiah or a thousand, to his clear vision as finally unfolded, humanity is the temple, and the true messiah is the Divine Spirit dwelling therein; not in isolated God-men but in the race as a unit.

All are parts of one stupendous whole
Whose body nature is and God the soul!

The messiah of the incoming age is not Brahma, nor Buddha, not Krishna nor Christ, not Joe Smith nor Ann Lee, not Harris nor Oliphant, but Divinity in universal man, revealed in and through law—in and through science! To this are we coming, thank God!

But I sense a questioning thought from my reader: How is it that the world has been so deceived by the self-deceived heroes of the past? When the world is prepared to receive the angelic revelations now coming to it, the world will find that all knowledge comes from experience under the law of evolution and development. That the tutelage of the race has been under the power of great angelic societies who have focalized their pivotal truth through representative men; these men not understanding the law governing their own "personality" have assumed to be the mouth-pieces of the Great Supreme instead of, as was the fact, being the mouth-pieces of the great angelic societies they represented. Thus inflated or depressed as environment controlled their "personality" they have been held by the ignorant masses as men above their kind, God-men in a sense different from ordinary men, men who were commissioned because of their sanctity to teach the world, to "save" the world from sin, evil and the devil! I regard the experiences recorded in Mrs. Oliphant's book as a full verification of what I state. In the Harris-Oliphant experience we have that which forever dissipates all these special God-appointed claims of messiahship. I regard this as the meaning, the providential meaning, of this scenic presentation in the grand drama now unfolding. When men and women learn that they are not responsible for their acts, that they are simply actors in the drama of life, they will not be condemning Harris as an "impostor," nor Oliphant as a "dupe," but will gratefully acknowledge the work their apparent vicissitudes have accomplished.

MODERN TENDENCIES.

By W. WHITWORTH.

Economy is the growing rule in our modern civilization, in morals as well as in things material. Even as a saving step-mother spreads a moiety of butter over a large surface of the children's bread, shoddy mixed with wool gives wide extent to cheap made garments that fall to pieces as soon as worn. Especially notable, sewing-machine furniture that in the old days was made of solid walnut wood, an inch thick, is now fabricated out of cheap material covered with a thin veneer, which is sliced to the degree of forty sheets to the inch. On the outer surface it looks just as well, but the slightest bruise goes through the gossamer shell and lays bare the cheap sham underneath.

So with a large portion of our modern church membership. The by-gone, old-fashioned, solid-wood gospel character has given way to a thin veneer of pious pretension, which covers as shoddy a quality of character as does that of the sewing-machine furniture. Like the latter, it is made for show; and just as the veneered table is polished to exceptional splendor to give the cheap commodity a good send-off, so

*Memoir of the Life of Laurence Oliphant and of Alice Oliphant, his wife. By Margaret Oliphant W. Oliphant. 2 vols. New York: Harper Brothers. 1891. pp. 814-888.

the cheaply veneered pious pretense receives a great gloss of outward pomp and ceremonial orthodoxy. Strict church attendance, liberal donations to foreign missions, rigid upholding of Sabbatarian restrictions, and fierce determination to crush out all free thought that dares to step beyond the established iron-bound rut coming down from the moldy past, form part the filmy surface coating over a very different order of character underneath. The thin veneer does service for Sunday ceremonial; for high-sounding lip worship which throws not the slightest barrier against the greed of money-making; permits no ethics of religious morality to interfere with the gambling, over-reaching spirit of business.

But so many times has free thought punched holes through this thin veneer of piety, laying bare the hideous cheap shams beneath, that a gospel of more solid worth is sorely in demand.

CLEVELAND, O.

THE REAL STRUGGLE.

By JOHN B. SHIPLEY.

The great struggle is upon us. All around us the elements are seething and foaming, and steaming in the great cauldron of public opinion and sentiment. All classes of society are in a ferment. Change, dissolution, confusion of opinion, reign as the characteristics of the age. Creeds that once held their adherents together like bands of iron are first relaxed and then torn to shreds, their power to restrain utterly broken. Churches no longer know which of their members are to be relied upon—nay, are scarcely aware what the majority of their members believe in. One prominent preacher is expelled from his church because he disagrees with its mode of government; another leaves his because he cannot agree with the dogma it lays down for his acceptance. One member of a church charges another with heresy, and censures the authorities for allowing him to preach; yet that very member who prefers the complaint with such abundant emphasis, is himself guilty of practices which the church in question does not sanction. Everywhere is schism, contention, and utter confusion. Where will it end?

It will end in a bitter conflict, the most determined and disastrous that the world has yet seen. Many predict an actual physical contest between the opposing tendencies; others imagine that it will be confined to moral polemics. Whichever is right the fight will be a disastrous one, as we have said; for a war of arguments is not less disastrous to the peace and truth-loving soul than a war of material weapons is to the bodies of the combatants. What will be the opposing forces in this conflict? Romanism will be one.

What are the forces that are at present in the field in opposition to Romanism? There are Christian sects and non-Christian beliefs; the various forms of Protestantism, reaching out through Unitarianism and free religion into agnosticism and other forms of belief that the ordinary Christian mind does not take the trouble to distinguish from flat negation of the existence of a deity. Then there are religious systems complete in themselves, and in some cases antedating Christianity, such as Judaism, Buddhism, and the new-fangled offspring of the latter, known as Theosophy. In which of these may we find the opponents of Romanism?

Take first the Jewish element. Rome has persecuted the Jews, even as the Greek church, the representative of the eastern Christianity of the Byzantine Emperors, is now persecuting them in the dominions in which she reigns supreme. In Spain, four centuries ago, the Jews were compelled by a wicked and grasping queen, eager for their wealth, to either become Catholics or leave the kingdom, their property in the latter case falling into the hands of the state. Even if they adopted the former alternative in order to save their wealth, that could be taken from them by the mockery of a trial before the prejudiced tribunal of the Inquisition. Can it be wondered that the Jews execrate the memory of Isabella, of Spain, and the whole Catholic religion? Yet signs are not want-

ing that the Catholic church of to-day looks toward the Jews for aid in the crusade against atheism. Will the Jews help? It would be against all their traditions to take any part in the controversy. Yet if events should make it impossible for any portion of the community to remain neutral, the Jews will assuredly be found on the side of free exercise of religious belief. They have suffered so much from fanaticism, not only in its more tempestuous, but also in its milder mood, in the small occurrences of every day life, that they see the danger of allowing the supreme control to pass into the hands of any sect or form of thought. And here it may be said, once for all, that the wide toleration, or rather the full liberty of all beliefs guaranteed under the Constitution of the United States is at once the safety and the danger of this country. It is its safety, for obvious reasons, so long as it is preserved intact; but it affords a cover under which any scheming church can push its way secretly forward until it has it in its power by one grand *coup* to seize the government of the national conscience, and by its influence over the civil authorities to assume the control of the national policy. Such a seizure has occurred before now in most of the great cities of the United States. The fact is everywhere apparent that by far the larger number of the great centres of population, not only in the South but as far north as New York and Chicago, are in the hands of a Catholic government. To remedy this crying evil, many Protestants have banded themselves together into secret and other societies having for their object the clearing of our public and private life from the espionage and dominion of Rome. Yet the work as a whole is far broader than can be compassed by any organization working on lines which savor even remotely of sectarianism; that is, which require belief in any affirmative doctrine or dogma whatever. The mere requisition of belief in Christ, or in the Bible, is foreign to the spirit of the Constitution, and is therefore un-American. The want of belief in a deity is not to be taken as implying perversion of the moral sense in any man, therefore even this religious test is of no value even for securing good character among the members of an organization. The only thing required of a good citizen, either within or without the ranks of so-called "patriotic" orders, in addition to good moral character, is, that he should own allegiance to his country alone, without regard to the influence of any religion whose priests take their orders from an alien power claiming to dominate the civil as well as the religious life of every country. There are undoubtedly those who, professing the Catholic religion, hold to it with so slight a tether that they would never think of allowing the priest to interfere with their political actions. These persons may be good and earnest patriots, but neither they nor "converted" Catholics who have embraced Protestantism should be allowed to lead, or be placed in any position of trust with regard to the movement against Romanism. The reason for this is that early training in the Catholic church has deprived them of the full and free use of their moral and reasoning faculties. They have been taught to go to the priest in order to learn what is right and what is wrong, and to submit their wills and judgment to his superior guidance. Traces of superstition are apt to remain amongst them, and they are for the most part easily to be cajoled back into the Romish church, or are likely to be weakened in their fight by its influences.

It has been hinted that the patriotic orders are to a large extent sectarian. They adopt the Bible as their standard of action, and the flag divides with it their homage. They desire to have the Bible read in the public schools. They charge the Church of Rome with having first of all turned the Bible out of the schools and then declared that they could not send their children to these "godless" institutions. We say in reply, that it is better that the schools should be "godless" than that they should be sectarian; and the Bible is an eminently sectarian book, as is shown by the way it is regarded, for instance, by Catholics, Protestants, Jews and agnostics, and also by the way in which every Christian sect finds in it its authority for its own distinctive tenets. Hence, supposing that

every teacher in a school was of a different creed or denomination from the others, each would teach different lessons although all based upon the same book. Religious instruction should be given in the home and the Sunday-school.

Then we have to consider the almost self-evident fact that all Protestant systems are to a large extent based on Romanism. The Jewish priesthood, though condemned by the New Testament, still in great measure underlies the Roman Catholic priesthood, which again has given rise avowedly to the Episcopal priesthood, and, in form, to the system of ministers, pastors, etc., of the various Protestant denominations. In like manner the Romish ritual survives in the Protestant service, and this is more or less true with all sects who have any set order of service at all. The dogmas of the Romish church have been similarly preserved, with the exception of a trifling number only, the throwing off of which has received an importance it does not deserve, unless as the first step in a very long journey, every step of which is made the occasion for endless disputations. The dogma of the immaculate conception of Christ's mother is repudiated by the Protestant churches, but that of the immaculate conception of Christ himself is accepted by nearly all who call themselves Christians. In the same way the sacrament of the Lord's Supper is kept, but the dogma of transubstantiation is rejected. Baptism and the laying on of hands at the ordination of a priest are accepted among Protestants no less than by Catholics as working a miraculous change in the person submitting to those ceremonies. The Catholics pray through their priests for the intercession of Mary and the saints. The Protestants pray through their priests and ministers for the intercession of Jesus Christ. The Catholic crosses himself, the Protestant bows, at the mention of the sacred name. The Catholic uncovers and kneels before the actual presence of his Maker which he believes to be in the pyx or monstrance upon the altar; the Protestant uncovers and kneels in prayer to the Divine Spirit of which he considers the church to be the especially hallowed temple. The Catholic believes in miracles too numerous to mention, the Protestant believes in the miracle of a physically impossible resurrection of the body. The mind that can believe the Protestant creed has only to believe in a few more miracles, a few more dogmas, not more difficult of credence than those he already firmly holds, in order to be a member of the far more thorough-going and consistent Roman Catholic church. The congregation led by Father Ignatius at Llanthony, not being able to obtain the services of an Anglican priest for their Easter celebrations, made their peace with Rome rather than go without that on which both creeds alike placed great dependence as the great solemnity of the ecclesiastical year. Since the version of John Henry Newman, we have had a long series of examples showing how slight the fence between the two communions. And every Protestant denomination, we might almost say every individual Protestant mind, is tending either toward or from the ancient communion of the Roman Catholic church. This fact must be borne in mind when looking for a force to oppose that of Romanism. The Protestant Christian churches are none of them, either singly or combined, able to withstand Romanism. The fight is between complete subjugation of the mental faculties and complete liberty of thought; the half-way creed will be the spoils of the victor. In saying complete liberty, we of course do not mean that any system or school, such as agnosticism or atheism, will gain the upper hand over all competitors. We mean that all will in the end be equally free to adopt their own worship; Catholicism will be tolerated, just as Methodism will, but only as a religion, and not as a dominant political power.

And now one word of caution to Spiritualists. Most of the Spiritualist magazines and papers are strongly anti-Romish, and publish from time to time articles on that side of the question. Yet traces are observed of an attempt to use Spiritualism for Romish ends. A very popular story by Marie Corelli, entitled "A Romance of Two Worlds," may be quoted as exemplifying this. Not only are the chief characters Catho-

lies, but a priest is introduced who is a Chaldean by descent, and therefore learned in "electrical" occult science. The Catholic church is alluded to in pointed terms as the only one that has kept its "electrical" connection with the Grand Centre, and consequently the one that possesses the greatest stock of electricity. The inference is obvious, that those who desire to know more of the fascinating problems so skilfully set forth in that book, cannot do better than consult the nearest priest, who, if he be not himself a Chaldean, can at all events use the electrical connection of the church with the unseen Centre of the Universe to draw therefrom electricity sufficient for the needs of his questioner. The danger will now be apparent, and we are sorry to say, that this is not the only attempt we have seen to inculcate admiration and respect for the church through spiritualistic writings. Apart from this danger Spiritualists ought all to be found on the right side when the time comes for action. They are, more than all others, perhaps, interested in having the proposition thoroughly laid down and understood that a man's convictions in regard to religion are of no manner of concern to any other person, and he ought not even to be asked what they are, so long as his moral conduct and his fidelity to the state are unquestioned.

REMINISCENCES.

By MRS. J. M. STAATS.

CHAPTER VIII.

INVESTIGATION WITH INVESTIGATORS.

A very peculiar and to me very interesting account connected with two persons of whom I had not the slightest knowledge came under my observation in this wise. A gentleman called with a note of introduction from Judge J. W. Edmunds, asking if I would grant the bearer, one Mr. F., of New Jersey, an interview at my earliest convenience. The following evening was appointed for the gentleman, who remarked that he desired to occupy the whole time and hoped we would not be disturbed by others, a request which I acquiesced in, taking care that the gentleman and lady should be the only ones present with me.

My visitors arrived at the appointed time. Mr. F. took the precaution which, as in most cases, was common, not to introduce his friend, so that I should know nothing whatever of either party. He impressed me as being a very intelligent gentleman, quite above the average skeptic. Although this was his first interview, he respected the belief of his friends, many of whom were early investigators occupying no mean position in literary and scientific circles. He saw no reason why death should end all knowledge of life's friendships and interest, felt sure that intuition was evidence of the separate functions of the spirit which, if understood through proper development and growth, would create a stronger individuality and guide reason, thereby making man a law to himself and to some extent, perchance, a law to others.

His conversation placed me quite at ease, and counteracted somewhat the frigidity of the atmosphere which emanated from the lady, who regarded me in silence, never once speaking or seeming to take the least interest in the conversation. She sat like a statue, bolt upright, regarding me with a degree of curiosity which seemed to say that I must indeed be a witch if in any way I could get at the subject which had brought her as a last resort to visit a medium in the hope of ferreting out secrets buried with the long, long ago dead.

On the table before me, as was my custom, were sheets of foolscap paper and a number of sharpened lead pencils. Without knowing or thinking of what I was doing I took up one of the pencils, still interested in the gentleman's conversation, my hand was moved and a number of names were written, around one of which a circle was drawn. At this point my attention was attracted to the lady who had caught up the paper, pointed to the name around which the lines were drawn. She called Mr.

F.'s attention to it, ignoring me entirely, and remarked in a very solemn tone, "Extraordinary!" Turning to me, she fixed her eyes upon mine and with the same severe tone demanded how that name came to be written. I answered her that I did not know what was written, and how any name came to be written was further from my powers of comprehension than from her own. She knew the name; I did not. "Yes," she replied, "but I have no knowledge of the party." Pointing to another name she said, "If this person is present in spirit, will he communicate?"

Immediately was written, my hand moving very slowly, "Find old Robert Mundy; he was sexton of the church at the time your grandfather was married." "Where," asked the lady? "Somewhere in Canada," was the answer. Selecting another name, she questioned where the survivors of that spirit's family were to be found? "In Selma, Alabama; they can furnish you enough information to prove what you seek." Q. "Will I get my rights?" Ans. "You certainly will. Already we see bonfires and banners upon which are inscribed, 'Welcome to the rightful heir of S— Hall.'"

My visitor began to unbend, looking at me with less severity. She asked, "Will Parliament abolish the code which now debars me of my rights?" Ans. "Yes, at the eleventh hour after the pleading of your case in person." "Impossible!" she exclaimed. "Wait, work on and see; remember bairn we are with ye;" then followed the names of her grandfather and mother in full.

The lady, whose name I did not know, simply remarked that it was wonderful, and promised to inform me if her suit was won. She journeyed from Canada to Georgia, found parties mentioned in her interview, gained sufficient information to prove her grandfather's marriage, which took place in St. George church in the City of New York before the British army evacuated that city. The church, which was situated, I have since been told, in Wall street, was burned, together with all papers, marriage register and records thereto belonging. It would seem indeed a useless search with the living and would have proven futile had not dead men for once told tales, whereby Miss S. established the fact, gaining witnesses to testify to the legitimacy of her father. She had no other clew than an old faded and worn bit of brocade which some one of the family had kept as a relic, it being a piece of her grandmother's wedding gown and the fabric being proven of English manufacture, belonging to a certain period.

Whereas the opposing party claimed that the grandmother was not of the English or Scotch gentry, and not related to her husband through whose former marriages the estates had been perpetuated, having never been allowed to go out of the family. Extraordinary as appeared this interview, I had nearly forgotten it when I received, several months after, an Edinburgh paper containing a long account of the suit which resulted in Miss S— substantiating her claim to her father's estate. She was the first woman who had ever pleaded her own case. The obnoxious law had been repealed. It also stated in the *Edinburgh* that bonfires had been built, arches decorated with flowers thrown across the roadways, while the tenantry with banners shouted and waved a welcome to the rightful heir of S— Hall.

It is natural to ask after reading this account, why could not the spirits have given more direct information when so much was obtained? This query I cannot answer; the only reply ever given me was to this effect: if a horse draws a ton of coal up hill, why can he not as well draw ten tons? Again I was told that if one knew the difficulties surrounding spirit intercourse the wonder would be how it were possible for spirits to give so much.

Since to give leading facts is my intention it is difficult to select those which stand out independently of my mind and are disconnected with that of the interviewer. One case on my record affords me great pleasure to copy, from the fact that my witness, Mr. Henry Alden of this city, has guaranteed me full permission to do so, assuring me that he has the communication as it was given him over twenty-five years

ago. Mr. Alden called with his cousin, Mr. Albert Alden, of Boston, who had previously arranged his visit without telling me of his intention to bring his cousin; in fact both gentlemen were strangers to me. I had never before seen or heard of them. Mr. Albert Alden received a communication from his daughter, over her signature. She gave some excellent tests, all of which appeared very satisfactory to the father. Meanwhile, it being Mr. Henry Alden's first visit to a medium, he did not hesitate in a pleasant way to chaff his cousin and show me his unbelief. How could he do otherwise? Presently, and without my volition, as I cared not whether he received word or sign from the Spirit-world, the hand in which I held the pencil began drawing a coil or spiral spring. Mr. Alden went on with his pleasant talk, I writing until the pencil dropped from my fingers. Turning the paper to Henry Alden I remarked, "This is for you." The purport of the writing was as follows: My dear cousin, use copper wire in this wise [as per drawing], you will find it better than catgut, signed, "your cousin, Timothy Alden." I will not attempt to write or describe the changed expression of my gentlemanly unbeliever's face. "Is it possible this is written by Timothy Alden," said he. "I am sure no one but myself could have known my experiments with catgut—if this is Timothy will he say something more to me?" Whereupon followed the communication now in the possession of Mr. Alden.

Timothy Alden was the inventor of the Alden type setting machine, now in common use, I believe, in printing establishments. He died before his work was completed. Henry Alden succeeded him, and was at that time experimenting or in some way improving parts of machinery wherein the material used would not answer the purpose, hence the volunteered advice and illustrated suggestion of copper wire.

Mr. Alden had not, so he said, been thinking of the machine, and indeed had no intention of asking a question relative to it. True, it had been on his mind, was known to him, but not fixed at the time of his sitting so as to impress it upon me. One can only say that the advice was volunteered without effort on his part to impress or mine to resist.

HUMAN IMPONDERABLES—A PSYCHICAL STUDY.

By J. D. FEATHERSTONHAUGH.

XXV

MEDIUM

Akin to the clairvoyant, the next step in the grand law of psychical evolution, possessing the same sensibility to hallucination in higher degree, taking perception of phantasms of both living and dead and discriminating between them. In many cases the hallucination occurs only in trance, but examples are not wanting where the medium preserves her natural condition, and carries on, without confusion, her normal life contemporaneously without her psychical. Then follows the next and strongest link in this continuous chain, of mind and force displayed at the point where the hallucination is described to be, in audible sounds and intelligent movement of objects. As the clairvoyant has faculties of occult vision, hearing, and thought perception without the senses, and reason without the brain, so does the exterior intelligence manifest the same capacities at distant points where no visible brain or senses exist, with a super-added power of producing sounds and movements conveying thought. The senses having no part in the perceptions of the clairvoyant, analogy would seem to show, as the profound states of coma certainly do, that the brain is also inhibited. The close parallelism between the psychical powers of the clairvoyant and those of the exteriorly acting intelligence, is no slight proof that they both proceed from minds of essentially the same nature. Even in the mistakes and failures common to both, there is often the same vagueness, uncertainty and incomplete methods, almost as if both were acting beyond their natural plane; the one apparently reaching out into a psychical condition, the other fitfully remingling with the physical. We find the sentiments expressed by the

extraneous intelligence, the personal affection betrayed, the knowledge possessed and the relationship claimed all made part of the life of the one assuming to address you.

The three chief degrees of this subject follow closely upon the steps of each other, and design seems to guide their progress to some complete end. First the physical means of liberating mind from the dominion of matter; then the innate powers of the mind reaching beyond the sphere of the senses, and finally in some condition of existence holding audible converse with us from the exterior. It remains certain that the acts done in absolute darkness are guided by vision so exact that no human agency could designedly simulate them in the absence of light. If we look exclusively to cerebral cases, we must indefinitely widen the scope of "unconscious cerebration," and attribute to it independent thought, vision, sounds, voices, movements in open space. That the hallucination of the medium is not mere pretense is abundantly proved by exact descriptions of the dead, by correct statements of unknown things, and especially by the fact that the personality of the vision is recognized by the medium to be the same, should the hallucination again occur, as is often the case, at some future times, when other members of the family, strangers to all, happen to be present.

The intelligence addressing you knows what it ought to know from its assumed character, and all that you know in common with it; this knowledge is not shared in by any living person but yourself. This state of the case (and it is the true one) fixes the question down to one of the suppositions; either the power of disembodied mind to act on its own plane and demonstrate its existence under certain conditions, or our own physical and mental double as it were, acting in different places externally to the organism in violation to all experience, conversing with its original, sometimes as an old man, then as a little child, and always under false pretenses. If the medium is alone supposed to have this transcorporeal power, and no doubt she is a prime factor in the transaction, the case is not altered for she goes through the same experience of talking to herself from the outside, in the name perhaps of her own grandmother.

It is no wonder then that a spiritual hypothesis has been so widely accepted by those most conversant with the subject. It was the simple and logical outcome of the apparent facts. When hands press our own that we cannot trace to any living person—when caresses are bestowed—when voices converse with us, calling us by name and telling their own—knowing what they ought to know, and persistently affirming that they proceed from independent and exterior will—when emotion is expressed at the apparent renewal of intercourse and eager anticipation of a final reunion; all these combined seemed to point to the logic of the facts, as the only reasoning that could suffice.

So then, notwithstanding the immense difficulty of obtaining rigorous proof on all points, especially of identity, much of intellectual insufficiency, and sometimes a stereotype sameness of demonstration, the genuine effects that are now before us, give to a provisional hypothesis of exterior, intelligent and independent force, whatever new life the future may bring, a present, valid, philosophical *raison d'être*.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OUTBURSTS OF SPIRITUALISM.

There have been outbursts of Spiritualism in Europe for the greater part of the last 400 years, to show us that the other side has not been asleep. It was by soul-hearing that Luther was called to his work. He was on the "Holy Stairs," at Rome, mounting them on his knees, when he clairaudiently heard a voice saying to him, "The just shall live by faith." He rose from his knees and ran till he was out of breath; and then he began to think and soon after to act.

Soon there came a great counterblast, in the person of Ignatius Loyola. He was a soldier of high family, unlike Luther, who had been educated by charity. He was lying in bed grievously wounded, after battle, when he was aroused by soul-seeing, the other phenomenon so common in scripture. He thought he saw

the Apostle Peter, who came to him and cured him of his wounds. Subsequently, when suffering from religious doubts, he had another vision, which he believed to be that of the Virgin Mary with the Holy Child in her arms, and this cured him of his doubts.

It was just about the time that controversy was at the highest, when a stupendous disclosure was published to the world; throwing in the minds of thoughtful men even religious controversy into the shade. This was nothing less than the demonstration of the Copernican system, which proved that this world of ours, instead of being the centre of the universe, was but a little planet, as a grain of dust in the immensity of space; and which, as modern experience daily shows, can be sailed round in a few months or weeks. Without such a revelation we never could have dared enunciate the following formulæ of what are, I believe, sound words: "There is but one living and true God, everlasting, without body, parts, or passions; of infinite power, wisdom, and goodness; the maker and preserver of all things both visible and invisible."

Copernicus was a canon of the Church of Rome; and his grand system was propounded in about the year 1533. He was in favor with the enlightened Pope, Leo X. But new Popes arose who knew not Leo; and, in 1616, Galileo went to Rome to bear witness to the truth of the system, as demonstrated by his own telescopes. But the then Pope, Paul V., told Galileo that the system was both false and heretical.

It was during this sixteenth century that the great poet, Torquato Tasso, lived—we can hardly say flourished; for, less fortunate than Milton, who lived under a milder regime, Tasso spent much time in prison, because, like Milton, he was subject to soul-hearing, and that without the especial sanction of his church. But that his soul-hearing was of a high order we learn from his friend Manso, Marquis de Villa. Manso was present at one of Tasso's conversations with his unseen monitor, and gives us the following account of it: "Tasso sometimes questioned and sometimes answered, and, by his answers, I guessed the meaning of what he had heard. The subject of this conversation was so elevated and the expressions so sublime that I myself fell into a sort of ecstasy. I dared neither to interrupt nor to importune him with questions, and his vision continued for a long time."

In entering on the seventeenth century we may give a history of Haddock, the sleeping preacher, at Oxford, in 1605, as detailed in Lucy Aikin's "Court of James I.": "It was affirmed of this personage that he had the art of preaching very learned and excellent sermons in his sleep, though but a dull fellow in his waking hours, and known to be no great scholar. He would even speak exceedingly good Greek and Hebrew in these nocturnal discourses, being otherwise ignorant, it is said, of the languages. At Oxford, where this prodigy was first manifested, the fellows and scholars of his college went as regularly to hear Haddock preach in his sleep as to any other sermon. . . . On concluding, he would wake, stretch, and remember nothing that had been said." The King had a bed put up in his own drawing-room, and the preacher preached to his majesty and the court; and then "his majesty, with infinite solemnity and precaution, proceeded with the business; and after much cross-examination by himself and his privy counsellors, actually prevailed with the man to confess his imposture." But still there were some things which his majesty "out of the depth of his wonderful judgment required to have further cleared." Anyhow, Mr. Haddock saved his ears. As was sung in those days:—

"Now God preserve the King, the Queen, the peers;
And grant the culprit long may wear his ears."

The seventeenth century, in England, was an era of extremes; but it was then that Milton was endowed with soul-hearing. It was then that the Quakers were taught by George Fox to speak as the spirit moved them; because, as he told them, "There is a light shining in the darkness of your hearts, and you have not comprehended it. Oh, believe in that light, follow in that light," George Fox earnestly cried. The Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice makes the following observation in his "Kingdom of Christ" on these words of George Fox: "Dare I say that he was not taught this truth from above? Not till all the deepest convictions of my own heart have perished!"

Then there was Greatrakes, the great healer by touch, who lived in this century. But people will say, "We do not believe in Greatrakes, or other healers of his kind." Yes, as the Rev. H. R. Haweis remarked in his sermon the other day at St. Mary's, Oxford: "Say the healing touch is absurd, but medical rubbing and massage may be accepted. Vilify Mesmer and all his works for a century, and then accept all the phenomena which he suffered so much to prove. You have only to call it 'hypnotism,' and then there is no difficulty." Faith healing during the seventeenth century was so prominent that many were notoriously cured of disease by the touch even of a reprobate king.

With regard to the eighteenth century, all I will say here is that England has lately celebrated the centenary of a great man, John Wesley, whose fervour and success may very probably have had their origin in the spirit manifestations, in his father's parsonage, during his youth. But, among the vast concourse of his followers, these were the only incidents of his eventful life which were stifled.

I have just come, unawares, upon an account of what was, perhaps, the origin of faith-healing in the present century, which I reserve for a future letter. It occurred quite early in this century.—William R. Tomlinson, in *Light*.

CO-OPERATION.

We have heretofore had a good deal to say on the various phases of coöperation. Our position has been that the principle has not received a sufficiently general application. That it has been freely used for purposes of offense and defense, but not for the equally or more legitimate purposes of financial and social gain. While the benefits of coöperation are very many, they are of a communal character, and therefore have very definite limitations. To a large (perhaps the larger) number, life is reduced to a question of making the best of an existing condition, and here coöperation shows its best side. To the young man, however, if rightly constituted, the future contains magnificent possibilities. Men have risen from the lowest to the most exalted positions, and the same paths are open to him. But he must clearly recognize that he can advance only by individual effort. Coöperation in the trade society, or in any other form, aims to improve the condition of a class, and not to elevate the individual. To the ambitious youth, therefore, all such organizations are a weight rather than an assistance, because, as their whole tendency is towards uniformity, they afford no field for the utilization of individual capacity. It is certain that, at no other period of the world's history, has there been so great a demand for strong men—men with brains to conceive and will to execute. The man trained and drilled to a respectable uniformity can rarely take a first place under a condition of things where, as in good John Bunyan's day, "Every tub must sit on its own bottom." Coöperation has wrought through centuries, and has accomplished a vast improvement on the condition of the working classes, but it cannot replace individual enterprise.—*The Steel Worker*.

WHAT DO PHENOMENA MEAN?

SIR,—Mr. Keulemans in your last issue seeks to disparage the testimony of those who believe in genuine materializations by speaking of them as "orthodox out-of-time Spiritualists, whose evidence rests chiefly upon motives of affection and who sacrifice their heads to heal their broken hearts." Such language as this is not, to say the least of it, very becoming, or very modest, on Mr. Keulemans' part; for I venture to say that amongst the so-called "orthodox Spiritualists" are men quite as cool-headed and quite as discerning as himself.

No one who has had any large experience in this class of phenomenon doubts that there are many cases in which the features of a medium under control are more or less "transformed" or "transfigured" by the controlling spirit, so that the medium may easily be, in bad light, mistaken for the materialized form of "some one else."

But what of that? The fact of genuine materializations rests on surer evidence than this. Mr. Keulemans asks whether any Spiritualist, in his séance-room experience, has ever met "the case of a true materialization of a form, obtained under conditions where fraud was impossible, and where the investigator had sufficiently satisfied himself that the form was not the medium in person in a state of transfiguration?"

My answer is—"Yes, certainly; and in good light, when both medium and form were clearly seen together beyond the possibility of mistake." Moreover, I thought that Mr. Crookes had settled this question long ago in his experiments with Florrie Cook.—*Rs. in Light*.

A wonderful discovery has been attracting the attention of scientists. A beam of sunlight is made to pass through a prism, so as to produce the solar spectrum or rainbow. A disk, having slits or openings cut in it, is made to revolve and the colored light of the rainbow is made to break through it and fall on silk, wool, or other material contained in a glass vessel. As the colored light falls upon it sounds will be given by the different parts of the spectrum, and there will be silence in other parts. If the vessel contains red worsted and the green light flashes upon it loud sound will be given. Only feeble sounds will be heard when the red and blue parts of the rainbow fall upon the vessel, and other colors make no sound at all.



WHICH ONE WAS KEPT?

There were two little kittens, a black and a gray,
And grandmamma said, with a frown:
"It never will do to keep them both,
The black one we'd better drown."

"Don't cry, my dear," to tiny Bess,
"One kitten's enough to keep;
Now run to nurse, for 'tis growing late
And time you were fast asleep."

The morrow dawned, and rosy and sweet
Came little Bess from her nap:
The nurse said, "Go into mamma's room
And look in grandma's lap."

"Come here," said grandmamma, with a smile,
From the rocking chair where she sat;
"God has sent you two little sisters,
Now, what do you think of that!"

Bess looked at the babies a moment,
With their wee heads, yellow and brown,
And then to grandmamma soberly said,
"Which one are you going to drown?"

—FASHION BAZAR.

DEATH OF LITTLE JANE.

JAN-e a little saint, was sick and faint,
FEB rifice she had none;
MAR malade seemed to make her worse,
APR-ils were all gone.
MAY-be, she thought, in some fair field,
JUNE-berries sweet may grow;
JULY and JUNE, they searched in vain,
AUG-menting all her woe.
SEPT-imus failed to find a pill—
OCT-oon salve was he;
NOV-ice, poor thing, at feeling ill,
DEC-ased ere long was she.

A large gathering of the fair sex has been held at Vienna "in view of furthering women's rights." The attendance numbered about 300, belonging to all categories and professions—tradeswomen, governesses, *femmes de lettres*, and women belonging to the working classes. It was decided to address the subjoined memorandum to the Reichsrath: "The women of Lower Austria demand that Parliament shall introduce such modifications into the existing administrative and constitutional laws as will ensure the following measures: 1. That the middle and lower schools be opened gratuitously to women, and that the number of professions accessible for women be increased. 2. That women be allowed to take part in political affairs; that all Austrian subjects of age and in the enjoyment of their rights as such, without consideration for the amount of taxes they pay and regardless of their position or sex, shall be entitled to equal and direct Parliamentary Suffrage. This assembly ventures to point out that society, which cannot dispense with female labor, will not be able to repudiate woman's rights for ever. Women claim the privilege of voting because they are inwardly convinced of the equality of all the human race." One lady opened the question as to whether women should claim the right to be soldiers. It was met by the characteristic answer that women were the sustaining element of humanity, while men constitute the destroying element.—*Woman's Herald, London, Eng.*

A writer in the *Detroit Free Press* takes up the cudgels somewhat vigorously for the tomboy, or rather the woman who has been a tomboy. She declares that "the tomboy, whom most women recoil from with little shrieks of horror, becomes the woman whose presence is a delight to men; whose joyous health and bubbling spirits and unconquerable cheerfulness brighten her world to the farthest horizon. She is not only an inspiring companion, but a living, breathing, glorious incarnation of Gesundheit—a most beneficent tonic. To look upon her is to feel the highest beauty of living, and to be much in her society is to yield unto her the approval and admiration that are so dear to the average woman. When sensible men meet a grown up tomboy and take involuntary note of her royal mien, her elastic tread, her lithe movements, her relish of free air and of beefsteak, they lay at her feet their royal admiration."

The oft-repeated question, Why do Englishmen marry Americans? is commented upon this week by the *Court Journal*, the point having no doubt been inspired by the wedding of Sir William Gordon-Cumming

and Miss Florence Garner. According to this paper, the reason is: "The American girl is beautiful; she has a piquant figure and dresses in excellent taste. She is shrewd and often wise; she is self-dependent, straightforward, and courageous." In fact, it sums up the article in the following manner, which cannot be deemed other than flattering by the greatest stickler for America and its daughters: She can, as a wife, adorn a ducal mansion, or make the money of a not too rich husband go twice as far as it would in the hands of an ordinary woman. "Therefore," continues this journal, "they have been eagerly sought in marriage by the leading men of all countries and have made the best wives."

A petition for the admission of women to the study of medicine having been dismissed by the imperial government of Germany, the "Woman's Reform Union" of Weimer have sent a new petition asking that women who have received a medical diploma in Switzerland may be admitted to state examinations. If the women should pass those examinations successfully they would be placed on a legal equality with the men physicians who have received their diplomas in their own country.

A BARKING MONTANA KISER.

THE JOURNAL of May 23rd said:

There is a sheet published in Montana called the *Madisonian*. Somebody has mailed us a copy of the paper containing an editorial note, the writer of which must be a case of mental and moral atavism or reversional heredity, for he represents the thought and spirit not of to-day but of the middle ages. The editorial remarks are as follows: "We understand that there is a circle of Spiritualists operating on the east side of the upper Madison valley, of which two or three persons, who have always been looked upon as fairly well educated and intelligent people, are the leaders. These parties must have either gone crazy, or are dishonest, and the good people of that neighborhood should find out which it is, and either send them to a lunatic asylum, or to some other place where they could not work upon the fears of the superstitious and weak minded, or poison the minds of the young." It might be well for some Spiritualist or liberally-minded person to call upon this Montana editor and see if it is possible to get a new idea into his head. Atavistic degeneracy, whether it takes the form of the ancestral type mentally or physically, becomes a part of the individual constitution and cannot be easily overcome.

This paragraph evidently waked up the cur of the *Madisonian*, Kiser by name, judging from the following, copied from the dingy and dirty looking sheet which serves as his mouth-piece.

A few weeks ago, we took occasion to refer to a spiritualistic craze that had broken out on the east side of the upper Madison, near Bear Creek. Some crank, who evidently affiliates with that crazy crowd, sent a copy of the *Madisonian*, containing the item, to a blatherskite publication printed in Chicago, and the non-descript who publishes it, and collects \$2.50 a year for subscription to it from crazy people, copies what we said, and then goes down and calls up the spirits of the worst demons of hades to furnish epithets with which to wipe us out. We don't care anything for this fraud's twaddle; neither do we retract a word that we said about those people on the Madison, most of whom we know personally as persons who have heretofore been accredited with average intelligence, and now add, that no matter how honest and sincere they may be in other matters, in their spiritualistic pretenses they are frauds of the worst kind, and are so recognized by their more sensible and honest neighbors, who should suppress their meetings, in behalf of morality, and the public welfare generally. Their doctrines are pernicious in the extreme, so much so, that in many of the larger cities of the east, the teachers of them have been sentenced by the courts to long terms of imprisonment for the crimes that have grown out of their teachings.

This is Kiser's way of barking at decent men when exhibitions of his low nature have provoked them to rap him—metaphorically speaking of course—across the nose. Kiser admits the intelligence and honesty of those at whom he howls, and yet he persists in keeping up his howling because 'tis his nature to. He wants the meetings

of the Spiritualists suppressed because in the East teachers of their doctrines have been imprisoned for crimes that have grown out of these teachings! He wouldn't wait until his fellow citizens had committed an offense against law or morals; but he would hound on others like himself to break up their meetings and treat them as criminals or lunatics, because they cherish a faith which his canine nature makes it impossible for him to appreciate. Not much can be done for a creature of the Kiser type of character. His peculiar howl reveals what THE JOURNAL thought, that Kiser is a bad case of atavism, whatever the subtle causes, which in reversions are rarely ascertainable. It is a question whether society would not be justified in exercising its restrictive authority over Kiser, so far at least as to confine him and to prevent the perpetuation of such bad stock. He could not consistently object, for he would have men and women imprisoned, not simply for offences committed, but as a precaution against crimes, which the good people of Virginia City, Montana, have more reason to apprehend from him than from the Spiritualists of that community, for whose imprisonment he alternately whines and howls.

KANSAS CAMP MEETING.

Dr. James De Buchananne writes soliciting the aid of THE JOURNAL in securing good speakers and mediums for the camp meeting which begins August 6, at Delphos, Kansas. "We want none but those of clean record," writes our correspondent, who is on the committee to obtain speakers and mediums, "for we pride ourselves on never having had any fraudulent shows during the twelve years of our camp. . . . We want good, honest mediums who will give honest tests." He suggests that the Kansas camp would be an excellent place for private mediums who may feel inspired to help humanity.

On behalf of the camp directory Dr. De B. invites the editor of THE JOURNAL to attend and says: "I earnestly hope you may find time to come. You will find a body of Spiritualists as honest and cordial as any you ever met, and they will welcome you enthusiastically." It is with great regret that the editor is obliged to decline the cordial invitation of these excellent and energetic friends; but a sunstroke received in Arkansas in 1862 and another in New York City in 1868 obliges him to be very circumspect during hot weather, and not to venture far from localities where cool temperature is within an hour's reach. There is no association better entitled to friendly co-operation than the one Dr. De B. represents and it is to be hoped the meeting this year will surpass those of all previous years. Parties desiring further information concerning the camp can address Dr. De Buchananne at Delphos, Kansas, lock box 9.

Sunday, June 28, the Spiritualist Society of Olympia, Washington, held a grove meeting at Butler's Grove. A brighter day and a prettier place, says the *Olympia Tribune*, could not have been wished for, and the wild flowers, the clear blue sky, and the peaceful waters dotted with sail and skiff, was a picturesque sight. At 10 o'clock the steamer Jessie, with an immense barge in tow, on which had been arranged ample seats, left for the cove, bearing the members of the society and their friends. These were followed by numerous visitors in sail boats and skiffs, while others took the roadway in carriages or on foot. At the cove everybody was invited to enjoy the hospitality of the society and there was not a break to mar the pleasures of the day. There was singing accompanied by instrumental music by Prof. and Mrs. Francis and their son, read-

ing by Mr. Barnes and an address by Mr. Rawson, the president. There were also recitations by Miss Lohr and Miss Lamon. A sumptuous dinner was provided by the ladies. To this everybody was invited; an immense table seventy-two feet long was cleared and spread again three times before all the appetites had been appeased and there was enough left for a small regiment. The society will meet again in two weeks in their hall on Adams street between Fourth and Fifth, and shortly after will hold a grove meeting at McAllister's Lake.

What is the good of asserting there are 15,000,000 Spiritualists in the United States? It is the grossest exaggeration and known to be so by our contemporaries who publish and affirm it. This is equivalent to saying that one person in every four, or about all the heads of families in the country are Spiritualists. The assertion is too silly for notice only that it is constantly repeated in one form or another. There is nothing to gain and much to lose by such buncombe.

Rev. William Bradley, of Boston, in remitting his subscription, adds: Heaven bless you in every good thought and work. In many things you are very correct, but as you and I are finite we know that the fields of investigation are before us—therefore we will not dogmatize over much. While we will not thank God that we are better than the good ones who are better than we are, we will thank Him that when we absolutely see an impostor you have the courage to brand him as such.

PLANTATION LIFE IN ARKANSAS.

Octave Thanet, whose book of short stories, "Otto the Knight," is just now attracting attention, has a paper in the July *Atlantic* on "Plantation Life in Arkansas." An Arkansas planter is thus sketched by her clever pen:

The planter on a plantation is expected to direct all undertakings of pleasure or profit. In most cases he is postmaster, justice of the peace, free doctor, and matrimonial adviser for the neighborhood.

Such a scene as this is common: Scene, the store. Dramatis personæ, the planter and Jeff Laughlin, whose wife has been dead full two months.

Laughlin. "Well, no, sir, I ain't come for tradin' to-day; I aimed to ask you ' advice."

Polite but inarticulate murmur from planter, who goes on posting up his ledger.

Laughlin (whittling abstractedly on the rim of the desk). "Well, you see, my mother-in-law, she's a mighty nice old lady, and she gits a pension of eight dollars a month, and spends ever' cent on it fur the children; but, fact is, she's so old and so nigh-sighted she jest natchelly can't keep things up; and it's too hard for her, and it's jest breaking her down. And I jest 'lowed I'd ask you ' advice."

Planter. "Well, Laughlin, I don't see anything for it but for you to marry again!"

Laughlin (brightening considerably). "Well, I don't see anything else I kin do. I hate to terribly; but looks like I jest natchelly ben obleeged to."

Planter. "Had you anybody in your mind, Laughlin?"

Laughlin. "I reckon Phonetta Rose wouldn't have me?"

Planter (with truthful frankness). "No, don't reckon she would."

Laughlin. "I 'lowed she'd think I'd got too many children."

Planter. "Yes, I dare say."

Laughlin. "They're mighty nice, still children, and make a strong force for the cotton field."

Planter. "They seem nice children."

Laughlin (very agitated). "I—I—say, Mist' Planter, don't you guess you could write a letter to Miss Phonetta, and ask her for me?"

Planter. "Well, no, Mr. Laughlin. I don't think she would take kindly to having any other man do her sweetheart's courting. You speak up for yourself!"

Laughlin (despondently). "Yes, sir, I'll turn it over in my mind; but you see I'd hate terrible for to have her say no to me right to my face, and twudn't be nigh so bad in a letter. And I ain't much in the

habit of writin' letters myself" (which was strictly true, Laughlin being barely able to sign his name and "read writin'"), "so I didn't know but you," etc.

Unlucky Laughlin! he has reached the boundry line of the planter's amiability. "I won't write love letters and I won't pull teeth!" declares the planter; and Laughlin goes his way to propose to Phonetta in form, on their way home from "playing games" at a neighbor's, to be rejected, and to feel ever afterward that if "Mist' Planter'd named it to her, instead, she'd of talked different."

But we foresee that he will be consoled. In this country, widowers spend no long time in mourning. Six months are all that the most decorous would ask; most widowers wait three months, two months, or only one. This haste does imply hardness of heart so much as a hard life. What, indeed, shall a man do who has three or four little children, a big field waiting his hand outside, and no woman to guide things?



BABEL OF THE CREEDS.

TO THE EDITOR: "Umbrellas to mend! umbrellas to mend!" Who has not heard it repeated oft through alley, court and crowded street, mingled with the heavier traffic of the busy thoroughfare? "Umbrellas to mend" and "creeds to mend" are carried through the air in sepulchral tones as reverberated from the graves of Westminster Abbey.

The questions deemed serious by many have their amusing side. To citizens of a republic not dependent upon the authenticity of interpretation there are phases in the late theological controversy savoring much of the ludicrous; nor is the solemnity of the occasion increased when the Father Audacious, Monk of Wales, leaps into the arena to play his lively part. The tussel of parrot and monkey is tame in comparison. Exhausted by his efforts of antagonistic spleen he faints. However, fanning and a restorative brought the monk round and I suppose he will shortly take his departure for a more genial, if not warmer clime. What is *Puck* about that he does not make a cartoon of material so excellent? He does say, however, "What fools these mortals be."

What a spectacle; these scholarly, potent, grave and reverend sinners, contending so tenaciously about the trifling matter of authorship or compilation which, when decided, does not in the least affect the moral character and value of the spiritualistic record. "Umbrellas to mend." Like many articles with which the tinker meets, these worn-out, lifeless creeds have served their day, and now dead to the progressive spirit of the living present, are ready to pass away. As spoke one greater than Calvin, and no creed monger, "Let the dead bury the dead." The people of the western republic have reached a condition in American freedom that is beyond and superior to the bigoted fulminations of a pious murderer. But sad as is the reflection it is self-evident fact that human nature can be educated to believe these old creeds and abbey confessions essential to their everlasting welfare. For college-bred as they are, their social comfort and living depending upon the continuance of these church rituals, these creed-mongers and tinkers, D. D.'s, appear sincere in their learned efforts to galvanize them into the semblance of life to shelter from the coming storm of God's wrath. They are requiring so much tinkering, mending and patching the indication is they are rather thin—too thin in fact—and are lacking in staying strength against even the onward irrepressible progress of man's predestined higher freedom. Pure democracy, the religion of a republic, despite the retarding efforts of insidious priestcraft, is the manifest destiny of the race. These confessions of many chapters, articles and sections, that they should wane into decay is natural. Where was this calvinistic creed born and what is the stuff of which it is made? Its god-father was a murderer. The place whereon the "famous" Westminster Abbey stands,

once an ugly morass or marsh, a place now of sepulchres, mounds, monuments, tombs—graves of the dead. Such is the deadly place of conception and birth of the disquieting Calvinistic creed, and the confession a bone of endless contention and strife.

Again I hear, "Umbrellas and creed-crutches to mend." Yes, it is quite necessary for these theological combatants and aggressive tinkers to keep the creed-crutches of their followers in repair to walk the morass of morally halting lives. "Umbrellas to mend, creed-crutches to mend," floats along the street, past and over the building containing the 500 potent, grave, reverend sinners, D. D.'s and LL.D.'s assembled for the purpose of knocking out "higher criticisms," more liberal views. But not one of all that august gathering heard "Umbrellas to mend"; or if any of them heard they failed to appreciate its relevancy to the tinkering and mending of creeds.

Talmage, on the rampage, says that this aggressive tinkering at the creeds, and trying to improve the confessions, the "higher criticism" is the mission and work of the devil, that those of these theological athletes, wrestling and fighting divines who escape the lunatic asylum will land in agnostic infidelity. Of course the serene, deliberative and profoundly discriminating doctor is always perfectly sane. He assures us that "the world's creation was commenced by God in the month of May, exactly at 4 o'clock on a Monday morning," (see *Christian Union* June 18, 1891).

Though the doctor insists that Jesus ascended to heaven in "flesh and blood" and that all his saints shall be raised from their graves physically and ascend to heaven in like manner, still, when contemplating the grand structure of his Brooklyn Tabernacle, he appears to enjoy lucid moments. It is then he can declare with unction, "We need less acid, more silver and cinnamon in our religion."

A few words of history: "Westminster Abbey was founded by Edward the Confessor, on the site of a much earlier church and was made a peculiarly royal institution. It was then far out of the city of London, on an island in a morass, and was called by Edward the Collegiate Abbey of St. Peter, but was popularly known as the Minster or Monastery of the West, hence the name Westminster."

"They had strolled over and inspected the tomb of Edward the Confessor, and were in front of Chaucer's tomb in the Poet's Corner." Said the clergyman to the artist: "I never come here without thinking of Waller's lines:

"Mortality, behold and fear!
What a chance of flesh is here:
Think how many royal bones
Sleep within this heap of stones.
Here they lie, had realms and lands,
Who now want strength to stir their hands.
Here, from their pulpits seal'd with dust,
They preach 'In greatness is no trust.'
Here's an acre, sown, indeed,
With the richest royalest seed
That the earth did e'er drink in,
Since the first man dy'd for sin.
Here the bones of birth have cry'd,
'Though gods they were, as men they dy'd.'
Here are sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruin'd site of kings.
Here's a world of pomp and state
Buried in dust, once dead by fate."

PHILADELPHIA, PA. W. D. R.

LETTER FROM UTAH.

TO THE EDITOR: Not even in wicked Chicago have you a better opportunity to see the true inwardness of what is known as "Christianity" than we have here in much-talked-of Utah. If only the brave Nazarene, who defied the pawn-brokers of Jerusalem and was ignominiously nailed to death on the cross for his opposition to the fossilized theology of his time, could only come to Utah and see how those who profess to worship him as a God and who expect to get to heaven in his name are filling the rule of the ancient Pharisees, I am of the opinion there would be rare old fun for a time.

Here in Utah we have had only a wrangle over church. There has been on one side the Mormon churches; on the other, all the churches not Mormon. The cry against the Mormons has been "polygamy" and "licentiousness." Then the Mormons voted to abandon polygamy and now the other churches say it is a trick. O, the heavenliness of the Christian spirit! The last anti-Mormon church to appear is Unitarian. It makes me laugh. I went to hear several prospecting divines. There was Mr. Forbush, too orthodox to countenance either Mr. Gannett or Mr. Jones in

the east, but so "advanced" in his utterances in Salt Lake as to make those men seem like "old fogies." Then came a Rev. Mr. Utter, who had for years served as pastor of a Chicago church, which was the most conservative Unitarian body west of New York. Mr. Utter was unable in the east to abide the rationalism of Jones and Gannett and thought Mr. Sunderland of Ann Arbor, rather free, but in Salt Lake he came out for atheism with just a thin coating of prayer to a too-too utterness that he worshiped as supreme. It was funny! I said, "Is the man honest now, and was playing a part in Chicago, or was he honest in Chicago and is playing the anti-Mormon 'free thinkers' here?" The Unitarian "movement" in Salt Lake is made up of Mormon-haters, generally speaking; men who would have made Channing weep over their unkindness to their fellowmen. It will have a few years' run. The pastor will get his living for a time and then the thing will disappear.

The only sincere and honest believers in Utah are Mormons, and they too are fast becoming weak under the temptations of the world. But the anti-Mormon churches have made money out of their opposition. By misrepresenting the Mormon people they have drawn millions of dollars to Utah for missionary work to convert a better people than themselves. The most frothy among them are the Methodists, but they have received a black eye by the exposure of Revs. Sam Small and John Wesley Hill, who have been raising unhealthy excitements at Ogden and elsewhere.

But the prospects now are that the whole lot of them will be defeated; Utah will become a state; the old strife will die, and all sects will be placed on an equal footing under the law. Then Utah will be a grand country. COTTONWOOD.

NATURE'S REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION.

TO THE EDITOR: It has been said that some of the greatest discoveries in medicine were made by irregulars and non-professional men. Among such discoveries may be mentioned the cure for consumption. The diagnosis in a doubtful case is so easy that recourse to the dangerous tuberculin should never be had. The saliva of the non-consumptive contains rhodan kelim or sulphocyanate of potassium. Put the saliva of a suspected person in a solution of iron, and if no reaction follows he has consumption; if, however, a red cloud is formed, it is a sign that he has not. The red particles formed are the red ferrocyanide of potassium. Persons who at all times show the red reaction are not liable to the disease. Mr. Richard Renter, a German civil engineer—polytechniker—and superintendent of one of the largest silver-plating establishments at Vienna, noticed that persons who came to work in the plating rooms and who were suffering from consumption, were benefited and finally cured. Mr. Renter investigated the matter and in many experiments made, found that the cure was due to the inhalation of the escaping prussic acid from the plating solutions. The carbonic acid from the air decomposes the cyanide of potassium and sets the prussic acid free. We have here nature's remedy, the most powerful poison known, generated by the human system for the destruction of the most dangerous and persistent germ. As the remedy for the disease is clearly indicated and as the facts have proved that it cures, the administration of prussic acid will hereafter form the base for the cure of the disease. As the sulphocyanate of potassium can be made artificially, clinical experiments will have to be made for the purpose of adjustment of the dose to be taken. Wild cherry, a popular remedy for the disease has long been used, but is too weak in prussic acid to be of benefit for a cure. KARL CROLLY.

SPIRITUALISM AGNOSTIC.

TO THE EDITOR: W. H. J. in THE JOURNAL of May 9th claims to have repudiated agnosticism in becoming a Spiritualist. Does he mean that his belief in the evidences of survival of death has revived his allegiance to Bible authorities and priestcraft? If not, he is still an agnostic, for this is a technical term and limited to ignoring the authority of Bible revelations. It respects all faith resulting from free inquiry, based upon observation and personal experience, as is Spiritualism.

More than this, the best title of Spiritualism to regard by outsiders who are anxious neither about their own future existence, nor the fate of their deceased friends, is its agnosticism, in that it has under-

mined and overthrown Biblical authority, and emancipated from church rule large numbers whose superstition was proof against both reason and ridicule, an armor of prejudice from the surface of which the javelin of Voltaire glanced, and through which the sword of Paine passed as through the body of a ghost, unstained with blood. Spiritualism may be fraught with illusions, but these are not the property of a privileged class, of a priesthood subsisting by parasitic imposture and the sworn enemy of free thought. I reproach W. H. J. with nothing worse than inaccuracy. M. E. LAZARUS.

THE MANGO TRICK.

On my first visit to India I was naturally very curious to see something of the famous jugglers of whom travelers have told such marvelous tales, writes Professor Herrmann in the San Francisco *Examiner*. I went out of my way to meet any famous performers who could only be reached in that manner, and the result was that between the time I landed at Calcutta and the time I embarked at Bombay I had witnessed about everything of note in the juggling line that the country offered. The opinion I formed after seeing all they could show me was that, apart from their skill as snake charmers, the basket trick and one or two other minor illusions, the ability of the entire fraternity of Indian jugglers is beneath contempt.

I had heard a great deal about the wonderful mango trick, in which the natives were said to plant a mango seed in the earth, whence it would be seen to sprout and grow into a full-sized mango tree, blossom and ripen fruit in the full view of the spectators, and that after that the fruit would be handed around to whoever cared to taste of it. Stories to this effect had been told by so many travelers of repute that I really expected to find some merit in the trick. At Allahabad, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Delhi and Bombay I saw native jugglers who did the trick, and each time they performed it precisely as follows: The fakirs, usually five or six in number, would squad on the ground, and the spokesman would ask the spectators to select a spot of earth on which they desired the trick to be performed. This being done, he would pick up the earth with a small pointed instrument, in order to make a soft spot; then putting up a skeleton frame of tripod shape he would throw a shawl or cloth (without which the fakir would be like a ship without a rudder) over it, so as to make a sort of tent.

One of the conjurors, wearing a long robe with wide sleeves, would then produce a mango seed, and, placing both hands and arms under the improvised tent, would plant the seed, his hands and arms being out of sight under the tent during the operation. His comrades would then perform some simple tricks with cups, balls, etc., after which the cover over the tripod would be removed and a small sprout would be seen in the side of the mango seed.

When the cover was again thrown over the tripod the fellow with the long sleeves would once more put his arms under the tent so formed. After another interval of three or four minutes the cover would be again removed, and there would be seen a branch of the mango tree about two feet in height, bearing a few mangoes, some green, others ripe.

The secret of this trick is very simple and so shallow that it requires little explanation. The man who placed his hands under the cover first inserted the sprout in the seed, and the next time he drew from his ample sleeves a branch cut from a neighboring mango tree and thrust the cut end into the earth, which had previously been softened.

I have been repeatedly asked if I ever saw the trick performed of their throwing a ball of twine in the air to form a sort of Jack and the beanstalk, by which the juggler climbs out of sight, pulling the string after him, and that the pistol shot of a companion conjuror brought the aerial climber to the earth in fragments, which soon appear together and become a living, uninjured man again. As I said before, I went from one end of India to another and I tried in vain to find some one of their celebrated conjurors who would perform this trick. I offered fabulous sums of money to their ablest and most noted fakirs, but none of them would attempt it, and the only conclusion that I can arrive at is that the people who claim to believe it can be done must have their brains steeped in hasheesh. Most of the wonders attributed to oriental jugglers have never existed outside of the imagination of those who tell them.

JUSTICE.

Oh, for a pen of fire,
Oh, for a tongue of flame,
To wake the slumbering nation
To its glory and its shame.

Its glory to have so many
Able and willing to toil,
Who wrest from the farm and the
Mine depths the treasures of the soil.

Who stand from morn till evening
Beside the whirling wheel,
With eyes that may not be lifted,
And nerves like tempered steel:

Who bring to bear all the powers
Of eye, and hand, and brain
To guide through the long, long hours
The swiftly rushing train.

Its shame, that for all this toiling
But daily bread they gain;
That weary hours of labor
And nerve-destroying strain.

Our glorious banner covers
No mixture of serfs and lords;
When shall a mighty nation
Portion its just rewards?

—EMILY ACTON, IN NEW NATION.

"Yes," Snipkins remarked solemnly, "Brown is a modest man. Why, do you know that he has to retire to his room whenever he wants to change his mind?"

A Boy's Essay on Tobacco.

"Tobacco grows somethin' like cabbage, but I never saw none cooked. I have heard men say that cigars given 'em on 'lection day was nothin' but cabbage leaves. Tobacco stores are kep' by wooden Injun's that stand at the door and fool the boys by offerin' 'em a bunch of cigars what's glued into the Injun's hands, and is made of wood, too. I tried to smoke a cigar once, and felt like epsom salts. Tobacco was invented by a man named Walter Raleigh, whose head was cut off. When the people first saw him smoke they thought he was a steamboat and was frightened. My sister Nancy is a girl. There is a fellow that comes to see her named Leroy. He was standing on the steps one night and had a cigar in his hand, and said: 'I don't know whether you like smoking or not.' And she said: 'Leroy, the perfume is agreeable.' But when my big brother, Tom, lighted his pipe, she said: 'Get out of the house, you horrid creature; the smell of your tobacco makes me sick.' Snuff is Injun meal made out of tobacco. I took a little snuff once, and then I sneezed."

There are some patent medicines that are more marvelous than a dozen doctors' prescriptions, but they're not those that profess to cure everything.

Everybody now and then, feels "run down," "played out." They've the will, but no power to generate vitality. They're not sick enough to call a doctor, but just too sick to be well. That's where the right kind of a patent medicine comes in, and does for a dollar what the doctor wouldn't do for less than five or ten. We put in our claim for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

We claim it to be an unequalled remedy to purify the blood and invigorate the liver. We claim it to be lasting in its effects, creating an appetite, purifying the blood, and preventing Billious, Typhoid and Malarial fevers if taken in time. The time to take it is when you first feel the signs of weariness and weakness. The time to take it, on general principles, is NOW.

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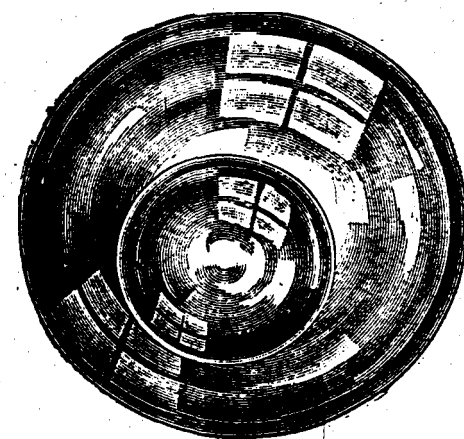
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BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head are for sale at, or can be ordered through the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

Key to Political Science, or Statesman's Guide. By John Seneff, author of the "Origin and Destiny of Man." Revised and enlarged edition. Cincinnati: Published by the author. 1890. pp. 420. Price, \$1.25.

In this book is discussed intelligently but in a rather discursive manner a great number and variety of questions, philosophical, moral, religious, social, economic, political, governmental, military, etc., etc. Mr. Seneff says: "I have attempted in these essays to express what I find in nature. I know I have not clothed my ideas in the most eloquent language, yet I have expressed them in a way that they can be understood. I have pointed them [his readers] to the book from which I read them. It is open, day and night, to all who wish to read. It is the 'Key to Political Science, or the Statesman's Guide'—the Universal Book of Nature." The book contains much good thought, a number of just criticisms of existing institutions, customs, practices, etc., and several valuable suggestions in the way of reform; but the author has attempted to cover too much ground, to discuss too many problems, and he jumps so frequently and abruptly from one thing to another that the value of the work by this fault is for thinkers considerably impaired. Doubtless Mr. Seneff has come to hold the views he presents largely by his own observations and reflections, but a wider acquaintance with others' thoughts would enable him to see that there is very little if anything new in his book, while it might cause him to suspect the wisdom of some of the measures, the adoption of which he urges with zeal. The author is an observer and an independent thinker, and his style is direct and forcible. He is radical in thought and humanitarian in spirit, and however much the reader may dissent from some of his conclusions, he will have to acknowledge that the work contains a large amount of wise thought and that the author is a sincere and honest man.

Chicago's Dark Places. Investigations by a corps of specially appointed commissioners. Edited and arranged by the chief commissioner. Chicago: The Craig Press, 77 and 79 Jackson St. Paper. pp. 213.

This work is designed to awaken interest in the various places of the social evil as found in this city. Statements of real scenes witnessed by members of this commission are given, and suggestions made as to possible remedies, with appeals to thoughtful men and women to aid in the work of reform and prevention.

Sixth Biennial Report of the Bureau of Labor Statistics of Illinois. 1890. Springfield, Ill. pp. 420.

This report contains the statistical results of a number of special investigations made during the last year. The first division of the report relates to the earnings and working time of employes in and about the Illinois coal mines, the second to mortgage indebtedness, and the third to coal production in this state. The volume is a valuable contribution to labor statistics.

Sweet and Twenty. By Mary Farley Sanborn. Boston: Lee & Shepard. pp. 310. Paper, price 50 cents. No. 10 of Good Company series.

A charming love story told in the "Duchess" manner of the mistakes, jealousies, misunderstandings and ultimate reconciliation of a pair of well-intentioned lovers. A pleasant book for summer reading.

MAGAZINES.

The *International Journal of Ethics* for July has a number of notable articles beginning with "The Modern Conception of the Science of Religion," by Prof. Edward Caird. Following are "The Functions of Ethical Theory," by Prof. James H. Hyslop; "The Morality of Nations," by Prof. W. R. Sorley; "J. S. Mill's Science of Ethology," by James Ward; "Vice and Immorality," by R. W. Black; and "The Progress of Political Economy Since Adam Smith," by Francis W. Newman. "Program of School of Applied Ethics," is given in full, and the number contains instructive discussions and discriminative book reviews. This magazine, devoted to the advancement of ethical knowledge and practice, is a quarterly of rare ability and high character.

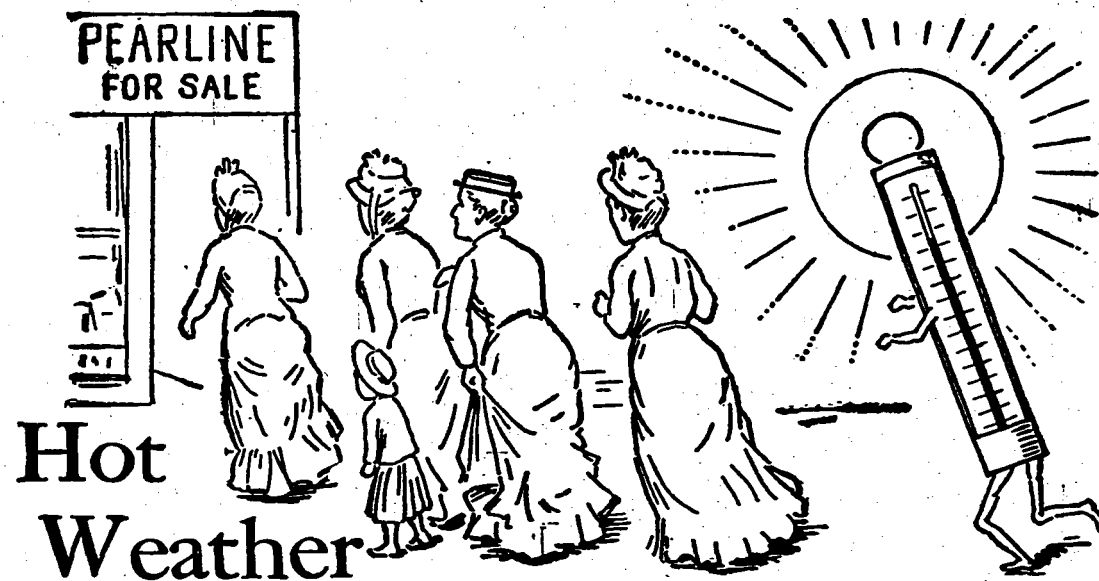
Published at 1602 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. \$2 per year.—The frontispiece of the July *Century* is a portrait of Horace Greeley, given to accompany a hitherto unpublished address, written in 1868, of the white-coated philosopher. The paper in the California series this month is one of peculiar interest, being an account by Mrs. Virginia Reed Murphy of her experience as a girl in making the trip "Across the Plains in the Donner Party" in 1846. Mrs. Murphy's account being, it is believed, the only narrative published by a survivor of the ill-fated party. An important paper by Dr. Albert Shaw, in his series on Municipal Government, describes the government of Paris, which he calls the "Typical Modern City." Prof. Edward S. Holden of the Lick Observatory is the author of a paper of popular astronomy entitled, "A Lunar Landscape," with pictures from negatives taken at the Lick Observatory. In the sixth part of his novel, "The Faith Doctor," Edward Eggleston's theme, the faith cure, is treated from three separate points of view, and the reader is introduced to "Eleanor Arabella Bowyer, Christian Scientist and Metaphysical Practitioner." In the editorial department the series of papers on financial topics, which has attracted much attention, is continued by an account of John Law's scheme, the likeness of which to Senator Stanford's land loan scheme is set forth.

The Homiletic Review for July opens with an able article from the pen of Prof. J. O. Murray, of Princeton, concerning "Culture in its Relation to Preaching." "The Present Status of the Divorce Question" is treated by the Rev. Samuel W. Dike, LL. D. Dr. C. B. Hulbert writes of the "Biblical Tests Applied to Recent Claims." An article entitled "Exegesis in the Pulpit," written by Dr. Howard Crosby shortly before his death, demands familiarity on the preacher's part with the original languages of Scripture, and an exaltation of the word above everything else in the pulpit. In the editorial section many of the social and theological topics that are engaging public thought to-day are treated in a conservative yet independent manner. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, 18 and 20 Astor Place, New York.—The July *Wide Awake* is a good number for old and young to read, as some of the tempting titles show: A Dreamland Lantern, The Rogue's Path, The Anti-Boy Picnic, Ye Boston Grasshopper, The Wrong Muscles, Amy Robsart's Embroidery at Leicester Hospital, How Teddy Morris made the Weather, My Sea Daisies (natural history article,) Pussy in Private Life, Five Little Peppers Grown Up, The Chimney Swallow (anecdotal natural history paper,) Miss Matilda Archambeau Van Dorn, Marietta's Good Times, How One Mother is being Brought Up, A Midnight Ride, Grim the Corn-Thief, "Guess God won't be angry with wees."—The June number of *The Peacemaker and Court of Arbitration* has articles entitled, "Great Britain and Venezuela," "Startling Facts from a German-American," "The Itata," "Alcohol in Extracts and Screens in Bar Rooms," "Refuge for Released Female Prisoners," with several other instructive papers. 123 North Fourth street, Philadelphia.

The North American for July has already been noticed in THE JOURNAL, but attention is here called to the last of the principal articles in this number, from the pen of Professor Charles A. Briggs, whose relations with the Union Theological Seminary were the subject of the great discussion at the recent session of the Presbyterian General Assembly. He deals with "The Theological Crisis," and in particular with the results of modern Biblical criticism and Biblical theology, "the youngest of the daughters of Biblical science."—*Our Little Ones and The Nursery* for July has a poem on "Fourth of July," with an illustration for the frontispiece of "Yankee Doodle Four-year-old." "How Jerry [a goat] Stood For His Rights"—on his hind feet—when hitched to a wagon, from which he tipped Fred, who had used his whip too freely, into a ditch. "The Tea Party" and "A Patriotic Dog" are among the other nice stories.

The Faraday Pamphlets: The Relation of the Spiritual to the Material Universe; The Law of Control, price 15 cents; The Origin of Life, or Where Man Comes from, price 10 cents; The Development of the Spirit after Transition, price 10 cents, and The Process of Mental Action, price 15 cents. All for sale at this office.

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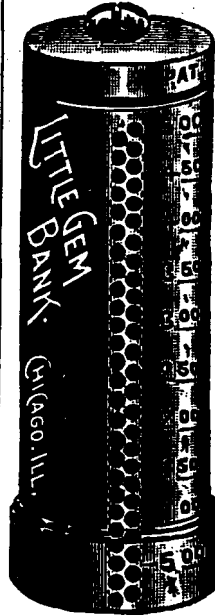
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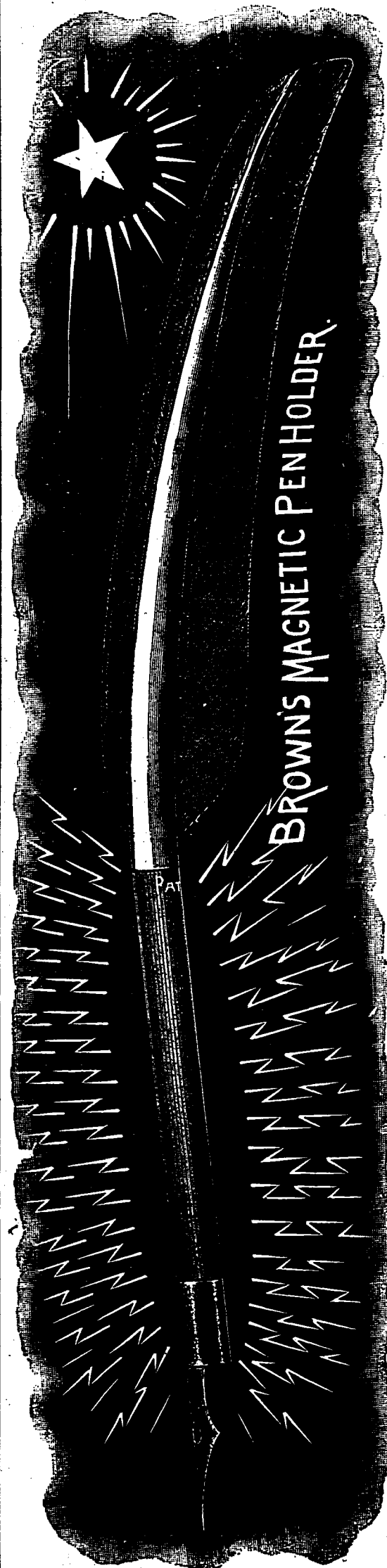
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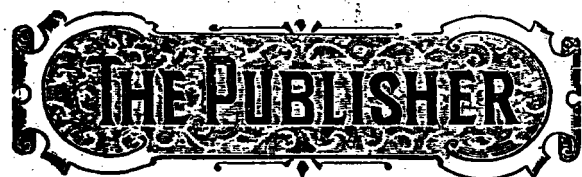
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"MUST HAVE THE BEST."

In Walla Walla, Washington, are two women, mother and daughter, whose like are to be found, but they are not as plentiful as blackberries in July. They are intelligent, refined and—poor. In a new state like Washington poverty is not such a gigantic offense against society as in older sections; indeed in the young states and territories out among the mountains to be poor is not even criminal; and hence not a thing to draw the sympathy of a certain class of down-easters who are always hunting for some specimen of humanity that is off color morally or copper-colored physically on which to pour their briny tears, and surplus change. These Walla Walla ladies are Spiritualists—yes I mean Spiritualists, and all the term implies. They are thrifty, economical, self-reliant, progressive and spiritual—and they read THE JOURNAL. Lately the mother was regretfully debating the seeming necessity of discontinuing the paper because times were going so hard in the little household.

In writing about it and enclosing \$2.50 for another year's subscription the mother says: "It seems as though we cannot do without THE JOURNAL, we must have the best. Speaking with my daughter to-day in regard to the matter she said we had better curtail our expenses in some other direction for THE JOURNAL is the best Spiritual paper published, and Colonel Bundy has worked long and faithfully to separate the precious truth from error and delusion. We had better keep THE JOURNAL and scrimp ourselves in some other way."

Now here is the right spirit; and I don't say so merely because THE JOURNAL's interests are involved. There is here a high principle which these good women are, perhaps unconsciously, exemplifying. If only a majority of professing Spiritualists were to give to the cause they profess the devotion manifested by the adherents of evangelical sects to theirs, in substantial deeds, in supporting their press and public exponents, in disseminating their literature, if Spiritualists would vie with their evangelical friends in these directions for one single year they would be agreeably surprised, and the impulse to continue would become permanent. Spiritualists are naturally as good as their Christian neighbors, as generous and kindly; but it cannot truthfully be said that they do as much for their faith. I quite understand the philosophy of this; but it seems to me modern Spiritualism has age enough now to have worked off the rudimentary ferment and to have attained a body and a consistency entitling it to take its place with the best. It seems to me that were the intelligent, thoughtful portion of Spiritualists to put forth as much effort as does the non-reasoning, mentally-limited portion that in a short time the morale and *esprit de corps* evolved would show a movement worthy to be called spiritual and which would be an irresistible agent in the spiritualization of the world. To this end THE JOURNAL labors, regardless of temporary advantage, and at the cost of popularity with those who now hate and fear it for reasons quite apparent and unnecessary to here repeat. Not the activity of the mentally, morally and spiritually undeveloped does THE JOURNAL deplore or fear; but it deprecates and fears the lethargy, the apathy, the supineness of the intellectually strong, of those rated as moral and upright.

I know this preaching is not to the class which needs it most; still if it shall quicken the pulse and strengthen the tendency to greater activity of a single reader I shall be repaid; and those who do not need the tonic can pass it on to some neighbor who does.

I am gratified to be able to say that in response to the request for addresses of Spiritualists, investigators and liberal religionists, I have received over 1,400 during the past week, to whom THE JOURNAL will be sent four weeks free. Let the number be increased an hundred fold. What is better still: Send me in during the next sixty days a few thousand trial subscribers, fifty cents for three months. You can do it and not half try. Still better, obtain 2,000 new yearly subscribers at \$2.50 before the summer is over. Help me to make the best paper, and try to make everybody feel they must have it.

OFF TO ST. PAUL.

Next Monday I shall leave on a special train over the C. & N. W. Railway in company with several hundred brother editors from all parts of the country to attend the annual convention of the National Editorial Association, to which I am a delegate from the Illinois Press Association and the Press Club of Chicago. I shall stop at the Hotel Ryan, where I will be

pleased to see my friends and subscribers in St. Paul and Minneapolis; and I hope to be able to steal time enough from the work of the convention to visit briefly with all who may call.

I am always glad to receive clippings from the press or marked copies of papers containing matter of interest to THE JOURNAL; my gratitude and the utility of these clippings are none the less pronounced when no use of them is made in the paper. They are often invaluable for my scrap book. Will my kind friends try and recollect when clipping for me to always affix the name and date of the paper; often an article otherwise important is rendered useless for want of this precaution.

BOOKS WITHOUT MONEY.

Readers of THE JOURNAL will be doing an excellent bit of missionary work if they will forward me a list containing the names and addresses of Spiritualists, liberalists, and broad minded church people likely to be interested in Spiritualism. The names should be very plainly written, and in cities where the free delivery system prevails the street and number should be given. Where possible I would like to have the list classified, so that I can tell the respective belief of each person whose name is supplied. For the largest and best classified list I will give the sender a copy of D. D. Home's "Lights and Shadows of Modern Spiritualism," a large 12 mo. book of over 400 pages, and a work which every person interested in Spiritualism and psychical science should have. This book was published in England at \$4.00. My edition is from imported English sheets and better bound than the original. The price is \$2. For the second largest and best classified list I will give a copy of volume two of Dr. Eugene Crowell's great work, "Identity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism," original price \$2. This is a large book of over 500 pages, and

a valuable acquisition to any library. The work was published in two volumes but each is independent of the other, and those who obtain the second volume do not need the first to interpret it. I now have all that remain of the edition and am closing them out at \$1, although the book could not be published singly for less than \$2.50. To all who send not less than fifteen names I will mail a copy of "Signs of the Times," the admirable address delivered by Prof. Elliot Coues before the "Western Society for Psychical Research." This pamphlet retails at 15 cents. These offers are good until August 1.

AMERICAN PSYCHICAL SOCIETY.

This society while taking a name implying a national character is officered by people in and near Boston. This is no doubt for convenience in transacting business and is not of itself objectionable. The officers are: Rev. Minot J. Savage, president; Mr. B. O. Flower, vice-president; Rev. T. Ernest Allen, secretary and treasurer; board of directors: (term expires 1894) Rev. M. J. Savage, Mr. B. O. Flower, Rev. E. A. Horton, Rev. T. Ernest Allen; (term expires 1893) Rev. R. Heber Newton, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Prof. A. E. Dolbear, Mr. E. Gerry Brown; (term expires 1892) L. A. Phillips, M. D., Gen. W. W. Blackmar, Mr. Hamlin Garland, Rabbi Solomon Schindler.

Address all communications to the secretary, 63 Glenham street, Providence, R.I. The secretary will be pleased to mail copies of the Prospectus to any person who will undertake to distribute them with a view to increasing the membership of the society.

The prospectus states that the organization is formed for the scientific investigation of the phenomena of modern Spiritualism. Active members are to pay \$5 annually, and associate members \$3. Donations are solicited. Further particulars may be had by addressing Secretary Allen.

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ESTABLISHED 1865.

CHICAGO, JULY 18, 1891.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 2, NO. 8.

For Publisher's Announcements, Terms, Etc, See Page 16

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Cecil Carus Wilson, the discoverer of sands that emit musical notes, announces that he has succeeded in getting music from sands that were before dumb.

The efforts made by the authorities in New York to prevent the publication of the details of the legal killings, which are based upon the knowledge that familiarity with such scenes is degrading and brutalizing, have been at least partially successful.

One of the great dailies of Chicago says that partisan feeling is so strong as to make it impossible to learn the truth in regard to Mr. Blaine's health, "impossible to determine whether he be a robust athlete engaged in a daily exhibition of strength or awaiting death with an entire loss of mental faculties."

In the province of Quebec 200 Catholics had been worshipping in a temporary chapel erected by them. A new parish church was built, but they were dissatisfied with the site and refused to attend mass in it. The priest, attired in his vestments and carrying a crucifix, entered the chapel and ordered them to go to the church. On their refusing to do so he pronounced the customary anathema upon them, whereupon many women fainted in the scene which followed, but many men assaulted the priest and put him out of the chapel. Evidently the curses of the priest are losing their terrors somewhat, even in the priest-ridden Province of Quebec.

The minister who spoke at the annual meeting of the Orangemen held in this city last Sunday to commemorate the victory of King William of Orange and the Battle of the Boyne, said that there were no agnostics among Orangemen, and that they believed all men were brothers. Why then, it may be asked, do they keep up in this country the celebration of an event that occurred in another country long ago and which revives bitter memories and bloody combats between Catholics and Protestants? Orangemen as such have shown as much bigotry and cruelty as have been exhibited by Catholic Irishmen, and the readiness with which Orangemen have resorted to throwing brick-bats and paving stones and in acting in a riotous manner in other respects, has shown as little of the spirit of brotherhood as has the conduct on the same occasions of their Catholic opponents.

William T. Stead, editor of the London *Review of the Reviews*, says that since the Prince of Wales is not allowed to do any public work he is warranted in turning his attention to baccarat, horse racing and kindred pursuits to kill time. Considering the tastes he has inherited from the Georges, it might be expected that the Prince, with nothing to do but lay corner-stones, open country fairs and receive visitors, would do as he has done, turn to gambling, etc. But had he possessed any taste for science, literature or art, or any interest in the cause of education and reform, he would have found no lack of opportunity to exercise his faculties in legitimate, honorable and useful pursuits. For these pursuits he was not, unfortu-

nately, fitted by nature and he has been entirely unfitted for them by a life of idleness and dissipation, for which the English aristocracy and the English government, it must be admitted, are to a considerable extent responsible.

A sensible Polish priest in Baltimore said lately, referring to the scheme of Herr Cahensley: "Why should we have a Polish bishop if we are content to remain under English-speaking bishops? In fifty years there will not be a Pole in America. The young people are learning the English language very rapidly and there is no good reason why we should impede their progress and keep them back from becoming Americans." This is the truth in a nutshell. The Pope has rejected Cahensley's plan to appoint bishops to preside over the various nationalities represented by Catholic immigrants in the United States. The proposer and supporters of the scheme were ignorant of the spirit and principles of American institutions. They desired to perpetuate distinctions of language, training and prejudice, which ought to be effaced as soon as possible, in the interest of the government which extends its protection alike over native and adopted citizens. There is room here for only one nation, and that nation is the American people.

At San Jose, a few days ago, died Prof. Hermann Kottinger, at the age of ninety. He was once a professor in Heidelberg University. He came to this country more than half a century ago. Twenty years ago he was the leading violinist on the Pacific coast. He owned a Stradivarius violin, 200 years old, which had descended to him from his grandfather. For this violin which, when he was found dead was in his right hand clasped to his breast, he had repeatedly refused \$1,000. He was author of several works in prose and poetry, including an elementary history of the world and text books designed for liberal schools. He lived alone, was believed to be worth considerable money and, in the last years of his life at least, he was disposed to hoard his possessions. Prof. Kottinger was a strange character. Not only was he a great musician, he was deeply interested in education, and although the papers which speak of his miserly disposition make no mention of this, some of his books were published at considerable pecuniary sacrifice.

According to published reports a peculiar case of perverted vision has been presented to Dr. E. W. Brickley, an oculist of this city, writes a York correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press*. A little girl of ten years, the daughter of one of this city's most respected citizens, was discovered by her school teacher to be unable to read her reading exercise unless the book was held upside down. The teacher, Miss Busser, immediately communicated the fact to her parents, and they became very much worried. The oculist was called in and an examination made of the child's eyes. They were found to be entirely normal. The only conclusion arrived at was that the strange freak of vision was the result of a habit of trying to read with the book pages in an unnatural position, a habit contracted some years ago when the child was first sent to school. At that time the child in writing numbers upon a slate always made them upside down, and as it was never observed nor corrected, she gradually drifted into the habit of reading the same way. The only

means of cure possible, it is said, is to teach the child everything over again, as though she never knew anything before. This will be carefully done, and a cure of this really phenomenal case is anxiously looked for in the near future.

The pope was asked to give his official sanction to the establishment of Catholic banks in the cities of Europe. He wisely declined. Sectarian religion is possible, but a sectarian bank cannot be successfully conducted. Archbishop Purcell tried the experiment, becoming banker for thousands of Catholics, upon whom he brought financial ruin. There was a Catholic banking establishment in Lawrence, Mass., a few years ago which collapsed; leaving many pious Catholics, including servant girls, minus the money they had denied themselves luxuries to save. A Chicago daily says with truth: There never has been a bank that made a great display of piety in the management of its affairs that did not come to misfortune or disgrace. The affairs of trade are not sectarian; a loan is to be considered in relation to the security offered for its payment, to the interest which it bears, and to its employment upon the productive industries of the world, and not in relation to the religious sentiment or character of the borrower. . . . There is no such thing as a Jewish bank, or a Methodist bank, or a Presbyterian bank; there can not be, for money is cosmopolitan. The head of a bank may be Jew or gentile, Christian or infidel, orthodox or latitudinarian, but he must keep his theology out of his business; he must weigh the security, not the creeds of his customers.

In volume ten of the writings of George Washington, edited by Worthington C. Ford, is a letter from Gen. Washington to Thomas Paine, dated September 18, 1782, in which reference is made to Paine's forecast of the situation in one of the numbers of "The Crisis." The suggestion of Paine, Washington says, is ingenious and it will encourage the men of the army. The suggestion is as follows: "I believe," says Paine, "we have seen our worst days. The spirit of the war on the part of the enemy is certainly on the decline full as much as we think for. I draw this conclusion not only from the difficulties we know they are in and the present promiscuous appearance of things, but from the peculiar effect which certain periods of time have, more or less, upon all men. The British have been accustomed to think of the term of seven years in a manner different from other periods of time. They acquire this, partly by habit, by religion, by reason and by superstition. They serve a seven years' apprenticeship; they elect their Parliament for seven years; they punish by seven years transportation or the duplicate or the triplicate of that number; their leases run in the same manner and they read that Jacob served seven years for one wife and seven years for another, and thus this particular period, by a variety of concurrences, has obtained an influence in their minds superior to any other number. They have now had seven years war and are not an inch further on the continent than when they began. The superstitious and the popular part will conclude that it is not to be and the reasonable part will think they have tried an unsuccessful scheme long enough and that it is in vain to try any longer."

MRS. WATSON'S EXPERIENCE WITH A SECTARIAN SOCIETY.

Some months ago Mrs. E. L. Watson decided to adopt a boy to take the place as far as possible of her son who passed to spirit life three years ago. She has an ideal home in the beautiful Santa Clara valley, California, and she felt like taking some forsaken child, affording it an asylum, educating it and giving it a start in the world. She went to the Ladies' Protection and Relief Society, and seeing there a bright boy with large brown eyes and a spirituelle face, just the little fellow for whom she had been looking, she applied to Mrs. Barstow, president of the society. "I want to adopt one of your boys," she said. Mrs. Barstow inquired as to what church Mrs. Watson belonged, and on learning that she was a Spiritualist the president remarked that she had never received an application from a Spiritualist before and added that she would have to have references. She was at once referred to half a dozen persons well known for their high character. "Well I shall require you," she said, "to promise to educate this boy in the Christian faith. He must be sent to some Christian church and Sunday school every Sunday." Mrs. Watson stated that she would not guarantee to take him to church every Sunday, that she did not believe in some of the doctrines taught in the churches and that she should use her own judgement in the religious education of a child in her charge; that if she took the child it should receive the same care in all respects that her own child had.

Mrs. Watson's application for the boy was refused. Her friends could not understand the affair. The constitution and by-laws of the institution declare that it knows no sect. The state contributes to its support on the ground that it is strictly non-sectarian. The gentleman who endowed the Society gave it \$400,000 with the understanding that denominationalism was not to be introduced and that the institution should be conducted on broad and liberal principles. The action of the society became a subject of discussion. The friends of Mrs. Watson, who at first took only a personal interest in the matter, soon saw the importance of exerting themselves in defence of a principle. A petition was prepared, signed and sent to the managers of the Society, in which the petitioners stated that "Mrs. Watson was eminently qualified morally, religiously and financially to have the training and care of said child, and that under her instruction he would receive a high moral and religious conception of the divine principles which are the bases of an upright life, and that the intellectual, moral and religious training of the child can be with perfect safety intrusted to her, and that under the sheltering care of Mrs. Watson, the highest and best interests of the child would be secured." The managers were asked by the petitioners to reconsider their former action and to grant the petition of Mrs. Watson. Rev. John Q. Adams, Presbyterian clergyman, and Mrs. John Q. Adams wrote, "We see no good reason why the action of the managers in this case should not be reconsidered and the application of Mrs. Watson granted." B. F. Crary, editor of the *California Advocate*, and Mrs. B. F. Crary added their testimony in these words: "Mrs. Watson lives seven or eight miles from Santa Clara. She is a cultured, conscientious lady of high intelligence and great moral worth. I have no doubt of her qualifications to train any child." Dr. Henry M. Fiske wrote: "From years of acquaintance with Mrs. Watson, I believe her eminently qualified to take charge of a child. I believe her influence and example and teaching such as would promote the child's welfare and tend to make him an honorable and useful member of society." Space will allow us to give only one more of the numerous testimonies to Mrs. Watson's high character and her fitness to have charge of a child, that were sent to the managers of the institution. Rev. Horatio Stebbins and W. A. Aldrich wrote: "I am unable to understand what the religious opinion of one who proposes to adopt a child from the Protection and Relief Society has to do with the question; what the requirements to send the child to a Sunday-school has to do with it. The matter to be decided is, is the applicant fit to have the care of a

child and would the child's condition be improved by the adoption? In my opinion Mrs. Watson is a fit and proper person to adopt a child." Notwithstanding the strong petition accompanied with numerous statements from well-known and worthy persons as to the character of Mrs. Watson, her application at a subsequent meeting of the board of directors was again refused.

This is a most aggravating case of injustice—injustice not only to Mrs. Watson and the little boy to whom she would like to give a home, but to Spiritualists and liberals throughout the state of California. The constitution of that state allows no distinction on religious grounds against any class of people. Section four provides that "The free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship shall forever be guaranteed in this state." The Ladies' Protective and Relief Society professes to be unsectarian; it receives personal contributions and state support on the ground that it is undenominational, and can therefore consistently receive aid from all classes irrespective of religious belief. Its constitution, by-laws and reports are worded so as to convey the impression that it is conducted on humanitarian principles alone, and that theological beliefs and differences are, in carrying out its work, left out of consideration. Yet when Mrs. Watson applies for one of the orphans in the institution, and shows by the testimony of prominent teachers, clergymen and physicians, that she is able to give the child a good home and is in every respect a most worthy woman, her application is refused on the ground that she is a Spiritualist, and would not promise to send the child every Sunday to a Christian church. The Protection and Relief Society is undeserving further aid from the state or from unsectarian people until it reverses its action in the case of Mrs. Watson, and rises in its work above petty sectarian methods. The Spiritualists of California, and fair-minded people of that state generally, should insist upon the granting of Mrs. Watson's application and should start an agitation in favor of excluding religious sectarianism from all institutions which receive money from the state. Appropriations of money by state legislatures in aid of institutions, educational or charitable, which teach or commend theological creeds are secured chiefly by men who make a business or profit out of charity. Such find it easy to get the votes of those who, while pretending to act in the interests of religion, vote appropriations to get in return the support of the religious classes interested in these institutions. Taking money from taxpayers by legislative action to aid sectarian institutions ought not to be possible in any state. The lobbyists who procure such appropriations "steal the livery of heaven to serve the devil in." Any representative of the people who votes for such appropriations, whether they be for Catholic or Protestant institutions, should be voted at the next election by Spiritualists and by all liberal people to stay at home and make way for honest men.

A QUESTION OF METHODS.

Some people seem to imagine that the whole superstructure of Spiritualism is involved in the vindication of all sorts of pretended mediumship. Some impostor is caught with the usual paraphernalia personating a spirit and straightway they proceed to palliate, excuse and condone the offense. They declare there are frauds and counterfeits everywhere; that there are bad people in the churches. True. But professing to be Christians does not make them so. Spiritualism is not involved in the one case, nor Christianity in the other. When some greedy fakir, whether mediumistic or otherwise, is detected personating a departed human spirit, Spiritualism is no more responsible for such deceptions than is Christianity responsible for the frauds and abuses committed in its name. The best way to serve Spiritualism is, to promptly relegate all such impostors to the background. Genuine mediumship, like genuine coin, is best protected and passes current most readily when freed from all spurious imitations. Purity and impurity, chastity and unchastity do not affiliate, and no amount of charity induces them to go hand in

hand. But, says the objector, genuine mediums sometimes resort to deception. Be it so. Just to the extent that they resort to deception they compromise their mediumship, and ally themselves to lying influences, and should no longer be encouraged or trusted. Such may furnish interesting subjects for psychical study and investigation, for purely scientific purposes, but they open up no desirable avenues of communication with the Spirit-world. One does not seek communication with such spirits in the flesh, unless to reclaim or reform them, and why, save for such ends, should one seek communion with them out of the flesh? But, it is said, when Spiritualists expose fraudulent mediumship, the church "takes up the refrain" and a Talmage indulges in all manner of false accusations against Spiritualism generally. Therefore the over-zealous Spiritualist proposes to retort in kind, by saying, "You are another." In vulgar phrase they say it is a case of the "pot calling the kettle black." So it is proposed to ascertain how many Judases there are in the churches, to institute a "clipping bureau," and turn the spiritualistic press into a great national police gazette, in which all the crimes of preachers and church members are to be published to the world as a delectable entertainment for Spiritualists. It is proposed to make the background so black that Spiritualism shall appear clean, pure, white and immaculate in the contrast. "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of." "Dearly beloved avenge not yourselves." Rather give place to those eternal laws which will eventually work out for all their beneficent purposes. Avoid this sluice way of filth as you would a pestilence. Sanitary regulations are established to protect the body against the ravages of disease. Swamps are drained, cesspools and places of filth cleansed or abolished to get rid of malarious poisons. Must moral cesspools and disease-breeders remain untouched? To profess Spiritualism implies care for the health of the spirit. Were garbage or filth to be dumped on the lawns of Spiritualists they would resent it both as an insult and a menace to health, and would prosecute the offender for trespass. Why should it be esteemed less offensive to turn a sluice way of moral filth into their parlors? Let those who will, become moral scavengers and prepare a repast suited only to the depraved castle of moral vultures; but spare the Spiritualist public such an infliction. THE JOURNAL hopes it is not too severe; but really, it seems it were better to establish a "clipping bureau" to collect and publish accounts of beautiful deeds of self-sacrificing charity and incidents of noble endeavor which adorn human nature and bless mankind.

DARK BECAUSE THEY DENY DOGMAS.*

Representatives of the Roman Catholic church have for centuries taught that beyond the visible world of material things there is an invisible world of spirits, and that these spirits sometimes manifest themselves, for good or for evil according to their good or evil nature, to inhabitants of earth. In former times the testimonies—the voices or messages or miraculous doings—of spirits were appealed to by the church in support of her authority and teachings, all dissenting whether in the body or out of it being, as far as possible, silenced, and this is true now among peasant populations where ignorance is dense and faith is strong. With increase of intelligence and of intellectual activity and independence among men comes increasing protest against priestly authority, theological dogmas and ecclesiastical rituals from the invisible world. The only way the Catholic church can maintain her authority amid the growth of Spiritualism is to declare that all spirits that do not acknowledge her claims are evil spirits acting under the direction of Satan.

Among the works on Spiritualism by Roman Catholic authors that are approved and recommended by leading representatives of the church, is one entitled "The Spirits of Darkness," by Rev. John Gmeiner.

*The Spirits of Darkness and their Manifestations on Earth; or Ancient and Modern Spiritualism, by Rev. John Gmeiner, professor in the Theological Seminary at St. Francis, Milwaukee Co., Wis. Hoffmann Brothers, Catholic publishers, Chicago and Milwaukee, 1889. 3d edition.

The main object of this volume is to prove that Spiritualism (Spiritism) is based on actual spirit phenomena, but that the phenomena are for the most part due to the agency of evil spirits and that communication with them should therefore be avoided. Thus Professor Gmeiner would defend his church and its theology against materialism, which recognizes no spirit life, and at the same time against modern Spiritualism, which teaches the existence and communion of spirits, while it rejects the authority and many of the dogmas of the Catholic church. The chief value of the work for Spiritualists consists in the numerous facts, proofs and arguments it ably adduces in support of the claim that spirits actually exist and are able to manifest themselves to men and women still in the flesh. The author admits that some of the manifestations are from good spirits.

"The range of so-called modern science" [he says] "is rather limited; it takes in but that part of the grand universe which can be reached by the senses through physical appliances and experiments,—the material world. The Christian religion on the other hand, teaches that besides and, in the scale of created perfection, above this material world there exists also a world of Spirits that, under the guidance or permission of Providence, take an active interest in human affairs, and occasionally manifest their presence on earth by unmistakable signs. These Spirits are of various kinds. In the first place the Church believes in 'the communion of Saints'; that is, in a spiritual union existing between all real human members of the Church of Christ—between those who, having already departed this life, are either in heaven or still linger in purgatory, and those who are yet living on earth. The great theologian St. Thomas teaches that souls or Spirits of the dead may, by special dispensation of God be present among men and ever appear to the living. Remarkable cases of apparition or manifestation of persons who had died, are related by eminent, learned and pious, and not over-credulous writers. That by permission of God the souls or Spirits of those still detained in purgatory may manifest themselves to living friends or other persons, to obtain the assistance of their prayers and other good works, is the doctrine of St. Thomas, of Cardinal Bona, and of other saints and teachers of the Church."

But modern Spiritualism, this reverend professor says "as a system of phenomena tending to ignore or deny Christ and His church must be looked upon by all members of the Church as the work of evil Spirits trying to delude men under the mask of departed, and often dear persons. Moreover no member of the Church knowing this can—with a good conscience—be present at Spiritualist circles or séances." If the spirits would only confirm the teachings of the Church there would be no objection to their manifestations. "Every Spirit teaching anything contrary to the doctrines of this church, is to be unhesitatingly considered a lying Spirit whatever he may pretend to be. The Church then does not deny that also good angels, and even souls of departed persons, may occasionally appear and manifest themselves to men in various ways." But this author would have men avoid curiously seeking the return of the dead, since great caution is needed in dealing with spirits to learn whether they are evil or good, since the former transform themselves into angels of light. The sign of the cross and the name of Jesus it is alleged have now as in the middle ages and in the first ages of Christianity powerful influence over evil spirits. Prof. Gmeiner says that a priest "twice suddenly stopped the performances of the Davenport brothers in St. Louis, by simply making the sign of the cross," that a table "used for Spiritualistic experiments broke asunder at the very moment when a blessed rosary was placed upon it for the third time," that a basket "was seen to twist itself like a serpent and fly away from a gospel." Statements like this are made to show the power of Christ and the Catholic church over evil spirits. And yet if a person "drop some holy water on a slate" or "make on it the sign of the cross" and then from curiosity go to a medium "it would be no wonder if that person would not be protected by Providence against 'the snares of the devil'; for God does not grant us means of salvation to play with or make experiments with them from mere curiosity."

If Prof. Gmeiner could dispossess his mind of the idea that his church is infallible and embodies all the religious truth and wisdom of the world, he might see

that it is the less enlightened spirits that still cling to the dogmas of Rome, and that those who deny the authority of his church and repudiate some of its teachings are the more advanced and independent spirits. "In theology we balance authorities; in science we weigh facts," said Kepler. The seeker after truth has the moral right to communicate with intelligence wherever it manifests itself whether in the physical body or outside of it, and an independent thinker will not submit to any priestly system of protection against investigation in any field of research. The right of every man to read the Bible, as well as every other work and to interpret it for himself and his right to examine the phenomena of Spiritualism and to judge from them as to the moral character of the beings who cause them, rest upon the same basis—the imprescriptible right to think, to reason, to investigate, and learn the truth in all things.

TOO FAR IN ADVANCE OF HIS AGE.

More than once attention has been called to the fact that the religious views of Thomas Paine were essentially the same as those taught to-day under the name of Unitarianism. The truth of this statement was unwittingly confirmed by a prominent Unitarian minister who once, in defining Unitarianism, used the very language in which Paine, in the "Age of Reason," made his "individual profession of faith." The minister had no suspicion that he was quoting from the "infidel," Paine. Paine said, "I believe in one God and no more, and I hope for happiness beyond this life. I believe in the equality of man, and I believe that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy and endeavoring to make our fellow creatures happy." Jesus, he said, "was a virtuous and amiable man," and the morality he preached and practiced, although it had been preached "by many good men in all ages, it has not been exceeded by any." Paine pointed out errors in the Bible to show that it was a collection of books written by men, and not a supernatural revelation from God. This is now also the Unitarian view of the subject. He was so far in advance of his time that the declaration and defence of his religious convictions, including his opinions in regard to the Bible cost him his good name among Christians everywhere, Unitarians included. Paine and Jefferson, whose religious views were the same, were in their essential religious positions so far in advance of the Unitarians of their day, that they really represented what is now taught as Unitarianism by its present radical leaders—Savage, Chadwick, Gannett, Jones, *et id omnegenus*. We have been waiting a long time for some editorial word in a Unitarian publication in this country, giving credit to Paine for his advanced position, and making an acknowledgment that he was in his views as to God, Jesus, the origin and authority of the Bible, miracles, etc., more in accord with the Unitarianism of to-day than were those who represented Unitarianism in his time. Some years ago *The Inquirer*, the English Unitarian paper admitted substantially what is here claimed; but the Unitarian papers of this country have carefully avoided any expression that might identify "Tom Paine" with the views they hold. At last the *Christian Register* has said the right word and given to Paine the meed of praise to which his services as a religious reformer entitle him. Paine did not represent the scientific criticism of this day, nor did he have the knowledge of evolution possessed now, without which no one can understand religious systems, but he was far in advance of his theological opponents and had grasped essential principles of liberal religious thought which no Christians of his time acknowledged. This is what the *Christian Register* says about Thomas Paine:

"Again and again we find a man who is ostracised or excommunicated in one age practically reappears in another. The process of transmigration of souls or reincarnation goes on whenever some great truth or idea needs embodiment. So it is that Thomas Paine, though stigmatized and set aside as an infidel, finds reincarnation in the modern scientific Biblical critic. Paine pointed out the contradictions in the Bible which rendered impossible the claim that it is an in-

fallible book. He lived too far in advance of his age. The spirit of modern scientific criticism had not yet come. Paine had the destructive method, but not the reconstructive. He showed what the Bible was not, but failed to show what it really is. And now it is interesting to find that, in a different spirit and with different tools, and bound by certain traditions from which Paine was free, the professors in our orthodox theological seminaries are doing again the work which Paine did, and, like him, in the interests of honesty and truth. The apologies which his work called forth would now be set aside by the candid Biblical critic as utterly puerile and insufficient. The contradictions of the Bible must be acknowledged by the modern investigator, and the theory which denied their possibility must be set aside."

Mr. Washburn, editor of the *Boston Investigator*, relates the following: We were to officiate at a funeral in Chelsea on the afternoon of the 4th inst. It is our custom to carry a small leather grip to and from Boston, as we have about two dozen exchanges to look through every day, besides correspondence, books, etc., to read, all of which we do at our home. We were to stop at the funeral on our way to Boston. We reached the house at just the time set for the services to commence. As we entered, carrying our grip, the funeral-director, who was a stranger, approached and took it from our hands and was about to open it, saying, "Shall I assist you on with your robes?" Great Caesar's ghost! Robes! Think of it! To be taken for an Episcopal clergyman! We assured the gentleman that we should not change our robes until bed-time. A friend of the family appeared on the scene and explained that we were not educated that way, but the undertaker looked as though he thought we had done him a personal injury by not having a black gown in our leather bag for him to smooth over our figure. We are trying to get prepared for anything, but we wonder what will come next.

A student of prison life at Sing Sing, says the *Personal Rights Advocate*, gives it as his deliberate judgment that reformation is impossible, when criminals are crowded together under one roof. In a penitentiary the prisoners sentenced for a term of years for small offences go out into the world after their release more wicked than before, and plunge still deeper into the abyss of crime. Another thing has been observed at Sing Sing. While the prisoners do not derive any moral benefit from their association with each other, the officials, whose duty it is to watch them, seem to be affected by the contagious iniquity around them. The reported heavy defalcation among some of the officials will make startling reading when the story is given to the public. So it seems that our prison system not only educates the prisoners into malefactors, but tempts their guards to become criminals. If Sing Sing is a fair sample of our penal institutions the whole business needs a thorough overhauling.

One of the earlier yeomen of Bridgeton was a pump-maker, a good citizen, but with "no religious preferences." One day he was waited upon by one of the church assessors, who handed him a bill for the support of preaching. "I hain't heard no preaching," said the old man, somewhat surprised. "Well, brother, it's your own fault then," said the churchman. "It's been accessible to all every Sabbath for a year." He paid. Not long after the parish received from him a bill for a pump. "We have bought no pump of you," was the answer. "Well, then," replied the old gentleman, with a twinkle in his eye, "it's your own fault, for I have been making them for years."

In talking with one of America's best known literary men the other day, he expressed his conviction in—as nearly as I can remember—words like these: "The battle, it seems to me, has got to be fought out between the agnostic scientists and the Spiritualists. Orthodoxy is now only a tradition, and does not count." So far as this great problem of continued existence is concerned, I agree with him.—M. J. Savage.



PSEUDO "SCIENCE OF THE STARS."

By J. G. JACKSON.

In THE JOURNAL of June 20th, the "Author of The Light of Egypt," addresses me personally with sundry questions, assertions and insinuations. I have cursorily looked over his book and find it less valuable as regards the giving forth of any real light or true "science of the stars," than I could otherwise have conceived any person scientifically cultured to have written. But it is not possible to review critically and point out the paucity and absurdity of its well-worded and well-printed utterances, without attacking radically a work which the publisher of THE JOURNAL has issued, and seems to consider worthy of a place in libraries for public institutions. * Not desiring to do this, it yet seems proper for truth's sake to make brief response to the astrologist's queries lest the readers of THE JOURNAL might be led to suppose our "star-eyed mistress" regarded the stilted volume with other than a quiet smile of contempt. How can she do less, when the author seems to regard a diagram, striking to the eye, as sufficient to establish any foolish theory or assertion whatever, regardless of the absolute need of further demonstration and correlative facts.

To illustrate: He adopts in his frontispiece—"The Realm of Spirit"—and also in his "Grand Man of the Starry Heavens" (page 171) the seven prismatic colors which were formerly supposed to compose the solar light. How can science do less than laugh on noting that the author of so much presumptuous and verbose obscurity—"The Light of Egypt"—has not yet penetrated deeply enough into nature even to learn what Sir David Brewster demonstrated more than fifty years ago, namely, that solar light is composed of but three primary colors, the red, the yellow and the blue, and that all the other four—the violet, indigo, green and orange are only produced by admixtures in the spectrum, caused by varying refrangibility in some of the rays of the three primaries. See "Treatise on Optics" by Sir David Brewster, LL. D., F. R. S. of L. & E., American edition of 1837, page 68-70. I am afraid to tell our star-eyed mistress at either of her select receptions to which she sometimes invites me, that there are high-flying empirics in these days, who hold to a correspondence between the twelve signs of the zodiac and the twelve sons of Jacob, that prince of Bible cheats, the son of one pretty but deceptive woman, and the husband of another that could both lie and steal. (See L. E., page 211.) The "Star-eyed"—aye! the star-crowned lady might rebuke me before assembled notables by asking, "What have you to do with such subjects? May be he has written the book under the inspiration of the same fiery-cup which enabled the prophet Ezra to write the history of all things from the beginning. (II Esdras, chapter xiv)."

But to my brief answers for truth's sake—not to make boast. I "attack in public prints" pseudo science of astrology, because it is discarded by all positive scientists, and hold myself, in spite of the "author's" assertion, in a good degree competent to judge it. I calculated the great Transit of Venus of 1882, forty-five years before its occurrence, and lived to observe minutely its complete fulfillment. I can determine for the stated time of any birth, the precise position of the sun, moon and all the planets, and tell "the various arcs of distance between them (and each pair of them) for a given moment," but do not deduce as he asks, any "supposed results from an astrological standpoint," because they are altogether "supposed" and I do not believe in them. Yes, I have been an amateur astronomer, a teacher of the science and a practical worker in that line for over sixty

* A publisher in issuing a book for an author does not necessarily endorse its teachings any more than he does all the articles which appear in a paper which he publishes. —ED.

years—using the telescope and other astronomical appliances throughout that period of time. Amongst the rest was a set of mounted circles and planes somewhat original, that I named a "Cometorium," which is still standing in my office ready for use when any stray comet of note comes along.

It is neither more nor less than a miniature solar system, made to scale of one-eighth of an inch to a million miles, and is provided with adjustable planes, which are set to suit each comet as soon as the inclination and other elements of its orbit are determined. It becomes practicable then to make out upon the properly adjusted plane, the elliptical orbit of the comet and its perihelion point therein; so that one can readily measure with a scale, for any day required—past, present, and future—the comet's actual distance from the sun or from the earth. The machine can be used also for determining a comet's apparent path amongst the stars. Nay more! I am almost tempted to say our "Author" could get his cometary horoscope from it if he should need one. Doubtless it would show an erratic life-line. Yes! I have, I will say in reply to his inquiry, "devoted serious thought and valuable time to the investigation of all such subjects."

No doubt there have been astrologers in the past who have sometimes made prophecies that were genuine. But many more false than true ones have been reported. Any that were actual previsions were the result of that most wonderful psychic power, of the human soul, which is now being wisely made a matter of most serious and interesting inquiry. The grand and universal cosmos of more than one hundred millions of suns and their dependencies, endowed throughout with soul life, is doubtless a connected unit of law-abiding and corresponding powers and influences. But practical simplicity and proportion seem everywhere to inspire the governing powers and phenomena of the world. Influences generally when understood, seem to rule with powers, "inversely as the square of the distance," and "victory in a general way goes with the heaviest battalions." Our God-father, the Sun, seems most to rule our destinies and shape our lives, in and under the universal reign of law upon this planet. It can make little difference what time in the day a child be born on a globe constantly in motion, and to every inhabitant of which each star and planet presses over and under once in the twenty-four hours. Simplicity and due proportion, we repeat, is a rule of law. There is a "Science of the Stars" but it is not the old so-called "Judicial Astrology."

REMINISCENCES.

By MRS. J. M. STAATS.

CHAPTER VIII. (CONCLUDED.)

TRANCE SPEAKING, HOW IT CAME ABOUT AND WHAT FOLLOWED.

For a period of seven years my time as writing medium was almost entirely occupied, all other manifestations having ceased so that save writing we had no evidence of physical manifestations. My mother would occasionally regret that we had no more raps or table-tipping, feeling as did I that after all independent sounds were more convincing, and who knew but that after all it might have been myself that had been writing all this time, unaided by spirits. Perhaps some occult force of my mind hitherto unknown had by some unexplained method been wrought upon, thereby producing results so few of which are here recalled. My friends thought me sincere but had pity for my delusion. I began to reason on the same basis with those whose pity failed to offer the slightest clew whereby the constantly recurring and even more stubborn facts could be explained. It was no part of my plan or purpose to persist in deceiving myself, and I surely would not deceive others. At length my reasoning became like one walking around a beaten circle, each time meeting the same obstacles and at every step encountering the very same crystalized facts and constantly recurring proof. All physical manifestations might be regarded, so said many who wished to settle the question of causes, as due to electricity, but who could tell what electricity was and by what possible law it operated.

Electricity, according to Webster's lengthy definition, gave no light on the subject, hence I confessed myself more puzzled in my vain search to study up physic and occult forces, aye, vastly more bewildered than I was to accept the facts as they stood, calling it spirit communication, until honest investigation should reveal another name for it. Then, too, the Fox sisters had been put through every known process to test the electricity question, had been placed on glass plates, and dressed in fabrics which were known to be non-conductors.

Mrs. Hayden had allowed Prof. Hare to place her hands and arms in water, meanwhile the manifestations went on as before. Finally when electricity failed as proof of intelligence, then came a sweeping denunciation of the whole subject as the work of the evil one—proof of which was the Bible, which sacred volume gave more for than against in so many places that we were happier for our search. One of our friends, the wife of a very excellent clergyman, being most earnest and anxious to learn of the subject, came to us one day to convince us that it was of evil origin. She had been told that if the Bible was placed on the table there would be no manifestation.

We were happy to make this attempt and at once placing the dear old book on the table drew around it, the lady holding her side of the table firmly down, one of my nieces being opposite. After a few moments silence the lady said very triumphantly, "What did I tell you?" Scarcely were the words uttered before the table gave a lurch and off went the book, with leaves apart, down it came on the floor, wide open. A rush was made to pick it up, when to our surprise we found it opened.

As I have said at the beginning of this chapter, as to trance speaking, and how it came about, I will keep more to my text. The first Spiritualist society was then holding meetings at Dodworth's Hall, on Broadway, their speaker having disappointed them they were casting about for some other speaker. There had been a long stop in my writing, whether from lack of faith or loss of vitality I am unable to say. During this rest I had fallen into a habit of talking in my sleep. I had no recollection of dreaming, had indeed no knowledge of what had occurred, only knew that I was very sleepy, yawned and fell into a delightful slumber, always awakening refreshed. From one of these naps I was surprised upon awakening to find my mother greatly disturbed by what I had said. Upon asking why she was displeased she told me that I had talked upon subjects and advanced ideas totally different from all truths in which I had been educated, in fact had avowed a doctrine which she considered false and pernicious, she being avowed pro-slavery for I had talked abolitionism.

It so happened that the late Alvah E. Laing, a very warm advocate of the spiritual philosophy, called the afternoon of this event, which my mother narrated. Some comment was made and I promised to go to sleep in my chair for his entertainment the next afternoon at a given time. Mr. Laing was punctual, so was my slumber, from which I awoke as usual, finding my hearers greatly pleased at what had occurred. Whoever or whatever it was that had made use of my powers of speech, it told Mr. Laing that I would supply the desk at Dodworth's Hall the following Sabbath, morn and evening, which I of my individual self in my own estate positively refused to do. After much persuasion, willing to prove how entirely foolish it was to expect such things of me, an agreement was made whereby all blame for disappointing an audience should be assumed by the committee, that I would stand up or go to sleep in the desk at the hall. Somehow, I knew not why, I had not the slightest anxiety after the promise was given. I only remember going there, and seeing a large audience in which I recognized not a single familiar face. The only recollection remaining is the sweet music of Mr. Harry Dodworth's band which lulled me into a pleasant slumber. After talking, I never knew of what, over an hour, without evident unnaturalness, I came to myself before the large concourse, was thanked for my effort and surrounded by a number of people, men and women, who congratulated me on my success.

The late Dr. J. F. Gray, although an entire stranger to me, took my hand and remarked that my answer to his question was exceedingly interesting and satisfactory; what the question or what the answer was I knew not, nor did I learn until my mother expressed surprise and grief at my ideas so entirely foreign to her preconceived conception based on her early education. For instance, the reply to the doctor's question, "What think you of Jesus Christ." My mother declared the reply disrobed Christ of divinity and placed him merely as the highest type of manhood, through whom flowed the evidences of God the Father, manifest in mortal, being in harmony with the purest and holiest influence of the spheres; he evidenced the fact of living, moving and having a being in God whose divine presence made him the first fruit of immortality so plainly exemplified in his life and death. He gave you the living principal whose example and life emulated, not whose blood is to elevate humanity and draw them nearer to the Father God. To defend myself was beyond my power. I regretted the fact that so much had been said to hurt my mother's feelings, yet I had become the victim of her darling subject; hence she perforce must seek explanation of the invisible Samuel, who usurped a certain control we knew so little of, as he had never given us more than the name.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ELIZABETH LOWE WATSON'S TEMPLE OAK.

[Report of religious exercises conducted by Mrs. E. L. Watson at her ranch, "Sunny Brae," Santa Clara County, California, on Sunday, June 7, 1891, in the open air, under the branches of a giant oak, Mr. F. H. Woods acting as chairman. Stenographically reported for THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL by Mr. Hawes, of San Francisco.]

After an overture and singing of the hymn "Nearer my God to Thee," Mr. Woods opened the exercises. He said:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS: In the name of our hostess, Mrs. Watson, I give you a cordial greeting and hearty welcome. We meet here to-day for social and friendly communion; also, the programme says, for religious services; and what better place could we have for such services than under the wide-spreading branches of this ancient oak, whose roots run back into past centuries, and which to-day is to be dedicated as a Temple Oak. Perhaps some of you may be mentally asking, "Why this new departure?" Without speaking by authority, I may say that I understand this meeting to-day is to inaugurate the commencement of similar reunions intended to be held here annually. Also that you may have a better conception of the public position and the religious convictions of our hostess, who has now been among you some ten years and is widely known throughout this valley as a thoroughly competent and careful business woman, and a woman of rare mental and spiritual gifts. Many among you have experienced her kind ministrations in sickness, and some have felt the sweet consolation she has brought in the hour of death; but not having done much public work in this valley, all do not to-day fully know what are her religious convictions; all do not know that at an early age her life was in a great measure dedicated to public work in the great cause of truth and humanity. After years of public labor in the eastern states, where she is widely and most favorably known, failing health compelled her to seek a more genial climate, and I believe our friend was angel-guided to this beautiful valley. And where in our golden state can you find a more genial climate, more beautiful homes or a more cultivated, intelligent and progressive people than in the Santa Clara Valley? Here she has made her life-home among you, and by patience, skill and labor has brought this place up from a barren waste to what you see it to-day. In doing this our friend has not escaped the usual struggles, trials and discouragements pertaining to home-building. The passing years had their shadows, and during the last four years death has made sad inroads into this home. First the noble man, the wise counsellor and business adviser, the true friend, Champion, was stricken down and called to a higher life, followed one year later by the death of the only and dearly beloved son and brother, the stay and prop of the house, taken just

when most needed, and just as youth was dawning into manhood. One year ago the dear old friend and aged patriarch, Jonathan Watson, he, too, "tired with the march of life," lay down to sleep. Those were dark hours, but still one dear child was left, hope was not entirely lost, and you, Mrs. Watson's neighbors, may never know how much your sympathy and your kind, neighborly acts have done to keep the fire burning on the altar of faith and hope. Now, after two years rest from public ministration in San Francisco, and with health restored, there seem to be indications that in the near future Mrs. Watson will be called to resume her public work, and I think it is her desire to commence that work right here, and thus to consecrate this place.

At the conclusion of Mr. Woods' introductory, the song, "When the Mists have Rolled in Splendor from the Beauty of the Hills," was finely sung, when Mrs. Watson preluded her discourse with the following remarks and invocation:

Dear friends, in our search after spiritual truth, there is but one appropriate attitude, that of prayer, receptivity, aspiration, desire to know the truth. Will you unite with me this hour in such an aspiration, addressed to the infinite source of truth.

Our Father and Mother God, whose life is our life, whose smile of love rests upon all creatures, from the least to the greatest, whose presence fills all the worlds and whose will is manifest in nature's laws immutable; Eternal and Infinite Spirit, Thou knowest what we need before we ask it. We have no petition to put up to Thee that Thou change Thy purpose toward us; but as the flowers open to receive the dew and light, as the birds sing their free and happy songs, as the mountain streams leap seaward, and all worlds turn yearningly toward the sun, so our spirits turn to Thee, seeking the smile of Thy love, seeking food for the soul, which is Thy truth, and asking only that we may learn to obey Thy laws, knowing that this alone will bring us happiness and harmonious relations with Thee. We thank Thee for this sacred hour, dedicated to the soul's best aspiration, to its noblest thought, and to human brotherhood. We thank Thee for the beauty of this summer day, so rich with tenderness, so full of life and beauty for our eyes, of harmony for our ears and of sweet hopes for our hungry hearts. We thank Thee for the past with all its struggles, its bitter storms and black upheavals; for we know that thereby have light and beauty and blessedness come into the world, and that we need the contrast which the nighttimes of humanity bring us. We thank Thee for every word of truth courageously spoken in all past periods, for every protest against tyranny and wrong; for every whispered message from the angel world; for every breath from that immortal realm whose portals open for all enfranchised souls. We thank Thee for the visions of the seers who have passed into higher and better worlds, and for the promise which we read in the history of noble men and women; for in the good deeds of others do we find the prophecy of what we also may sometime know and do. We thank Thee even for the shadow of grim death, which is gloomy only because we have not learned its full significance; even as men groped for countless ages without lifting their faces to the stars and so knew not of the blooming heavens hanging there, so have we groped in the night of doubt, seeing naught of the heavenly radiance that lay all around us in the life new-born of spirits. We thank Thee, Infinite Spirit, for every harmony that pours from the heart of humanity in sweet songs of love, in heart-throbs of sympathy, in hand-clasps of friendship, and in the laughter of innocent children; and also for the treasures of memory and hope and faith.

And now here, under this old oak, whose spreading branches and luxuriant foliage make of it a fit temple in which to pour out our adorations and lift our hearts to Thee; here, where the perfume of countless flowers is brought to us on the breezes of heaven, and where everything evidences Thy prodigal bounty to man; where the birds sing Thy praises and Thou showest Thy goodness on every hand, here we aspire to come close to Thee at this hour. May our hearts be softened, our understandings quickened and our receptivity enlarged. Through the medium of the spoken word enriched by Thy grace may we all receive such an influx from the spheres supernal as shall strengthen us for life's struggles and cause us to remember this hour, and to gather here again for an outpouring of the spirit divine and an uplift of the spirit human.

ADDRESS.

DEAR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS: This is preeminently the age of individualization; freedom of thought, free speech, and the liberty of the press have accentuated

the value of individual opinion. What you and I think is becoming of value. The inventor, the scientist, they who sail out upon the sea of thought in any direction whatsoever, if they make discoveries of laws whose operations have hitherto been veiled, or bring to light hidden truths, are not now rewarded as aforetime, with the rack and faggot, but the world at large cries, "Welcome! let us behold your treasures." So, page after page is being added to our modern book of revelations, and the more we learn the more we feel that God is in the world, active, inspiring, comforting; and our brightening convictions, our visions of the future, our growing faith in man, are bringing us closer together. The man or woman who gives us a new thought is a benefactor, and it is a noteworthy fact that every fresh thought of to-day is brighter with hope and breathes more of beautiful promise than ever before.

You have come here to-day to know what I, a professed Spiritualist, may hold in common with you, or have to give that you had not before. Now, all systems of religions as well as so-called sacred scriptures begin with a history of creation, a theory of the cosmos. My ideas of creation are founded upon what we know of nature. Science is what we absolutely know of the laws governing the phenomena by which we are surrounded, and it is only by observation of the operation of these laws that we can form any opinion of the world in which we live, the methods of nature and purposes of the creator, worthy of expression; and what has been discovered by earnest researches into the great mysteries of nature has done much to dispel the old doubts and fears felt by us when facing the old problems of life.

We have become pretty well satisfied that the universe is governed by law; that all there is in the boundless realms of space ever was there, and the words, "In the beginning," have no real meaning in relation to the processes of nature; all so-called creation is merely reformation; there never was a beginning of anything in its spiritual life, no beginning of force, no beginning of manifestations of force, but ever and ever the methods of nature have been going forward, and ever and ever the union between matter and spirit has been unbroken. The more closely we investigate these processes, the freer are we from apprehension, so far as our own individual lives and our relations to the universe are concerned; for we see that the Divine Spirit is as deep in its tenderness and as close in its care of the little things of life as He is in the great. God is infinitely little as well as infinitely large; we need not travel through boundless space to find him. He is here in every quivering leaf and sunbeam; he is here in every heart throb. I do not believe that his is an arbitrary and sometimes tyrannical and changeable will existing outside of the laws of nature and that we are at the mercy of it, but rather that an infinite intelligence which is consistent, in unchanging law, is over all, and what we have sometimes thought the inexorableness of nature proves to be the infinite beneficence of God. For the more closely we read these living pages, the more clearly do we see that what is a necessity has a divine reason behind it also; and love works its miracles through storm as well as calm. So my theory of the universe is: immutable law as the manifestation of divine intelligence, and the unity existing between matter and spirit perpetuated with a forward and upward movement of life in its entirety.

Did you ever think of what a tremendous reproach it was upon the nature of God to charge him with having created totally depraved beings? What would be your idea of an incarnate fiend with infinite power? What do you suppose would be the result of such a power in the universe? Can you think of anything worse for such a being or power to create than a totally depraved creature? Can you think of any more cruel act for such a power to perpetrate than to condemn one creature (I will not say an infinite number of creatures) to perpetual, indescribable, unmitigated torment? Would not that be the natural consequence and work of an infinite fiend? Yet, this is the old idea of God,—that he made a failure of creation in the beginning, that he tried to amend it, found his totally depraved creatures more than he could manage, and finally, after vainly attempting to relieve himself of the load, gives it up and concludes that he himself must make a supreme sacrifice and pass through human life, human suffering, and human death, in order to redeem his creatures from everlasting woe.

My theory of creation and destiny is in direct contradistinction to that of the established Christian church. I do not believe in evil as a positive power. Some one has said, "Evil is the friction necessary to the mechanical movement of the universe." It is a necessary contrast to good, it is the background of life's great picture. Fancy a landscape from the hand of one of the great masters without a shadow in it. What would it look like, do you think? It would have no form or character, it would be no picture. Fancy life without any movement. Action

necessitates friction. That which from our standpoint seems discord is in reality, from the plane of the infinity, a symphony of love, a benediction of goodness. My theory of the world is that God was in it, is in it, and will be in it forever and ever; no movement of all this material universe but is in accordance with the infinite will, wisdom, goodness and love. It is our misreading of other lives as well as our own that fills us with disturbing, doubt, and fear; and as the world moves forward in intellectual and moral development we shall find that all that has been was of necessity, that all that is, is pregnant with all that is to be. So that our life here and now is a part of the life of the infinite, and your thoughts, your feelings, your sentiments, are a part of the sacred scriptures of life. You have a right to your thoughts as you have a right to your eyes and ears. Faith, belief, is no credit or discredit; we are here to learn, to communicate our thoughts and feelings and sympathies one to another, to help one another; we are bound together by ties of sympathy, hope and aspiration. God, the father and mother of us all, is back of all our movements; above our wisdom is the infinite wisdom; and, therefore, are we a part of the constitution of nature, as to-day is a heartbeat in the thrilling harmony of eternity.

Did you ever ask yourself how the world ever came to have a religion? What is the source of man's religious conviction and aspiration? Why, it is his spiritual life, that portion of the divine intelligence which constitutes the indestructible personality in each and every one of you. Your religion is your highest and best thought of God; it is a relation of your duty to your fellow creatures. The noblest religious offering that any man or woman can make is an intelligent conviction as regards his or her duty and a determination to do it. This is the highest religious service. The thought that we are more than mere animals, the suggestion of something capable of surviving death; human love, its desire to keep what is precious; the charms of virtue, the beauty of goodness, these are the sentiments which form the main-spring of all religious feelings; these are the bases of all sacred scriptures. We talk of God's purposes—what do we know about them? What do we know of God's will toward us? All we know is what we have gained from human experience. But you say, "We have the word of God in our Christian Bible." Of what is that Christian Bible composed? Simply a history of man's experiences. His vision of the immortal, his hearing of the inner voice of God in the soul, his conception of what is right, what he must love; and what is wrong, which he must hate and avoid. God gave his word through human experience, and were we to cremate all the Bibles in the universe, wipe them out from the memories of men, do you think our Bibles would be lost?

No; it would not be long before we would have Bibles as voluminous and plentiful as now. Why? Because the Bible-making principle resides in man; the relation between man and God is unbroken; the sources of inspiration are never sealed; the bond which unites souls in the flesh and those who have experienced what is called death, draws us ever to the unseen, and to the contemplation of spirit; and therefore, though the Bibles that we now worship were lost to the memory of man, we should repeat their noblest passages. It is to be hoped that we would not repeat the errors and vulgarity which more or less mar all so-called sacred scriptures; it is to be hoped that human nature is so far in advance of the old conception of Jehovah that that conception would not be repeated, and that Bibles we hand down to future generations may perpetuate only truth.

You now have my idea of the scriptures—that they are of human and divine origin; that God is working in and through man always. His presence and inspiration are in the sublime and pure passages of Christian, Buddhist, and all other sacred books; colored by the channels through which they flowed, and consequently contradictions and errors appear along with the eternal verities. What is our duty, then, in relation to these scriptures? Is it not, as free souls, to examine all things with an eye single to truth and the uplifting of humanity; believing in the eternity of truth; knowing that error must come to naught; and adding what we can to the wise sayings, reproducing and complementing the visions, the beautiful dreams, the hopes of the past, in our own lives? Truly "all scriptures given under heaven" are sacred in so far as they serve the good of humanity; and all writings are profane that desecrate human rights, retard the progress of the race and help to keep the mind in bondage.

"What think ye of Christ and the way of salvation?" I answer reverently, and with due consideration of your religious training, your worship of the Nazarene whose precepts we none of us fully keep, whose example is ever before the world but never followed, whose pure and lovely image and noble heroism will be an inspiration to humanity throughout all time to come: I believe that God manifests himself

through men and women, chosen, in a sense, by spirit powers, who by their heroic lives, pure precepts, and noble self-sacrifice for other's good show us the way of salvation. Jesus of Nazareth was one of these. I accept his own account of himself, not yours. He always calls himself the Son of Man. Many of you call him God, or the only son of God. To the young men who would have worshiped him, calling him "Good Master," he said, "Call me not good, there is but one good, and that is God," distinctly denying that he was one of the God-head in the sense taught by the Christian world to-day. So I accept Jesus on his own testimony, as our elder and revered brother; I recognize in him the true hero, and greatest radical of his time. He never wrote a word, you remember, except those in the sand soon washed out by the waves of the sea. He never laid the foundation of a single church, in the material sense, but he said, "A new law I give unto you, that ye love one another." We have not yet reached that high water mark of pure Christianity. It has become a fad to name everything Christian, particularly if we wish to make it popular, until the word "Christian" means so much that it means almost nothing. I want to hold to a clear definition. Pure Christianity as Jesus of Nazareth taught it is simply this: Love one another; serve God by serving man. He cried out to his generation, "Oh, ye generation of vipers, hypocrites." I wonder what would be his cry to-day were he to look into the hearts of many of his followers who, with bowed heads and solemn faces, read the litany in his name. I would be a Christian according to Christ's doctrine, not according to Calvin. I believe God is sufficiently powerful to keep the universe balanced by his love; that he is sufficiently tender to care for the meanest of his creatures, and that to call one of them totally depraved is to malign the Creator.

What do I believe in regard to the atoning power of the blood of Jesus? I believe in the atoning power of the blood of every hero that has died in the name of truth. "Atonement" should be "at-one-ment;" that is the true meaning of the word; through his ministrations, his tender teachings, which recognize our natural relations to God, we become one with him. I do not believe in the vicarious atonement through the blood of Christ. I do not believe in the Almighty's condemnation of one of his creatures; but I do believe in consequences. In other words, to suspend a law of the natural universe for a second of time would throw all into chaos; to suspend the action of spiritual law and allow the innocent to suffer and the guilty to go free from the consequence of his action, would be to throw the whole moral universe into confusion. Therefore, I believe, as I have said, in consequences, not in condemnation; you and I shall suffer or enjoy the consequences of our actions, be they right or wrong, and Jesus will serve as scape-goat never, nowhere; but is to us a teacher and guide—a beautiful example, a ministering spirit of love whenever he finds a soul responsive to his will. I believe these things because experience is our only guide. We know nothing except what some man or woman has seen, felt, heard, or experienced through reason and the senses. These senses were given us to use; they are from God—they are the highway to knowledge, to truth, to better living. Therefore, I believe in cause and effect, not in the idle whim of an arbitrary will outside of nature. Our daily life is a constant confirmation of the fact that as a man does, so he is. There is no escape from what we do to-day, to-morrow, and always.

Then, what is of supreme value in life? What is the best thought to be incorporated into religious and spiritual teachings? It is summed up in the one word, character. "You have what you are," says Emerson. For instance, you look out upon this scene as it lies stretched before you, touched tenderly by the sunlight, with coming and going shadows, the whispering leaves, flitting birds, and all the varied points of interest, and there are as many pictures as there are souls in this congregation. No two behold this landscape through the same mental vision. Its appearance varies according to your intellectual, moral, and physical constitution, you take home just so much as you can appropriate—it may be the trained eye of the artist will carry to the soul such precious outlines, such beautiful lights, such delicate shades, that he will go home and fling upon the canvas a picture glowing with inspiration; or it may be the vision of the sluggard, who feels the warmth of the sunbeam, without a conception of its wondrous power and beauty. So to each soul come different pictures, and all phases of consciousness combined constitute the supreme symphony which sweeps through the measureless space in response to the love-thoughts of the Almighty.

Man is a spiritual being. Before he was born into this physical, he was a part of the sum total of the divine intelligence, personal wisdom, and power which we denominate God. By being born into the flesh he comes into new relations with matter, becomes individualized; is a spirit as much now as before he was

born in the flesh, the flesh being merely the vehicle through which the spirit comes *en rapport* with certain manifestations of nature. Therefore, the death of the body signifies simply the casting off of a devitalized and worn-out implement and the evolution of another form better fitted to the uses of the unfolded powers. In other words, life is perpetual transition from one stage to another. The spirit of man travels, ever moved upon by the infinite wisdom through natural processes, both spiritual and material, impelled onward into more complex manifestations.

Now what is our daily need? What significance has this life in relation to the eternity which lies before? What of our environments, and what is beyond death?

First, the meaning of life. Oh, if I could express to you the thought, even in imperfect form, that flits before my spiritual vision this instant, of you as individual beings with such incalculable treasures of intelligence yet to be unfolded, such abundance of virtuous action prophesied by your heart's desire at this hour, with such capacities for enjoyment as are indicated by your present happiness, with such promise of life to the least of you, I should make your hearts leap with joy.

But, you say, "the drudgery of life! I am so tired of it, and of the bereavements; the world is so full of heart-break and disappointments; they shadow me so continually. I am pursuing an object and have almost reached it, when suddenly it disappears, until the very foundations of my life seem to be giving way." Ah, but the Spiritualist's philosophy of life says,—all this drudgery is like the training which comes to the child just learning to walk; it takes a step and tumbles only to give the muscles training and to indicate that more care is needed; it takes another step and finds itself a little stronger, and so on until it can cross the nursery floor. That nursery for the time being is its world; broken toys bring suffering; if new and beautiful, the face dimples with joy. In a little while he grows to look over the window-sill, and lo, there is a realm of mystery around him; he sees the sunlight and the laughing leaves, and he longs to get out there. How many tumbles are necessary before the child learns to walk over the rough ground safely. They are every one needed, and full of happy interest to the parental eye.

And so it is with us. We are only tumbling about life's nursery to-day, playing with our toys, gaining the use of our muscles, material and spiritual. We know not yet our own capacity, and have only faint conceptions of what sleeps within us. But I say to you, the life of each and every one seems to me full of beauty. I look upon these young friends, my neighbors; as I meet them from time to time, I feel their hands, hard and stained, but in their faces I behold a fixed and noble purpose. I say to myself, this hand is but the implement of the soul that is behind it. The faithfulness, the integrity of the daily life, the industrious application from year to year, the services rendered to one another are indicative of the spiritual forces that lie behind you. Young men, you never conquer any difficulty but what the angel watching over you claps its hands with joy and says, "One step higher has my charge taken." You, young woman, never exact on the part of your male associates a higher standard of virtue, without having added to the sum total of the world's happiness.

When you ask me how shall we be saved, I answer: You shall each work out your own salvation; not with fear and trembling, in any low sense, but with faith, hope and courage, knowing that you have not a fiend back of you to torture you because of your shortcomings, but an angel who with the prods of pain warns you not to go too far on forbidden paths. The tears we shed, the pangs we feel, are but the birth-pangs of power divine.

Your life here and now is a part of the heavenly life. Day by day you are building for eternity. Some of you may think that you can cheat the lord of nature, bribe the builder of the universe with a promise; or that you may, coward like, lean upon the good graces of another, and so sneak into a heaven which you have not earned. You will find yourselves mistaken, for just as the body contributes to our happiness only by our care of it, so our recognition of the value of virtue comes only from having incorporated it into our being, where it begets happiness. The gentle Nazarene said, when they were disputing as to where Heaven was and what its character: "The kingdom of heaven is within you"; I would also add that the spiritual world is all about you.

Our religion has a purely natural basis, founded on the facts of being as we know them. Passing along the line of observation, even to the very portals of death, what then? The materialist will tell you that in the natural realm there is no evidence of man's immortality; that as the tree falleth, so it lieth; that there are no transformations taking place in the universe about us which are analogous to the resurrection of the spiritual body. I have said that our religious convictions have arisen from human experience. Men

have experiences as physical beings; do they not also have experiences as spiritual beings? There is a psychical side to nature, and man has a right to spiritual experiences as a spiritual being. What he has a right to, that will he have, for nature and God are one, and work in unison forever. What are the facts in the case? The facts are that all religions are founded upon the idea of immortality, of life after death. Where did that idea come from? You may say God gave it to the world. Yes, he gave it to the world through man's personal experiences. Take the Christian Bible from beginning to end, and if you deny the Spiritualism in it, all you have left is a mass of poorly authenticated history. The spiritual portion of the Bible is drawn wholly from man's spiritual experiences. The angel of the Lord came and said thus and so. The angel of the Lord appeared to Moses, Abraham, Jacob. Who was the angel of the Lord? Sometimes Samuel, sometimes Moses or Elias, men who had lived in the flesh, died and appeared in spiritual form. The whole scheme of salvation, the evidence of Christ's divinity, rests upon spiritual dreams and visions; angel ministrations all the way through. Angels cared for the father, mother and divine child. The angel of the Lord appeared in many forms, and many places, always giving human-like messages, relevant to the human need in its day and hour. The Bibles of all nations are somewhat similar and all teach the immanence of the spiritual powers.

What has been can be again; there is no break in the continuity of law, either physical or spiritual. Therefore if the time ever was that men could have visions and hear a spirit like that heard by Saul before he became the believing Paul, visions like that seen upon the Mount of Transfiguration, of Moses and Elias, communications like that given through the Woman of Endor—if these things could once transpire, if man is so constituted that he ever could communicate with the spiritual world, we may believe that the time has come, or may come, when he will do so again.

What are the facts in the case? Instead of loss of spiritual vision, man through a higher moral unfoldment has become more sensitive to angelic influences and in stronger sympathy with the spiritual world, until you can scarcely find a household to-day that has not a history of some dream, or vision, or spiritual impulse that has proceeded from the world that at one time was altogether invisible, but which is day by day projecting itself more clearly and forcibly upon the consciousness of men. So our scriptures are increasing, our faith in the goodness of God is deepening, our hope for mankind, drawn from our experiences and the pure inspirations received from higher sources and the visions of our beloved arisen, is intensifying through the length and breadth of this world, until here in this little gathering to-day, I doubt not there are a score or more whose spiritual eyes are opened and to whom this congregation is multiplied a hundred fold by the appearances of spiritual intelligences in forms similar to our own.

But I am holding you, I fear, a wearisome length of time, carried away by the breadth of our theme. I hope you will have gathered from these utterances, which of necessity present a large view compressed into a very small compass, a few thoughts which will be the seeds of higher hopes and dearer comforts. I think all of us feel at times as though this life were scarcely worth living; and that without the assurance that this life hinged upon another, higher and sweeter, where harvests ripen with fewer blights, toward which our aspirations point, we would gladly lay the burden down, never to resume it. But, thank God, to us all there come lucid moments in which His light streams through our personal prejudices, overtops preconceived opinions and educational tendencies; and sweeping aside all that has barred the way between our souls and the higher sentiment, the higher comfort, we stand in the presence of the supreme truth that our lives are precious in the sight of God, that our personal joys and sorrows have a divine meaning in them, and that the now in some mysterious way is sympathetically united with the to come in such a degree and in such a relation as will compensate for the sorrow, for the poverty, for the sickness and bereavements of earth.

I have done to-day what Emerson commended. He says: "Look into your heart and write." If you would instruct humanity, if you would touch the hearts of men, look into your heart and speak. I have tried to-day to look into my heart and speak; to tell you something of the thoughts that have come to me through more than forty years of an eventful life; thoughts that have been born of strange changes, revelations of truth born of the bitterest bereavements that the human heart can know, living bereavements as well as those that come through death; and I say to you that amid it all this conviction, that we are immortal and that love knows no death, that there is divine order in and over our lives, a sweet significance in all our suffering, rainbows arching all our tears,

this thought has deepened and strengthened as the years have gone on, until to-day the shadows of death that rested upon the home-altar are luminous, and in them I see the faces of my arisen ones still bound to me by ties of sympathy, still ministering to me and mine through the common order of our human lives; and that we are, side by side, marching onward and upward to a larger knowledge of God, to a deeper trust in Him, as we see how He evolves good from evil, and beauty and hope for all humanity.

I had thought to tell you how close this union may be in the mortal life, and to ask you if it is not a reasonable thing to suppose, since death is but a transition—but one stage in the progressive journey of life, that these dear ones who have done with the common drudgery and have taken up new duties should send back to us encouraging words, loving, sympathetic appeals and warnings when we stray from the path of virtue. I had thought to speak of the incentive which this angelic presence is to nobility of life, to purity of action; to know that the eyes of an angelic being rest upon you, that hearts whom you would not wound for your life are still thrilled by your experience, still have sympathy with your griefs, and still help with their tender presence to bear your burdens. But the hour allotted is spent. I leave my humble offering on the altar of your hearts as the richest in my power to bestow.

IMPROVISATION.

This noble oak that has withstood

The tempests of a century.

Defying earthquake, frost, and flood,

Gaining in size and symmetry,

Until we sit within its shade

As in a temple pure and sweet,

Above the living arches laid,

And soft mosaics at our feet.

Is like God's truth in human life;

The storms of error round it blow,

But strengthened by the bitter strife,

Its beauties ever brighter grow.

The acorn was a humble thing,

Cast from some laden parent stem,

Light burden for a robin's wing,

Yet richer far than any gem.

For lo, it held the mystery

Of life in death, and knew the way

Through some sweet, secret chemistry

To climb from darkness into day.

See what a breadth of space now lies

Between its birthplace in the sod,

And where its topmost branches rise

Like arms outstretched in prayer to God.

Yet had we watched the miracle

With sleepless eyes the whole time through

No one the story e'er could tell,

Of how or when the great oak grew.

Silent and slow, the powers unseen,

In veiled joy the wonder wrought,

Until complete, our temple green,

We dedicate to holy thought.

And 'tis with man as with a tree,

Pushed from below, drawn from above,

He rises to his destiny

Guided and guarded by God's love.

The sweep of seasons, cloud, and sun,

Fair summer's smile, pale winter's blast,

The swing of Time's great pendulum,

That swiftly marks the present, past,

Are but the heart-beats of one life,

From which all lesser life-forms spring,

The least with that sweet glory rife,

Whose birth did make the stars to sing.

As in the acorn lay impearled

The splendors of the full-grown tree,

So shall our larger human world

Unfold its might and majesty

Until it stands forth in the light,

Illumined by truth in every part,

Forever pledged unto the right,

God's peace enshrined within its heart.

After the song, "God be with you till we meet again," Mrs. Watson dismissed the audience with the following benediction:

Now may the ministrations of the blessed arisen be with you through all the days of your mortal life; may they welcome you at the open portals of the better world; and may the smile of God rest upon you now and evermore. Amen.

THE PRINTED BIBLE BEFORE LUTHER.

One of the comical legends of Protestantism is the absurd story of Luther's discovery of the Bible, and his being the first to make it known. Professor T. S. Doolittle, D. D., in *The Christian at Work*, without going headlong into all the absurdities put forward by many, says:

"When Martin Luther discovered that old Bible chained fast to its place and seldom opened, and when he broke the clasps, translated its contents, sent them flying on oracular leaves through the land, proclaimed them in thunder tones from his pulpit, or arrayed them as the one supreme authority against popes and councils; then men began to cry aloud for the salvation of Christ and exhibit new lives."

The new lives exhibited were indeed something far removed from the salvation of Christ. When Luther fell away from the Catholic church printed Bibles were not so old. Gutenberg's Bible, the first book printed from type, was not seventy years old. His edition issued between 1450 and 1455 had been followed by a host of others in Latin; Bibles had been printed in many languages. The Hebrew Old Testament had been printed, and Luther learned in his convent from Catholic teachers to read it; the Septuagint and New Testament had been printed and Luther learned Greek from Catholic teachers to read them. The Bible was printed in German as early as 1466 and at least twelve editions in German and some in Low German appeared before his Bible was completed in 1532. To put him forward as the first to disseminate the scriptures in the vernacular is simply an attempt to impose upon the ignorance of readers. In 1877 there was a great Caxton celebration in London, and early printed books were brought together. The catalogue has been printed under the editorship of George Bullen, keeper of the printed books in the British Museum. The collection was not made by Catholics or for them. They had nothing to do with it. Yet there never was a more splendid refutation of the silly stories about the Bible before Luther, which have been so persistently circulated among deceived and deluded Protestants. The catalogue does not include all editions, but simply those collected from public and private libraries for this exhibition. Now, on the catalogue Luther's Bible, lacking the Prophets, is given on page 112 as number 735. The preceding editions, beginning with Gutenberg's No. 611 pages 91 to 734 were Catholic versions. One hundred and twenty-four Catholic Bibles, testaments, psalters, were there on exhibition, the books themselves bodily, for anyone to see, all printed before Luther's and, all printed between 1450 and 1523, a period of less than seventy-five years, being at the rate of three in every two years. Many were in Latin, but there were also German, beginning 1466; Italian, from 1471, French, from 1477; Dutch, 1477; Low German, 1480; Greek, 1481; Hebrew, 1482; Bohemian, 1488; the polyglot of Cardinal Ximenes giving Hebrew, Chaldee, Greek and Latin in 1514; the psalms in Arabic also in a psalter of 1516. So that in the Caxton exhibition alone with no settled purpose to collect all editions, there were more than a hundred Catholic Bibles printed before Luther's, in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, German, Low German, Italian, French, Arabic, Chaldee, and Bohemian, gathered together in the western galleries at South Kensington. Surely in the face of the Caxton celebration of 1877 the silly old fables about Luther and the Bible ought to be dropped by men with a single grain of common sense.—*Catholic Press*.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

The obligations of law and equity reach only to mankind, but kindness and beneficence should be extended to animals of every species; and these still flow from the breast of a well natured man, as streams that issue the living fountain. A good man will take care of his horses and dogs, not only while they are young, but when old and past service. Thus, the people of Athens, when they had finished the Temple called Heaatompedon, set at liberty the beasts of burden that had been chiefly employed at the work, suffering them to pasture at large, free from any other service. It is said that one of these afterward came of its own accord to work, and putting itself at the head of the laboring cattle, marched before them to the citadel. This pleased the people, and they made a decree that it should be kept at public charge so long as it lived. Many have shown particular regard in burying the dogs which they had cherished and been fond of; and, amongst the rest, Xantippus of old, whose dog swam by the side of his galley to Salamis, when the Athenians were forced to abandon their city, and was afterward buried by him upon a promontory, which to this day is called the Dog's Grave. We certainly ought not to treat living creatures like shoes or household goods, which, when worn out with use, we throw away; and, were it only to learn benevolence to mankind, we should be merciful to other creatures.—*Plutarch*.



NEAR TO NATURE'S HEART.

I'm alone to-night in a solemn wood
That murmurs afar like chafing seas,
For the wandering winds, in fitful mood,
Are playing a march on the towering trees,
And the balsam-firs are sighing soft
To the gentle touch of the courting breeze.

Have pitched my tent on a mossy bank,
And kindled a fire before the door,
Where the flames leap up with many a prank
From the pitchy knots that hiss and roar,
While I turn my steak on a wooden spit,
And the grateful odors upward pour.

How sweet to the taste is the simplest dish
When the wood-nymphs pour their flavors rare:
Ye housed-up kings in vain may wish
In a banquet hall so rich to share
As regales the palate of him who drinks
Of the sylvan stream and the tonic air.

But now the evening meal is past,
And the wings of flame have flown away
From their nest of coals, now fading fast,
And drowning deep in the ashes gray,
And to me, when alone, draws nature near,
And talks in a sweet, familiar way.

She whispers love from every breeze,
And laughs in the brooklet soft and low,
And, down through the netted limbs of trees,
She looks on me from the stars that glow
As a mother's eyes, when the beams of love
On her first-born babe begin to flow.

And I, as a child in the mother's arms,
O'ercome with sleep and with love caressed,
Full far removed from the world's alarms,
Lie down in the soft embrace of rest,
While nature chants her lullaby song
And soothes me to sleep on her gentle breast.

—FOREST AND STREAM.

In physiognomic mobility, and variety, and definiteness of expression Japanese women are doubtless, as a rule, inferior to our women; but by way of atonement they have a fixed facial expression of amiability and girlish sweetness that is extremely fascinating. This charming expression, which is a result of the habits of obedience, kindly disposition, and desire to please, inbred and cultivated from their childhood, is common to all classes from the humblest to the highest, says the *Cosmopolitan*. In courteousness, esthetic taste, good manners, and personal cleanliness the lowly and ignorant women of Japan are far superior to the corresponding grade in America or Europe, and, indeed, to many who make pretenses to a higher sphere. Besides the expression of amiability there is another one of contentment and absence of worry that attracts one in these women. This is found even in the servant-maids, who are always at beck and call; even in the laborers in the muddy, malodorous rice fields, under a hot sun; even in the poor women and girls who, for one cent an hour, spend ten hours a day stirring tea with their bare hands in a hot kettle. As regards sparkling, laughing eyes it would be difficult to find anything to match the dark orbs of the Japanese maidens when you chaff them in English, which sounds so funny to them, or in (your) Japanese, which sounds more funny still. They are the merriest girls in the world, always ready to laugh on the slightest provocation, and their laugh is as musical as their language. They are naturally fond of reading, and there is a large literature especially written for them by authors, male and female. As regards the latter Mr. Aston remarks: "I believe no parallel is to be found in the history of European letters to the remarkable fact that a very large proportion of the best writings of the best age of Japanese literature was the work of women." Were I asked, "Are Japanese women beautiful?" I should say that Japanese women are rarely beautiful, because they age too soon; but Japanese girls are often extremely pretty, and as a rule delightfully sweet, fascinating, and girlish. Japanese men perhaps seem to us somewhat feminine in physical appearance, but in Japan itself this does not strike the eye, because the women are so much more so. They are indeed the most womanly women in the world.

Says a New York paper: "It may not be generally known that a half-a-dozen gentlewomen earn a handsome living in New York city by holding conversation classes, and giving private lessons in that

most difficult art. The members as a rule represent the very best social element, being men and women of polite birth and breeding... boys and girls just graduating from the school-room, or elderly persons who insist on private coaching, are often shy and filled with consternation at the sound of their own voices. It is the task of these ladies to instil courage and grace into their pupils' manner of talking. They are not only taught the art of selecting suitable topics, with happy comments on the same, but are advised against long-winded anecdotes, dreary stories, tiresome personal and family affairs, *risqué* allusions, sarcasm and scandal. Then the careful professor gives laughing lessons, which include correct modulation of the voice, and a stern repression of the giggle. She stimulates the despondent by showing how much attention has to do with catching up the thread of a conversation and carrying it on to entertaining lengths; and teaches that a courteous, intelligent listener has already learned a potent secret in developing the agreeable talker."

Elizabeth B. Chace, of Valley Falls, R. I., a pioneer Abolitionist, a co-worker with William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips, now in her eighty-fifth year, has written, and published, dedicated to her children, a small volume of ante-slavery reminiscences, says the *Philanthropist*. It recounts many most interesting incidents of the historic anti-slavery contest of which she was personally cognizant, and interprets its lesson concerning other needed reforms. Referring to its educational value she says: "There is no better influence toward the building up of a strong, virtuous manhood and womanhood, than the espousal, early in life, of some humanitarian cause as a foundation. By such preparations men and women are ready to take up all questions which concern the advancement of mankind. The slavery of the black man is abolished. The shackles have fallen from his limbs, and he is crowned with the diadem of citizenship. It is too late to become an Abolitionist now. But, in the process of over-throwing one great wrong there is always laid bare some other wrong, which requires for its removal the same self-sacrificing spirit, the same consecration to duty, as accomplished the preceding reform."

An extraordinary woman died lately at Lansingburg, N. Y., her life having spanned one century and ten months of another. The centenarian naturally attracts public attention because of great age, but it was not longevity alone that made Mrs. Deborah Powers, especially in her last years, one of the most striking figures within our observation. Her career was remarkable in its two-fold character. A daughter, wife and mother for thirty years, this woman then entered man's estate so far as the assumption of business cares and responsibilities permitted. She died famous as the "oldest banker" in the world and the reputed possessor of \$2,000,000. For over sixty years Mrs. Powers was the actual head of a large manufacturing establishment, and even as late as the beginning of this month she had personally inspected business affairs demanding her attention and had signed papers submitted to her for approval. There has been no other woman whose life can be cited as a parallel. Mrs. Powers was born Deborah Ball, August 5, 1790, at Hebron, N. H.

Of the support that a wife may claim from a husband Lelia Robinson Sawtelle says in the *Chautauquan*: At common law and in the great majority of states, a wife, however wealthy she may be in her own right, may yet claim and receive from her husband necessities suitable to his means, however poor he is. And there are very few states where a wife's property may be taken in payment for necessities for herself or for the family, even if the husband is penniless and cannot pay. Unless, of course, the wife contracts for necessities on her own credit instead of his, in which case she and her property may now be held nearly everywhere. But the support which she can claim is only such as accords with her husband's means, not her own. And he is the soul arbiter as to the place where the family shall live and the manner of life, so that it be reasonably healthful and comfortable. In a recent case, a wife owned a fine house and estate where she wished to reside with her husband and family, but he required her to live elsewhere with him in a much humbler fashion, probably expecting her to lease her own place and apply the rent money to family expenses. It was held that she must go with him where he chose to establish the

family domicile, and that if she refused so to do, it would be desertion on her part.

The daily *Saratogian* of July 9th, referring to Mrs. Hester M. Poole as a guest at the Circular street house in Saratoga, says: Mrs. Poole is a woman of strong intellectual powers and literary ability. Her articles on "Interior Decoration," rich with new ideas and practical hints for making the home beautiful are to be found in all the leading journals of the day. Her vivid descriptions of the interior of some of the great houses in Washington, the White House and the residences of the Childs and the Logans were eagerly read by readers of the *Art Journal* and *Decorator* this spring. Her facile pen also discusses matters relating to culture and morality with marked effect.

A large bouquet from Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, was sent to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe at Hartford lately on her eightieth birthday. It has been the custom of the firm for many years to send a floral tribute to the veteran authoress, and at this time flowers give her the greatest pleasure. Her mind steadily fails. Her physical faculties, however, continue remarkably well preserved, and she is yet able to make daily visits to the houses of friends in her immediate neighborhood. Her physician believes that she may survive for ten years longer, yet it is not impossible that death may occur at any moment.

The history of women in journalism dates back of 1772, when Clementine Reid printed and edited the *Virginia Gazette*, a paper devoted to the colonial cause. Two years later Mrs. H. Boyle started a royalist paper having the same name. The latter was the first paper to publish the declaration of independence. Since 1850 women have been editing departments in weekly papers and for twenty years they have served upon the city and correspondent staffs of daily papers.

"BOSTON AND OTHER SACRED PLACES."—OLD BOOKS.

TO THE EDITOR: Some time in May you said that I had gone eastward, "to Boston and other sacred places," using the words, I sadly fear, in such jesting mood as the ungodly sometimes indulge in. I may, however, be wrong in this, and will bring no railing accusation against so serious a personage as an editor is supposed to be. But I did find in the old city by the sea, proofs that it was growing in a sanctity higher than that of its olden days. I saw in Music Hall a thousand people at a woman suffrage banquet, and heard good talk there, upholding the sacredness of womanhood. I found, during anniversary week, that the yearly meetings of Universalists and Unitarians had come to the front in interest and importance, while those of the so-called orthodox sects are in the rear, a change, showing that ideas of the Divine goodness and the progress of man in spiritual life are being held more sacred than the wrath of God and the bells and devils of the bygone faith.

At the Longwood yearly meeting of the Progressive Friends in Pennsylvania, I found that the "inner light" of Quakerism was shining beyond the range of discipline or query, and in the pulpit of the old Unitarian church at Newburgh on the Hudson there was liberty to seek for more light. I found no yearly meeting of Spiritualists, but the leaven of the inspiring truths of our movement is everywhere.

I write this from a pleasant Quaker-like home in Sherwood, south of Auburn, N. Y., where I used to meet Slocum Howland of anti-slavery memory, and where his daughter Emily, known for her good works, now lives. In the library here I find two rare old books. One is "The History of the World," by Sir Walter Raleigh, the first of three volumes, the only one indeed ever printed, as his brief life on earth was ended by the axe of the executioner after his seven years imprisonment in the Tower of London for alleged treason, during which he wrote this great work. It is a heavy book of a thousand quarto pages, its original cover of vellum, with brass clasps, replaced by a plainer leather binding, but its quaint type, its old leaves, its strange pictures and spelling all as they were when it was printed, as its last page tells us, "by William Jagged, London, for Walter Burre, and to be sold at his shoppe in Paule's Churchyard, at the sign of the Crane, A. D. 1621." A sentence from its last page will give some idea of its wealth of thought

as well as of its ancient style. The author says: "God is the sorest and sharpest schoolmaster that can be devised for such kings as thinke this world ordained for them, without controulment to turne it upside-downe at their pleasure.... O, eloquent, just and mighty Death! whom none could advise thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared thou hast done; and whom all the worlde hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the worlde and despised; thou hast drawne together all the farre-stretched greatnesse, all the pride, crueltie and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words: *Ubi jacet.*"

Raleigh was a brilliant gentleman, a ripe scholar, a better man than some of those who brought him to a sad end. His letter to his wife and child, written in the Tower just before he was led out to meet a cruel death, came to my mind as one of the most wisely thoughtful and tender epistles in the world, as I looked over these old pages. A written leaf on the opening page tells that it was brought from England about 1636, by George Colton, of Oxford University, an officer of the British army, who settled in Springfield and Long Meadow, Mass., and from whom are descended the Coltons I knew in my Springfield birth-place.

The other old work found here, and open before me as I write, is the "Magnalia Christi Americana, or The Ecclesiastical History of New England; from the first planting in 1620 unto the year of our Lord 1698, by the Reverend and learned Cotton Mather, D. D., F. R. S., and Pastor of the North Church in Boston, New England." This is printed in 1820, a reprint of the London edition of 1702, and its two volumes are a compound of history, biography, pedantic learning, theology, grim bigotry and tender feeling, strangely jumbled together. Hard epithets are piled on the Quakers, who are held as rank infidels, and a story comes in of one of this "pestilent sort" who stroked people with his hands and so made them subject to his wicked will—a devilish power, as the Puritan preacher held it, but quite like what we call mesmerism or hypnotism.

No evil deeds are told of, but all are held as from Satan. No ray of light as to the real meaning of Quakerism ever reached the mind or soul of Cotton Mather. His bigotry was like a triple wall of brass shutting out the white radiance.

Of witches we have a score of examples; women riding on broomsticks at night to some devil's meeting and signing their names in the devil's book; children tormented, men smitten down; poem and prayer and sermon from lips all unversed in eloquent speech and quite like modern mediumship; raps and moving furniture like later manifestations, all devoutly believed and all held as satanic in origin and aim, leading to the gallows in a score of cases, to heart-breaking cruelty in many more. A single extract must suffice: "Mr. J. C., deacon of the church in Charlestown, told me that his wife, sick for divers months, was, on August 8, 1683, seized with the pangs of death; in which, being delirious, she asked divers times who would go with her whither she was going? At length she said: 'Well, my son Robert will go,' and, addressing her speech as to him, expressed her satisfaction that they should go together. This son was at that time in Barbadoes; and his friends here have since learned that he died there and this at the very hour when his mother here gave up the ghost, and (which is further odd) not without the like expression concerning his mother which she had concerning him."

The following is given as, in Mather's opinion, a work of good angels: A "sintly" woman, in 1691, dying, in good standing for piety and in blessed peace of soul, and his friend, John Bailey, her husband, an excellent man, being present says: "She then desired that we would sing some psalm of praise to the riches of His grace; but our harps were hanged on the willows and we could not. Yet there was melodious singing at that very time! I heard it myself, and intended never to speak of it until the nurse B. and M. S. both spoke of it. They went unto the fire thinking it was there, but they heard it best when within the curtains. God, by his holy angels, put an honor upon my dear little woman; and by it reproved us, that seeing we could not sing (being bad at it) they would."

In this instance Mather's heart was touched, but the woman was not a heretic or a reputed witch; for such his tender mercies were cruel. We may well be glad that a better light is dawning.

By the middle of July we hope to be home at Detroit again. Yours truly,
G. B. STEBBINS,
SHERWOOD, Cayuga Co., N. Y.



PSYCHIC PHENOMENA.

TO THE EDITOR: In 1888 I had a lady friend staying with me who was very mediumistic, a Miss Hess, now Mrs. Wesley Fanning, of San Jose, Cal. We, with the other members of my family, used to sit quite often to see what kind of manifestations would be given us. After a few sittings my oldest child, a boy of ten, began to develop remarkable clairvoyant and very good psychometric powers. The things he saw were seldom of a spiritual nature, but pertaining to persons or things on the earthly plane; for instance, we would say to him, "How many letters will there be at the postoffice to-morrow?" and he would tell us the number of letters and papers, who they were from, if he knew the senders; if not, he would give an accurate description of them. This he would do at any time or place after he had sat in a few circles. He would also describe the writer of any letter we gave him, giving the physical appearance and mental characteristics. One day a gentleman who was interested in Haytian affairs asked to see if he could take a trip to Hayti. My son at once began describing an ocean steamer such as plies between this port and New York, the arrival in New York, the change to a different steamer, the long journey in a different direction, the arrival of the steamer in port, a city with hills beyond, the clear streams of water running from the hills to the seashore, and many other things; then he remained silent for some time, but after awhile said: "The people are nearly all black; they are dressed like soldiers, and they are fighting." The gentleman said: "You are right about every thing but one—there is no fighting there." "Well," said he, "I saw them fighting any way." A short time after this the gentleman stopped to show us the morning paper with an account of the revolution in Hayti and speaking of a battle near Port au Prince, which occurred on the same day the child saw the vision. He said a gypsy he called Roscoe showed him everything he saw in pictures that looked as though they were alive, and that when he told us about things he did not see, he felt them like something pushing hard inside his head until he told them. With Captain Massey, of Ohio, he seemed to come in very close rapport, and could see and describe many events in his past life to the minutest detail. At one time he told a long story about an old house and some dark, piratical-looking men, who buried a keg and a box of money and jewels under one corner of the kitchen. The captain said the things the child described were exactly what he had dreamed several years before, concerning an old house in the city. Afterward when out walking with the child, he pointed to a house and said: "There is the house I saw, Captain." "Well, that is the house I was in when I dreamed that dream, Eddie, and that is the house I dreamed about," said the captain.

After a time other boys found out about the child's clairvoyance, and laughed at and teased him so much that he grew very reluctant to sit for us, and at the present time the gift has almost left him.

VIRGIE C. MOON.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

THE PROBLEM OF LIFE.

TO THE EDITOR: Any theory of life worth a moment's thought, must rest upon God as a bottom idea. All forces are, in their sum total, the resultant of one great force; otherwise the unity of the universe is broken up, because the continuity of law is destroyed. The boasted thesis of the unbeliever is the uniformity seen in the operation of law. The outcome is man, mind, intelligence. Intelligence then must have been the great driving power behind these forces, because the result proves it. Forces operate, but are not operators.

Physical forces do not govern man as if he was a lump of inert matter; on the contrary he governs them—not by the might in his arm, but by the might that is in his mind. Any theory of materialism that can be made to stand upon its legs, must make man an automaton—that is, man must be considered as wholly material. The moment we give supremacy to mind over matter, that moment materialism becomes a dead carcass, because right here

freedom steps in—the freedom of the will—and this is the pivot upon which the controversy turns. No doubt all had been well but for freedom. Perfect machinery works perfectly. Nosing could have entered through the closed gates of necessity; but then merit would have been shut out, praise and blame could not have been put into our dictionary. Exercise had been needless. Floating jellyfish would have described man as simply the product of necessity. But if crape is upon all our doors because of freedom, why was such a devil permitted to enter into the world? With no tendency to sin, man could not have gone wrong. All would have worked like oiled machinery, no friction, no jar. Love would have ascended from the heart as perfume from the flower. Really, I wish it could have been that way, since merit belongs now to the few and demerit to the many. But God knew best.

After all, the good man grows more and more automatic, for the time comes when he cannot do wrong. So also the bad man, by force of habit, grows to be automatic because he cannot do right. But see what a struggle of contending forces have been employed to make the world what it is. The cosmos is a maelstrom that drowns all but the strong swimmer. The centripetal and the centrifugal forces are universal. Life itself is a struggle, because the death forces are busy to push us into the grave. To live at all, the physical forces are to be fought. They are in line of battle to fight us from the cradle to the grave. The tree growing upward defies gravitation, because the life force approaches mind, which is the master force of them all. Gravitation pulls against the balloon, but the man in it inflates it—not with gas simply, but with intelligence. Thus he ascends to the stars! It is by cuffing the clouds that the eagle grows strong. It is by heroic effort that man achieves personal immortality. He survives because he is fitted for a loftier world.

PINELLAS, FLA.

R. E. NEELD.

SUICIDES.

TO THE EDITOR: It must strike the attention of most observers through the daily press the increasing numbers of suicides! Sometimes the prompting cause is apparent, and sometimes quite obscure; or so obscure indeed that it can be known but to the perpetrator. The writer having long since discarded the orthodox idea of a fiery future, has come to feel that when a human creature whether from disease, disappointment or want of power of giving himself or others relief, find his prospects and surroundings unbearable, he should not be blamed, if so disposed, to retire from the world in the least offensive way.

One would think that the idea of a fiery future so constantly preached was loosing its influence, inasmuch as Christian divines are found at times to "jump the life to come."

Being for many years past an examiner into the occultism of Spiritualism I have many recognitions of former acquaintances from the spirit domain from whose brief messages I have learned that some regretted their unprepared condition for so important a change. Some were killed in violent personal contention, some in ungovernable passion; and alas! too many by indulgence in the intoxicating cup. Now if this rudimentary state of earthly existence could be considered as one vast academy, a rash suicide would be thought a species of truancy, a shirking, as it were, from the academy with their lessons unlearned.

Among the various recognitions I have received, there was one from a former associate by the name of E. N—le; he committed suicide by drowning in the year 1855. In age he was about forty-three. In the first message from him—for I have had several—he expressed extreme misery over his condition, said he found no body, saw nobody, and seemed to be in a vast wilderness and hoped God would forgive him. In his next message he said his surroundings were more cheerful, and concluded thus, "I have now seen my mother," and denounced the sale of liquor, saying "Rum is the ruin of mankind." When he committed suicide he kept an extensive hotel.

For some years I had nothing from him; but at last one was received, and the way it came was remarkable. I was getting a message from a young man, Orville W. Fisher, when he paused to say, "Here is an old friend of yours by the name of N—le; would you like to hear from him?" "By all means" I said; "let him give me a few words." "Bruce, I look back with abhorrence on my deed of suicide, and still

greater abhorrence at the blinding Roman Catholic religion."

I should mention that Mr. N—le was in earth life a strong Roman Catholic.

DAVID BRUCE.

MIXED.

TO THE EDITOR: Speaking of the blending of the true and false in mediumship recalls a point or two in my experience in the seventies, when I was ardent in the pursuit of "tests," and in which I continued with alternate success and failure until I feared that I was the dupe of an *ignis fatuus*.

I was among the many victims in Boston of Mrs. Bennett and her fellow-conspirator, "Sunflower," the Indian spook. Before their exposure and their confession of fraud as "materializers," I introduced Mrs. Bennett to the late Charles H. Foster at the Parker House, where he was giving striking evidence of his great power as a psychic. Foster received her with cordiality and volunteered to assure me of her genuineness as a medium. He said he should attend one of her sances, where he hoped to meet his friends, the late Alice and Phoebe Cary. Then he admiringly recited a verse of a poem by one of the sisters and arranged with Mrs. Bennett for a meeting with them in materialized form. I went with Foster to the Bennett house at the appointed time, and, of course, the "Cary sisters" were not only there, but one of them repeated the verse which Foster had recited to Mrs. Bennett. I am ashamed to confess that I did not question the genuineness of the performance, while Foster, inconsistently with his previous expression of faith in Mrs. Bennett, privately assured me that it was an ingenious and robust fraud.

After "Sunflower" had been pulled out from under the trap-door in the floor of Mrs. Bennett's back parlor, in McLean street, she called on me and protested that, although she had been guilty of personating spirits, the performances were accompanied by so many inexplicable incidents of seemingly supermundane origin that she had herself become frightened. Among these incidents she mentioned the frequent identifications by friends of those whom she personated. Mrs. Wildes, to me, an undoubted psychic, who attended one or more of these exhibitions and like the rest of us swallowed it all, insisted, even after the exposure, that there was something more than fraud in it all.

Z. T. H.

"CHILDREN'S DAY."

TO THE EDITOR: I think some of our representative Spiritualists ought to take up the subject of "Children's Day," as observed at this date by various orthodox churches. The ideas concerning declamations, flower decorations, tableaux, etc., have been stolen from the Spiritualist and free thought elements, the more progressive church denominations, or those that ought to be such, having been the first to do the stealing. Or, perhaps it would be more charitable to call it a "borrowing" of ideas! I remember that seventeen years ago, when I was one of the younger members of a progressive congregation of liberalists under the leadership of Charles C. Burleigh, and Elizabeth Powell, how dreadful our children's day exercises—held oftener than once a year—did seem to our pious neighbors. What would they have thought, how do they feel to-day, regarding similar exercises held on "Rose Sunday" by their own brothers and sisters in the Presbyterian faith? And what of a Spiritualist being allowed to compose a poem for such an occasion, as I was permitted to do of late? The exercises referred to took place yesterday, and I send you the poem.

Respectfully yours,

LELIA B. HEWES.

[The poem is given below.—ED.]

CHILDREN'S DAY.

(Except ye become as a little child, ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven.)

The words of the Master, meek and mild,
Are, that to become as a little child,
Is to enter the kingdom of heaven!
And, therefore, do we come to-day,
From our human natures, to cast away
All taint of a selfish heaven.

That, all alike, we may children be!
No malice, spite, or hypocrisy,
That their deeper wisdom may be ours.
The love of the Christ-child come to stay
In each of our hearts, this Children's Day,
Among the birds and flowers!

THE SALVATION OF MEDIUMSHIP.

James Burns, editor of the *Medium and Daybreak*, who for nearly forty years has been in close and sympathetic relation with mediums, in a discourse last month, said:

The salvation of mediumship consists in the normal culture of the spirit from within, and not an abnormal domination of the medium's mental powers from without. Our normal workers in Spiritualism have most of the "inspiration," the boldness to state their views, new ideas, disinterested motives. The Spirit-world helps those most who help themselves. It is a monstrous pretense to suppose that a certain controlled class are the special favorites of the Spirit-world. We all bear the same relationship thereto. It is expressed in one way and on one plane through some, and in other ways and on a different plane through others. It is the light of the conscious spirit within the mind that is of greatest importance. Our best mediums, if they overdo this promiscuous and abnormal work, falter and flounder about in their descriptions and speeches, not knowing whether they are speaking truly and sensibly or not. But the interiorly enlightened medium, who does not prostitute his gift and abuse it with evil conditions, knows that what he says and sees is true! In the one case it is like a blind man being led; in the other case it is like a man with sight, intelligently directing others.

To save mediumship all this professional traffic must be abandoned; these platform exhibitions for collections and pay must be put a stop to. How painful it is to think that the self-constituted "leaders" of Spiritualism are quite ignorant of its principles, and by their wrong methods are doing all they can to destroy it! Do not use any spiritual power for worldly purposes: it is for high and holy purposes. Learn to know the truth; speak it with mind and soul alive to its beauty, and you will be inspired with a force and speak with a power that is wholly wanting on our platform to-day. Desire to bless humanity spiritually, instead of pandering to their selfish needs, and a light of clairvoyance will shine forth which has never yet been seen in Spiritualism. In proportion as we regulate and cultivate our own minds, so will we be fitting instruments for the aid of spirits and the expression of high and glorious spiritual truths.

OVERHEARD.

"Good mornin' brudder Rippon, Ize glad to meet yer."

"Mornin' brudder Green; hopes yer iz rite well. Wife an chilluns all well?"

"All verry tank de good lord. But, brudder Rippon Ize been quite obfustercated in mine 'bout de hubbub 'bout wision an de shism ob de grate 'feshon and de grede ob de westerner."

"I spose yer 'lude brudder Green, to de grate abner grede an de minister west 'feshon. Well yer know mos ob our troubles ob late com frum de vest. Dar am de 'narchists, de grate 'liances, people's party, de cyclones an de buzzards, an now hit am dis west abby 'feshon—what's boun to tro a man ebby time yer rassal wid it."

"Why, I taut hit wuz 'bout 'ligion sum greede we iz boun to no or be dam."

"Yes, brudder Green, grate dele 'bout 'ligion in 49 chapters—to be continued—a grede long an grave like az de vestminister cimetary. Plenty 'ligion an risticratie teology and not so much ob de simple charm ob de chile Christ."

"Brudder Rippon stop rite dar, yer struk hit rite. Now I unnerstan bout de late big fite—wus dan de Jackson an Corbit—and rassal wid de gredes by de reverened gemplins, and de D. D.'s, an L. L. D.'s, an de F. R. S. an de A. S. S.'s. Who wud tink divinity so sick to make so much docterin ob 'cesity. Gredes! gredes! only gredes, wat am hit hall 'bout? Wat de debbil am de use? I tel yer Brudder Rippon I beleve dat deeds—do good to yer nabor am better un any creed—an praps hit am dis we read am hid from de grate an mity learned, de punishin grave an reverend sinners an am 'vealed unto babes."

"Yes, Brudder Green, yer got it rite—'ef yer nabor's hungry, feed him; 'ef he's dry, give em a drink. Mornin, brudder, see yer later."

W. D. R.

When we are trying to keep cool,
Then comes along the summer fool,
With beaded brow and fiery phiz,
Exclaiming, Phew! how hot it is!

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head are for sale at, or can be ordered through the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

Gospel Criticism and Historical Christianity. A Study of the Gospels and the History of the Gospel Canon During the Second Century, with a Consideration of the results of Modern Criticism. By Orello Cone, D. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1891. pp. 355.

This is a work well adapted to the use of laity and scholars who have not the time or patience to dig in the mine of German theological works. The very catalogue of German writers on the canon and the several gospels is almost as formidable as Homer's catalogue of the ships. In this book, evidently by a ripe scholar and a diligent worker in the German mine, not forgetting the comparatively few English and French works, is a very complete summary of the results of modern criticism of the gospels and the literature, to which a discussion of their origin and history has given rise. The author disclaims any dogmatic tendencies and strives to be impartial between the several theories propounded as to the origin of the gospels, but his rational or liberal leanings are manifest, though by no means offensively so.

The first chapter is occupied with the text, in which is described the autographs, copies, extra-textual witnesses and manuscripts, with a description of the changes made unintentionally, intentionally, and with dogmatic leanings. Chapter two is occupied with the formation of the canon, in which it is shown that the claim of inspiration of the authors of the four gospels was not made before Irenaeus and Tertullian, near the close of the second century. In chapter three is discussed the "Synoptic problem" and the hypothesis of copying from a common written source of an original gospel and of oral tradition. The chapter concludes with the course of more recent criticism and the author's summary, which is substantially to the effect that the original of the three synoptic gospels was the "Logia," or as Strauss says, the "pithy sayings of Jesus." The author says, "The hypothesis accordingly appears reasonable that in the earliest tradition, the sayings of Jesus were handed down only as isolated fragments; and not until later were inquiries raised as to the occasions which gave rise to them." The remaining four chapters are devoted to a discussion of the composition of the four gospels, Mark being regarded as the earliest, next Matthew, followed by Luke. The composition of Mark at Rome is put in the last years of the sixties, Matthew not before the year seventy and is ascribed to a Jew of the dispersion, probably in Asia Minor, certainly not in Palestine; the date of Luke is given as about ninety, and it was written outside of Palestine in Gentile-Christian territory. A long chapter is devoted to John, "the only tender, true, chief-gospel" according to Luther. The composition of this gospel was by a writer unknown, who had probably the other gospels before him. He wrote with the purpose of exalting the character of Jesus. "The personality of the writer of this gospel is exclusively prominent." It was probably written in the second quarter of the second century.

The "Eschatology of the Gospels" is the subject of chapter eight. Dogmatic "tendencies" of the gospels are treated of in chapter nine. "The Old Testament in the Gospels" is next discussed, and an interesting chapter on the Gospels as histories follows, in which a thread of real historical character is recognized, however obscured by legendary matter, "tendencies" and other disturbing elements.

There is a summary of results in the last chapter, under "Criticism and Historical Christianity," in which the author says: "The history of criticism shows a tendency, in fact, to construct rather than destroy, to establish rather than over-throw historical Christianity. If historical Christianity is made to include such doctrines as the infallibility of the records, original sin, total depravity, the trinity, imputed righteousness, a vicarious atonement, and endless punishment, then, so far criticism is unfriendly. If, however, it means that Jesus of Nazareth lived, that he was a personality of unsurpassed moral and spiritual greatness, that he taught a morality and religion founded upon the doctrine that God is the father of all men, and all men are brothers, the central, practical precept of which is love toward God and man, that he lived a blameless, worshipful life of consecration, in which his great teachings were eminently illustrated; that he performed some works which in his age were

regarded as wonders, that after an amazing and brilliant career of a few months in Galilee, he was crucified at Jerusalem; and that he was thereupon in some way manifested to those who loved him and followed him, as victorious over death: if these are the essential contents of historical Christianity, then it finds in criticism not an opposing and destructive agent, but a helpful ally."

The book is a valuable addition to the discussion now going on, of the origin and value of "The Scriptures."

Bars and Thresholds. By Mrs. Emma Miner. 1891. Published by the author, 35 Water st., Clinton, Mass. pp. 210. Price, paper, 50 cents.

It usually spoils the charm of a love story proper to have any "ism" mixed up with its plot and denouement, and few are the writers venturing to do this who do not thereby mar the romance of the story they aim to tell. But in "Bars and Thresholds" Mrs. Miner gives us a story in which love and Spiritualism are about equally mixed, and yet so skillfully are they combined that the reader's attention is interested in the outcome of each. There is not in the whole book a tiresome speech or "preachy" page. The action is rapid, natural, vigorous. The dialogue is unstilted, bright, spicy, true to life. A rich but stern Presbyterian grandmother, a bigoted, spying governess and a returned missionary are the heavy "villians" of the story. The principal heroes are two noble-hearted men, a preacher and the village doctor; these two become converts to Spiritualism through the mediumship of the pretty orphan heroine, Doris, the granddaughter of the Presbyterian lady, who thinks Spiritualism is of the devil, and persecutes her grandchild and all who aid in her mediumship. Another medium is an innocent but ignorant child of the slums, adopted through pity by the doctor's mother. One of the principal characters in the book is a charming old lady, grandaunt to the heroine, who at the beginning of the tale is the only believer in Spiritualism of the group. Nearly all phases of spirit phenomena are described incidentally in the working out of the story. Several minor love affairs crop out of the events occurring to the chief personages which give an added interest to the story as a whole. Mrs. Miner will be remembered by JOURNAL readers as the author of the bright storyette, "Was it a Dream?" and other contributions to this paper in verse and prose.

Verses. By Helen T. Clark. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1891. pp. 70.

Mrs. Clark is well known as a contributor of stories, essays and poems to such periodicals as the *Christian Union*, *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, *Springfield (Mass.) Republican*, *Boston Transcript*, *Frank Leslie's Newspaper*, *Boston Index* and other literary journals. In this modestly named little volume she has brought together only a few of her widely scattered gems of poetic thought. Sometime we hope to see a full volume containing all her best work, for from this we miss a number of remembered poems. These "Verses" give forth rhythmic tones, as love, sorrows, and sympathy touch the heart fibres of the writer. A noble humanitarianism inspires her muse, and "Prometheus," "Deferred," "On the Heights" and "An Appeal to Caesar" with many others are nobly uplifting in their expressions of unselfish idealism. Mrs. Clark is not a Spiritualist, and yet the poem entitled "Transients" which is given in another column would seem to indicate a knowledge of spirit presence.

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From the Standpoint of a Scientist.

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—BY—

PROF. ELLIOTT COUES, M. D.,

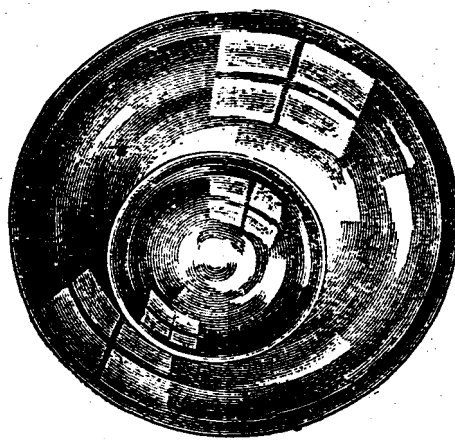
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Cloth, 271 pp. Price \$1.25. For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. C. BUNDY, Chicago.

IMPORTED EDITION.

Lights and Shadows OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY D. D. HOME.

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APPENDIX.

This covers eight pages and was not included in the American edition. It is devoted to a brief account of a young medium who under spirit influence wrote poetry of a high order. Extracts from these poetic inspirations are given. The appendix is an interesting and most fitting conclusion of a valuable book.

This is the English edition originally published at \$4.00. It is a large book, equal to 600 pages of the average 12mo., and much superior in every way to the American edition published some years ago. Originally published in 1877, it was in advance of its time. Events of the past twelve years have justified the work and proven Mr. Home a true prophet, guide and adviser in a field to which his labor, gifts and noble character have given lustre. 8vo., 412 pages. Price, \$2.00.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. C. BUNDY, Chicago.

BE STILL, MY HEART.

By Mrs. E. L. WATSON.

Be still, my heart; thy prayer denied
Mayhap some greater good doth mean,
Fulfillment of a sweeter dream
Born on some near, in-coming tide.

Be still, my heart; in retrospect
Re-read the pages of thy past,
Behold how sorrows deep and vast
Were glooms where latent glories slept:

Be still, my heart; and then perchance
Thy inner ear may catch a strain
Of higher music, born of pain,
From souls up-caught in holy trance.

Be still, my heart; in love with Love
Thou sought for some one needing thine,
Ne'er doubting that the gift divine
Would meet with blessings from above.

But though mankind a-hungred seems
The proffered bread untasted waits:
Without the world-hearts closed gates,
While my full heart hugs empty dreams.

Be still, my heart; be still and trust;
No wise prayer ever was denied;
No evil can the good betide,
God rules, and what He wills is just.

SIR CUPID.

Sir Cupid once, as I have heard,
Determined to discover
What kind of a man a maid preferred
Selecting for a lover.

So, putting on a soldier's coat,
He talked of martial glory;
And from the way he talked, they say,
She seemed to like—the story.

Then, with a smile sedate and grim,
He changed his style and station;
In shovel hat and gaiters trim
He made his visitation.

He talked of this, discoursed on that,
Of Palestine and Hermon;
And from the way he preached, they say,
She seemed to like—the sermon!

Then, changed again, he came to her
A roaring, rattling sailor.
He cried "Yo-ho! I love you so!"
And vowed he'd never fall her.

He talked of star and compass true,
The glories of the ocean;
And from the way he sang, they say,
She seemed to like—the notion!

Then Cupid, puzzled in his mind,
Discarded his disguises.
"That you no preference seem to find
My fancy much surprises."

"Why so?" she cried with roguish smile,
"Why, prithee, why so stupid?
I do not care what garb you wear
So long as you are—Cupid!"

—TEMPLE BAR.

A SUGGESTION.

She had lingered long by the window-pane,
And watched with her childish, impatient eyes,
The countless drops of the beating rain,
And the leader, relentless skies.

At length, when the dreary day was done,
She told her thoughts, in the twilight gray;
"You know there's a bureau in Washington,
Where weather is stowed away.

"And when it's so stormy and cold and wet,
I wonder what they are thinking about,
Not to open some other drawer and get
A different weather out!"

—HATTIE LUNNIS, IN JULY ST. NICHOLAS.

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Dear ghosts, whose softly-trailing robes we hear,
Yet see not—wide we set the household door,
That your beloved footfalls, as of yore,
May seek the old familiar hearth-light's cheer.

So dark! So cold! The winter wind blows shrill,
Haste in, dear ghosts, that we may bar it out
Nor stand in such pathetic lingering doubt.
The old love waits you—ah, the old love still!

Here are your places in the broken chain,
Dear lips unknissed—dear hands we may not hold—
Dear feet, love-led across the dim white wold
To share the old remembered life again.

When you go forth into the wailing night
Back to your lonely graves, bear with you hence
Our chrisms of tears—poor, tardy penitence
For careless deeds our grief would fain set right.

Aye, let those tears—dropped crystals in the
snow—

Be jewel-gems to guide you home again,
To your old places in the broken chain,
Silent—unseen—within the hearth-light's glow!

"Your son, I hear, is becoming an excellent land-
scape painter."

"He is."

"Does he imitate nature well?"

"Imitate nature! He beats nature. He can put
colors into a landscape that nature never dreamed
of."

They poulticed her feet and poulticed her head,
And blistered her back till 'twas smarting and red,
Tried tonics, elixirs, pain-killers and salves,
(Though grandma declared it was nothing but
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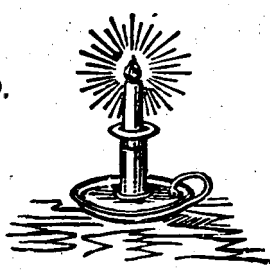
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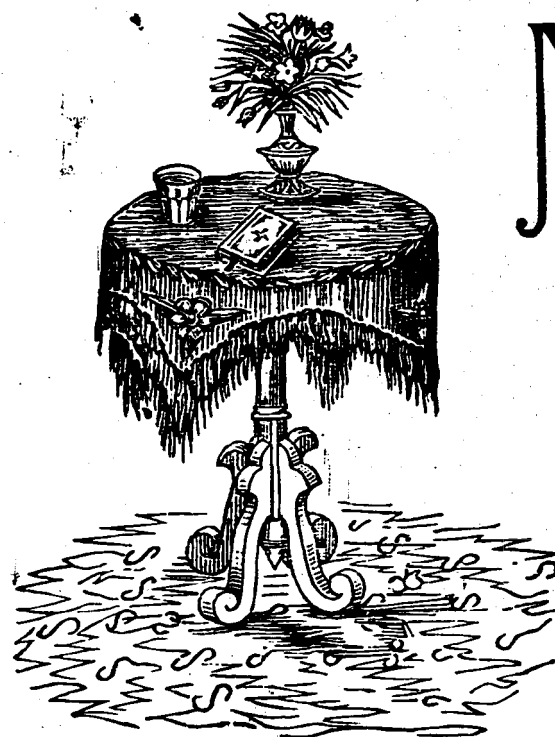
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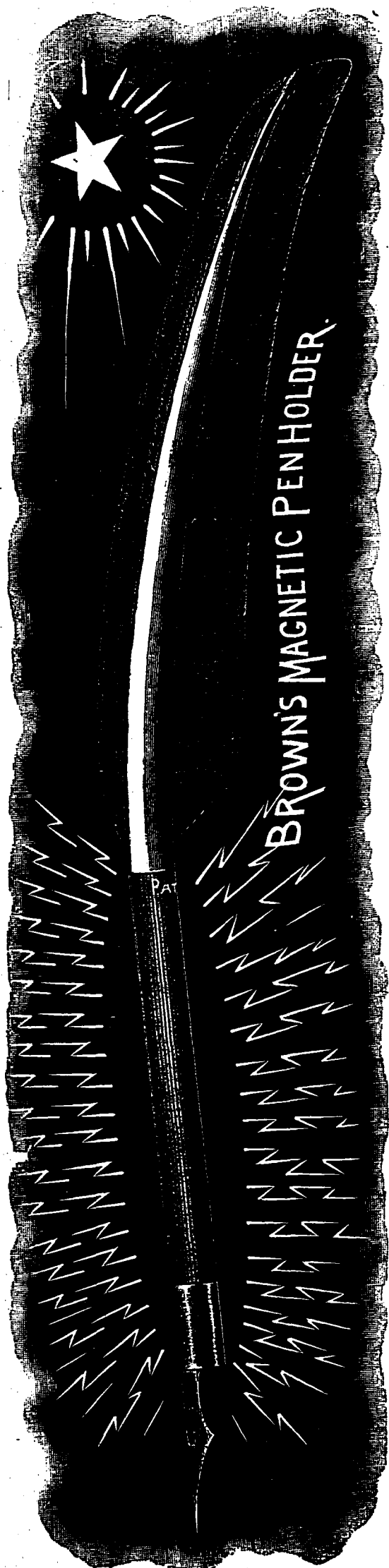
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CHICAGO, JULY 25, 1891.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 2, NO. 9.

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TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Bishop Westcott, who, according to the *London Telegraph*, is generally regarded as the greatest living theologian in the Church of England, recently gave his opinion to a private correspondent about theater-going. "The universal instinct toward dramatic representations," he says, "appears to me to show that, like music and art, they answer to a natural and a right desire."

At the breakfast given in London on the 13th inst. in honor of the United States and British colonial delegates to the International Congregational Council, which formally opened there the day following, Mr. Alfred Illingworth, member of parliament for West Bradford, who presided, in welcoming the delegates, said the liberals were pledged to disestablish the Welsh and Scotch churches, after which the English church would be attacked on all sides. The speaker declared that the aristocracy was the chief buttress of the established churches, not five per cent. of the wage-workers being communicants.

Robert Buchanan in "Some Memories of Boyhood" says: A young Scotchman, some years younger than myself, came to stay with me—Charles Gibbon, since well-known as a story writer. He was an earnest, open-hearted boy, and we lived together in great mutual happiness. We worked hard indeed (for literature is never liberally paid), and more than once sat writing, without going to bed for a fortnight at a stretch. One night he wakened up, and found me crying. "What the matter?" he asked. "David Gray is dead," I answered, though I had had no word of my friend for ever a week. The next post from Scotland brought me the news of David's death. "God has love, and I have faith!" were almost his last words.

A young New York girl enjoying the season in London writes home: "Of course you have seen a good deal in the papers about Nina Kennedy, the inspirationalist, as people call her. If she keeps on as she has begun she will make all London afraid of her. She seems to know the most wonderful things about your past life and present circumstances, and all that she does is to put her fingers on your pulse and look into your eyes. I went to her the other day with Mrs. —, who was divorced, you know, last year. 'You have been married?' She said to her the minute she touched her wrist. 'Yes.' 'But you are living apart from your husband?' 'Why do you think so?' 'I don't think so; I know it. Your pulse is not that of a married woman.'" We shall have no doubt before long a still further differentiation of pulses. What a field of study is opened up by the pulse of the engaged girl, and what a complicated pulse must be that of the widow about to re-marry!

In a recent sermon Rev. M. J. Savage, referring to "the great army of Spiritualists," said: In spite of frauds and delusions, which are only too numerous; in spite of all the "exposures," false or true; in spite of learned "explanations" of all the strange phenomena—it is still true that this army is on the increase. Converts from science, the church and the world are

swelling their ranks. Only still more evidence of depravity, thinks the church; only another swelling toward the flood of the ever-turning tide of popular superstition; thinks science. In any case, it is true the tide is rising, whatever be the cause. Scientists, philosophers, physicians, statesmen, novelists, poets, artists, jurists, people of every rank and country, are declaring their conviction that those we call the dead do live, and that they can send back proofs of both their existence and their identity.

The Mormons of Atchison are in great spirits over an alleged case of healing by laying on of hands by Elder Duell, a preacher of their faith, who is stopping there. The person cured was Mabel Lang, about nine years old, living at Thirteenth and Oak streets, who was recently afflicted with rheumatism. The attack was very painful and the report says that the girl was doubled up in a knot. She requested that Elder Duell be asked to try to heal her. Accordingly, Elder Duell went to the house Thursday morning in company with Mrs. Elizabeth Johnston and Mrs. Jane Berry, and in their presence, and in the presence of Mrs. Lang, he healed the girl. In half an hour she was out in the yard playing with the other children, with all the effects of her rheumatism gone. In the afternoon the girl went visiting with her mother. Mrs. Johnston and Mrs. Berry testify to the truthfulness of this statement.

Among the papers in the possession of the New Haven Colony Historical Society is a letter from Benjamin Franklin to Ralph I. Ingersoll, dated Philadelphia, December 11, 1762. The following is an extract from the letter: I should be glad to know what it is that distinguishes Connecticut religion from common religion:—communicate, if you please, some of these particulars that you think will amuse me as a virtuoso. When I traveled I thought of your excessively strict observation of Sunday; and that a man could hardly travel on that day among you upon his lawful occasions without Hazard of Punishment, while where I was everyone traveled, if he pleased, or diverted himself in any other way; and in the afternoon both high and low went to the Play or the Opera, where there was plenty of Singing, Fiddling and Dancing. I looked around for God's Judgments, but saw no signs of them. The Cities were well built and full of Inhabitants, the Markets filled with Plenty, the people well favored and well clothed; the Fields well tilled; the Cattle fat and strong; the Fences, Houses and Windows all in repair; and no Old Terror anywhere in the country,—which would almost make one suspect that the Deity is not so angry at the offense as a New England Justice.

This is an age of inquiry and of increasing knowledge in which one problem after another is being solved. Students of evolution are familiar with Darwin's and Haeckel's illustrations referring to pollen, field-mice, humblebees, cats and old maids. According to the *Detroit Free Press*, these illustrations were used by a professor of natural science at Ann Arbor, and served to elicit most interesting information from one of the students. The professor was discussing the process of fertilizing plants by means of insects carrying the pollen from one plant to another, and to

amuse them told how the old maids were the ultimate cause of it all. The humblebees carry the pollen; the field mice eat the humblebees; therefore the more field mice the fewer humblebees and the less pollen and variation of plants. But cats devour the field mice and old maids protect cats. Therefore the more old maids the more cats, the fewer field mice, the more bees. Hence old maids are the cause of variety in plants. Thereupon, a sophomore with a single eyeglass, an English umbrella, a box coat, with his "trousers" rolled up at the bottom, arose and asked: "I sa-a-y, Professah, what is the cause—ah—of old maids, don't you know?" "Perhaps Miss Jones can tell you," suggested the professor. "Dudes!" said Miss Jones sharply and without hesitation. There was silence in the room for the space of thirty seconds, after which the lecture was resumed.

Between the hypnotizer and the hypnotized there is established a particular sympathy which is called the magnetic influence, says A. Fouillée in the *August Chautauquan*. The brain of the subject will recognize acts of the operator so subtle that they entirely escape the notice of all other persons. The subject is often blind or deaf to the presence or to the voice of every one save the hypnotizer; or he sees or hears only those with whom the latter puts him in connection. A very sensitive subject will follow, either in person or with his eyes, the hypnotizer all around the room, or amid a hubbub of voices will clearly distinguish his tones, imperceptible to every other ear. The reason is, that in the brain of the subject there is one point always ready to vibrate and respond; it is the fixed idea of the hypnotizer, with the particular impression which it produced. Everything connected with this impression provokes the sympathetic reaction of the subject; all other things do not exist for him. It is a monopoly, an engrossment of the consciousness, a prohibition of everything else by the idea-force of the power belonging to the hypnotizer.

Bishop Fallows in a recent sermon in this city on "The Christian Patriot" said: There is a question of capital and labor to be met. In 1883 the average working man's family expenses in Massachusetts were \$754 annually; his earnings were \$558. The difference had to be made up by the earnings of women and children. Not one-half the intelligent workingmen of Illinois are able to earn money with which to provide for their families. There are a few men in Chicago who can create a famine if they please. There is no excuse for speculating in and cornering food staples. It is gambling—gambling with human lives. There died a short time ago a man whose income was \$1,000,000 per month. His estates was over \$200,000,000. This is more than the aggregate real and personal property of four states. A few men in ancient Rome accumulated fortunes nearly as large as some of our millionaires, and monopolized the land. Then, when apparently at the height of her power, Rome fell. These object lessons have been given us for our profit. The millionaire and tramp, the two dangerous classes of society, are coming together. God give us the right issue. The solution of these questions I believe to be in the Bible and the Anglo-Saxon race in America.

BROWNING AND SPIRITUALISM.

Mrs. Orr, an intimate personal friend of the poet, has written a very interesting life of Robert Browning, rather full in details, though some may question whether she has given us anything essentially new in the biography, and whether in deferring to his well-known aversion to discussion of his private affairs, she has not exercised too much discretion and deprived the reader of the relation of much which would have given a clearer sympathetic interest in the man, essential to a better understanding of the poet. There are so many paragraphs in these two volumes of interest to all classes of readers that THE JOURNAL feels constrained in its notice of the work to confine itself wholly to those portions which deal with Browning's spiritual experiences—experiences which the poet himself tried vainly to ignore, and which his biographer, while compelled to state them, apologizes for and tries to explain with vague generalities. Mrs. Browning, as is well known, was a believer in spirit return, and Mrs. Orr, in speaking of the beautiful harmony existing between these married poets says: "The only serious difference which ever arose between Mr. Browning and his wife referred to the subject of Spiritualism. Mrs. Browning held doctrines which prepared her to accept any real or imagined phenomena betokening intercourse with the spirits of the dead; nor could she be repelled by anything grotesque or trivial in the manner of this intercourse, because it was no part of her belief that a spirit inhabiting the atmosphere of our earth should exhibit any dignity or solemnity not belonging to him while he lived upon it. When Mr. Home came to Florence in 1857 or 1858 Mr. Browning found himself compelled to witness some of the 'manifestations.' . . . He absolutely denied the good faith of all the persons concerned. Mrs. Browning as absolutely believed it. . . . He chafed against the public association of her name with theirs. Both his love for, and his pride in her resented it."

It annoyed him also that Mrs. Browning always smilingly contended that his opposition to Spiritualism was merely nominal, and that he believed in it at heart. Mrs. Browning's spiritual influence upon his work is thus confessed by his biographer.

"We cannot read the emotional passages of 'The Ring and the Book' without hearing in them a voice which is not Mr. Browning's own; an echo not of his part, but from it. . . . Its subject had come to him in the last days of his greatest happiness. It had lived with him, though in the background of consciousness, through those of his keenest sorrow. It was his refuge in that aftertime in which a subsiding grief often leaves a deeper sense of isolation. The beautiful dedication contained in the first and last books was only a matter of course. But Mrs. Browning's spiritual presence on this occasion was more than a pre-riding memory of the heart. I am convinced that it entered largely into his conception of 'Pompilia.' It may be that Browning's frankly confessed horror of physical dissolution was the cause of his professed aversion to Spiritualism. He writes to a friend, 'I can't look on the earth-side of death; I flinch from corpses and graves, and never meet a common funeral without a sort of horror. When I look deathwards I look over death, and upwards, or I can't look that way at all.'"

If he was not unconsciously and unconfessedly a believer in spiritual influences how can we explain passages in his letters in which he felt constrained to relate to intimate friends such instances of occult influence as the following.

In a letter written from a village in France in September, 1881, he says: "Our journey was delayed for three hours in consequence of the one mule of the village being requisitioned by the juge d' instruction from Grenoble, come to inquire into a murder committed two days before. My sister and I used once a day to walk for a couple of hours up a mountain road of the most lovely description and stop at the summit,

whence we looked down upon the minute hamlet of Saint Pierre d'Entremont. And in this paradisaical place they found yesterday week, a murdered man. . . . Such a crime had never occurred in the memory of our oldest folk. . . . Now the odd thing is, that either the day of or after the murder—as S. and I were looking at the utter solitude I had the fancy, 'What should I do if I suddenly came upon a dead body in this field? Go and proclaim it—and subject myself to all the vexations inflicted by the French way of procedure (which begins by assuming that you may be the criminal)—or neglect an obvious duty and return silently?' I, of course, saw that the former was the only proper course, whatever the annoyance involved. And all the while there was just about to be the very same incident for the trouble of somebody."

Later developments showed that when this thought occurred to Browning he was standing on the exact spot where the body was afterward found. The owner of the field was arrested as the probable murderer; in his despair, he threw himself out of a window and died protesting his innocence. The real murderers were afterward discovered and confessed their crime.

Under date of June 19, 1868, immediately after the death Mrs. Browning's sister Arabel, writing the sad news to his friend, Mrs. Bragdin, Mr. Browning says: "You know I am not superstitious—here is a note I made in a book July 21, 1863: Arabel told me yesterday that she had been much agitated by a dream which happened the night before, Sunday, July 19th. She saw her [Mrs. Browning] and asked, 'when shall I be with you?' The reply was, 'dearest, in five years,' whereupon Arabel awoke. She knew in her dream that it was not to the living she spoke. In five years within a month of, their completion—I had forgotten the date of the dream, and supposed it was only three years ago, and that two had still to run. Only a coincidence, but noticeable."

Another so-called "coincidence" has already been published in the *Journal of Psychical Research*, which may be briefly referred to in this connection as given in a more detailed way in Mrs. Orr's book. An Italian count professing to have mesmeric and clairvoyant faculties, was put to test by Browning in his own home. He asked Browning to hand him some object which was a relic of a deceased friend. Browning at first thought he had nothing with him of the kind, but on consideration remembered that he had accidentally put on his shirt-cuffs that morning a pair of gold studs formerly belonging to a great-uncle who had been killed eighty years before. The count looked earnestly in Browning's face while he clasped the stud in his hand. Then he said impressively, "There is something here which cries out in my ear, 'Murder! Murder!'" Browning says, "My own explanation is that the shrewd Italian felt his way by the involuntary help of my face." And a very lame explanation it is.

A NEW SECT.

Dispatches from Madrid, Spain, give accounts of a new sect that has its headquarters in a poor, but central part of that city, with a local membership of about 1,000, and a membership in the provinces which is increasing in spite of the efforts of the government and priests to check its growth. The largest branch is at Valencia. The two leading doctrines of the sect are the propagation of the human race and the banishment of disease. The leader is a former workman named Jimina, who is called "the great pontiff" and at whose house the members meet. After prayers and singing at these meetings the pontiff blesses the sick and administers doses of holy water to them. Crowds of sick people flock to him to be healed, and there seems to be a particular desire to submit sick children to his ministrations. The gatherings take place at night. The strictest morality is enforced as a part of the tenets of the new religion. The doctrine of the propagation of the race is carried into practical effect in this wise: Any woman is entitled to rise in meeting and cry out: "I wish to marry" so-and-so, naming the favored man. The man upon whom her

choice has fallen is doomed to become a husband. It is useless for him to protest prior engagements. The pontiff marries the couple then and there. Over 300 such marriages have been consummated, and the popularity of the pontiff among the women desiring matrimonial partners is unbounded. Their benefactor is just now under a cloud, having been thrust into prison on a charge of practicing medicine without legal authority. Scores of women show their devotion to the persecuted pontiff by gathering outside the prison and uttering lamentations and expressions of sympathy for him.

THE AMERICAN HIS OWN PRIEST.

Some of the Catholic papers of this country every now and then speak as disparagingly of the "Yapkee race" as southern slaveholders used to do in the good old times when the adherents of the Pope in the United States voted to a man almost on the side of the system that kept millions of dusky laborers in bondage. And the old New England meeting house comes in occasionally for its share of ridicule. The representatives of the papal hierarchy should bear in mind, in their disdain of the "Yankee race," and of the old-fashioned pine-board meeting houses, that in those meeting houses and in the school houses, plain and humble as they were, and as much superstition and intolerance as were connected with them, was nurtured American liberty, with the idea that the American was in the religious order his own priest and in the political order his own sovereign, as expressed in these lines:

Call the people together
The young men and the sires,
The digger in the harvest field,
Hireling and him that hires;
And here in a pine state-house
They shall choose men to rule
In every needful faculty,
In Church and State and school.

A well-housed, well-clad, intelligent, self-governing people is a far nobler spectacle than an ignorant, shiftless populace living on mud floors beneath thatched roofs, with a magnificent hierarchy and monarchy lording it over them in gorgeous palaces and cathedrals, in the name of God, when the word as used by them means simply king and priest writ large. In the little pine-board meeting-house a priest was a citizen, one of the people, a man with a family if he chose, having the same social and political interests with his congregation, and not a member of a great, arrogant priestly order, claiming to be the authoritative mediator between the private conscience and Deity. The free, popular American State was the correlate of the free, popular Congregational church, the members of which generally worshiped in a pine-board edifice. Therein lies its immense significance to which we alluded, making it a nobler edifice than the great cathedrals that are crumbling to decay on the soil of modern Europe. The cathedrals meant royalty and hierarchy, of which the people of Europe have had enough; while the little New England meeting-house meant and means an advance in popular prosperity, increase of freethought, the ultimate extinction of superstition and the ultimate secularization of the State. The Yankee meeting-house neither was nor is a finality, but nevertheless an indication of a step forward when compared with the mediæval cathedrals. It was a cheap edifice and did not require enormous contributions to be squeezed by theological menaces, and by promises of bliss or threats of punishment, out of thousands of poor day-laborers who ought to be devoting all their earnings to getting homes for themselves and families.

PARACELSUS.

Paracelsus was born in the year 1493, was a student, traveler, a professor of medicine and surgery, and a teacher of mysticism and occultism. He had many admirers and followers, but a larger number of

"The Life and Doctrines of Philippus Theophrastus, Bombast of Hohenheim known by the name of Paracelsus. Extracted and translated from his rare and extensive works and from some unpublished manuscripts by Franz Hartmann, M. D., author of "Magic," etc. New York: John W. Lovell. pp. 367. Paper, 50 cents.

enemies in the orthodox physicians, priests and speculative philosophers of his time. He was a Christian and endeavored to support much that he taught by appeals to the Bible. He has been praised by distinguished men as "the first to treat medicine as a philosophy," and as a profound and illuminated thinker richly endowed with the power of spiritual perception, while on the other hand he has been denounced as a drunkard, a demagogue and an impostor. Most of his writings were dictated and are in the handwriting of his disciples. But few of his works were printed while he was alive. His style is concise, remarkably so, but he had a peculiar terminology, having invented words of his own to express his meaning.

In a volume recently published in this country, Dr. Franz Hartmann has given explanations of many such terms used by Paracelsus, with such extracts from his works and such abstracts of his thought, with comments thereon, as will enable readers of the book to form a correct and comprehensive conception of what this strange man taught. A perusal of the work will satisfy anybody that there is little if anything advanced to-day under such names as theosophy and occultism in regard to "elementals," "elementaries," astral bodies, etc., that was not taught by Paracelsus in the first half of the sixteenth century.

Paracelsus saw that in religion no finality had been reached. When the controversy was hot between Luther and the defenders of the Pope, Paracelsus said: "Among all the sects there is none which promises intellectually the true religion. We must read the Bible more with our heart than with our brains, until at some future time the true religion will come into the world." He admired Luther's courage and sympathized with his work. "The enemies of Luther," he said, "are to a great extent composed of fanatics, knaves, bigots and rogues. Why do you call me a 'medical Luther'?" You do not intend to honor me by giving me that name, because you despise Luther. But I know of no other enemies of Luther, but those whose kitchen prospects are interfered with by his reforms. Those whom he causes to suffer in their pockets are his enemies. I leave it to Luther to defend what he says, and I shall be responsible for what I may say. Whoever is Luther's enemy will deserve my contempt. That which you wish to Luther you wish also to me; you wish us both to the fire."

Paracelsus had absolute confidence in the truth of what he taught, and although surrounded by ignorance and continually misunderstood and maligned, he was certain that the time would come when his thought would be appreciated. "I know," he said "that the monarchy (of mind) will belong to me, that mine will be the honor. I do not praise myself, but nature praises me, for I am born of nature and follow her. She knows me and I know her."

Beyond doubt there is much in the theories and speculations of Paracelsus, which are purely fanciful, unsustained by anything within the knowledge of man, and some pages of his work contain proof that they were written under the influence of a diseased imagination. But Paracelsus was a strong and unique personality, and many cultivated minds near the end of the nineteenth century are repeating his speculations as the essence of philosophic truth.

It is singular that such an intelligent people as the English should be so slow to grasp the fundamental principle of the free school system, says the New York Press. Recent discussion of the so-called Free Education bill has shown in a remarkable manner the backwardness of England on this subject. The assumption, in the minds of many leaders of British public opinion, appears to be that a free school is a charity school, and that when the state makes a gift of educational facilities it is performing a function similar to that of relieving hunger at the poor house. No idea could be further from the essential principle of the public school system. That principle is that the state has a direct interest in the education of all its citizens, and that it is the duty of the State, as a matter of self protection and self preservation, to maintain the free public schools. The child who attends the schools is not receiving charity, any more than the

citizen receives charity in the enjoyment of the protection of the police, of the courts, of the fire department, all of which are supported out of the common taxes. Probably at the bottom of opposition to free education in England is the fear of the privileged classes that the poor are learning to know too much, and that the public school and the House of Lords cannot long exist together in the same country. The fear is well grounded. With free schools to teach the people how to use the ballot British coronets and coats of arms would soon be relegated to the sole possession of the American Anglomaniac.

A young woman is maltreated by a policeman, says the New York Sun, and when she makes her accusation at a police court a lawyer hired by the policeman ventures to ask her: "Do you mean to say that a respectable person would have kept as still as you did?" And the only excuse for the question was that when insulted in the street the young woman did not make a public outcry. This incident by itself would not be worth a word of comment were there not too much reason to believe that many lawyers habitually violate the principles not only of courtesy but of ordinary decency. The other day a young woman, one of the defendants in a civil suit, was asked so many and such offensive questions that the whole press of the country exclaimed in indignation. And it was only yesterday that the Supreme Court of the United States suggested in unmistakable terms that the legal advisers of many men long accused and condemned by juries of murder were not acting in public interest, and were possibly not blameless, either legally or honorably, in their conduct of causes. Would it, then, not be wise to hold lawyers more strictly to account as officers of the court? And should not lawyers, or would-be lawyers, be instructed more strictly than they now are that their duty is in the first place a duty to the public and only secondarily a duty to themselves, their notoriety or their pocket-book?

It is announced that William Q. Judge, of New York, will be the successor of Mme. Blavatsky and the ruler of theosophy and everything pertaining to it. A dispatch from New York says: "A well-known theosophist in New York tells of the mode of electing the successor of Mme. Blavatsky. She says that at the recent convention of Boston theosophists an alleged communication was received from the deceased Blavatsky to the effect that Judge was a man to be trusted on any and all occasions. In Blavatsky's will Judge was especially mentioned and just before her death she left with him a secret of vast and vital importance to the success of theosophy. She also gave him a signet ring, which is believed to be possessed of extraordinary power. All these things being considered it is natural that Judge should be Blavatsky's successor. But his claim to leadership was established in a more positive manner, at least in the theosophical mind. Mme. Blavatsky in her spirit appeared at a chosen time and there selected Judge to wear her crown. It was in the secret chamber of the home of the Theosophical Society in London, ten days ago, that Mme. Blavatsky appeared in the spirit. Judge will arrive in this city in about ten days, and he will be given a great reception by the leading theosophists of this country."

A paper that is published every Monday morning remarks: "Sunday Slavery" "is the result of an excessive service of mammon, and it must be abolished before there can be any hope of a proper observance of Sunday." This leads the Chicago Times to say: Then this professedly moral and devout publication which refuses to make a Sunday issue names a few Sunday trades and services which in a large city may seem indispensable. The milkman is excused. So is the restaurant-keeper and some others, in which, however, the newspaper-maker is not included. "But the service of mammon should be entirely dispensed with on Sunday, whether it consists in selling dry goods, groceries, or intoxicants, in order that Sunday slavery may be abolished." Then comes the gener-

alization that "Sunday business means Sunday slavery and is unworthy of a people claiming to be consecrated to the cause of human liberty." Does it become a Monday morning publication presenting Sunday news to make preachment of this kind? When it puts men at work upon Sunday to prepare the Monday paper—clerks, reporters, editors, and compositors, uses the wire and the messenger boy, puts its whole machinery in motion in excessive service of itself and mammon—is it not pitifully a hypocrite when it indulges such remark as has been quoted? The day of rest is greatly to be desired, though it is not always possible of attainment. It is quite as desirable from a secular as from a religious standpoint. But it cannot always be had. Whether lost or enjoyed preachments about Sunday sanctity from a Monday publication made mainly on the Sabbath savor too much of Satan rebuking sin to be edifying.

The Christian at Work evidently does not regard Unitarians as Christians. They are none the worse for that, considering what constitutes a Christian from an orthodox point of view. In all the qualities that go to make up character they are admitted to be equal to their orthodox neighbors. The paper mentioned queries as follows: "Is James Martineau a Christian?" That is the question asked in several quarters and which our Unitarian contemporary, *The Christian Register*, answers affirmatively. But what might be naturally thought of one who should write a book on the "Study of Religion," yet whose copious index should conspicuously omit the word Christ, Christianity, or Jesus? Not only so, but while there is a passing allusion to "an impassioned homage like that of Christendom for Christ," book and index are fairly crowded with quotations from an innumerable company of writers, including Kant, Spinoza, Hume, Huxley, Darwin, Descartes, Renan, Comte, Schliermacher, Schopenhauer, Theodore Parker, and Matthew Arnold. This is precisely the case with Dr. Martineau and his last book, while some people busily insist on raising the tremendous interrogation point—Is James Martineau a Christian? There are some questions that carry their own answers with them. Is not this one of them?

The case of the Plymouth man who had his love letters produced and read in court should teach other lovers moderation in the making of osculatory contracts. In a single postscript the Plymouth man undertook to deliver to the lady of his choice no fewer than 1,000,000,000,000 kisses, and as such contracts are not infrequently made in love letters, it may be well to give a thought to the magnitude of the undertaking. Whoever will take the trouble to figure it out will find that even if this amorous Southerner should give the lady 15,000 kisses a minute (and we affirm that no person could hope to do more than that), and even if he could keep up this rate of osculation twenty-four hours a day, never pausing to sleep, eat or take a breath, working 365 days every year, it would take him more than 100 years to complete the contract, and by this time, it is painful to reflect, the ardor of his love may have cooled. Even at the end of 100 years, counting 15,000 kisses a minute, there would remain an undelivered balance of 200,000,000,000, a number which in itself might appall the most industrious. We therefore feel constrained to advise writers of love letters not to undertake contracts of such magnitude.—*London Tit-Bits*.

"I knew an Irishman in Amesbury," Mr. Whittier said, his eyes twinkling at the remembrance, "who was very much opposed to social equality for the negro. I said to him: 'But there are many Catholic negroes in Brazil, the West Indies and other places. Thy church accounts of them as it does of thee. And thee'll have to come to it in heaven. Thee'll have to meet the negroes there on equal terms.' I thought that I had silenced him with an unanswerable argument. He sat musing for a moment, then looking up at me: 'And can't the Lord make them white in heaven, Mr. Whittier?'"—*Boston Pilot*.



WONDERFUL PSYCHICAL EXPERIENCES.

BY J. MASON REYNOLDS.

A goodly number of months ago I pledged myself in your columns to publish any progress made in the "wonderful experiences" that were at that time narrated. Since then I have been waiting and watching—although otherwise engaged—for a final or rational denouement of the startling mysteries that are surrounding me. In the meantime and recently, having narrowly escaped death in a railroad smash-up, and considerably more than half died with la grippe, it has occurred to me as not only wisdom but a duty to publish my farther sojourns in wonderland; hence I send you a summary of events up to date.

But a preliminary word. I expect criticisms and suspicions; they are perfectly just, rational, pardonable. Up to the time of these marvelous exhibitions of discarnate spirit-life in connection with myself, I could not have given credit to the narration of such astounding events by the best man or friend on earth—even though made under oath. Motives, partial insanity, a diseased brain, a mad itching for notoriety, some advertising scheme, and more than all, what the asylum savans term "false" hearing and "false" seeing, would have been suggested—suspected. In short, until the bursting upon me of that upper peninsula and clamorous manifestation of the presence of angels or demons, I was wholly dogmatic and uncharitable in regard to the miraculous. I had been imposed upon and swindled by so-called mediums to such an extent that I had nothing but disgust and contempt for the whole class. And I must even now confess, whatever criticisms fall upon my own paraded experiences, or my apparent egotism or want of charity, that my general opinion of professional, fee-charging clairvoyants, seers, fortune-tellers, cabinet and slate-writing phenomenals, materializers, magnetic doctors, table-tippers, and all that fraternity, has become ten-fold more denunciatory than formerly. My reasons for such sweeping criticism are to me overwhelming, but I have no time now for explanation.

You will remember that in a former communication I mentioned the apparent and so alleged "electrical education" that I was receiving. This has not only continued, but increased greatly. I have continued to feel more powerful currents, as if from strong batteries, upon my person since the phenomena first occurred. At times it seems to pour upon my head and through my shoulders, but mostly comes up through my limbs, as if from the ground. Although as powerful as currents from ordinary medical apparatus, such as machines used at electrical institutes, the sensation is far softer, wave-like or tremulous in application, and of warm temperature. I have occasionally been given shocks that momentarily alarmed me, although a robust man of fifty years, weighing 250 pounds. However, the general treatment, if so it may be called, is not so energetic, nor at all disagreeable, but constant for the past two years. Whatever the source of this strange magnetical or electrical power, I have reasons to know that it could shock me to the earth in an instant; and when the volume envelops or affects my head, which is considerably never the case when I am at business, I am thrown into a profound and mysterious sleep within a few minutes, although never except when agreeably surrounded or situated; and this trance-like state varies from ten minutes to two hours.

I said a profound sleep, but some might call it a trance, although outwardly it resembles natural, heavy slumber, from which it has been found quite hard to awaken me. During this apparent sleep I seem often to be at distant places, and among strange scenes and faces, frequently surrounded by and chatting with departed friends. Then, again, I behold sights and undergo experiences too marvelous now to

narrate. Suffice it to remark that I have the best of reasons to suppose this dreamland experience a wonderful, mental photographing by the invisible "Professor" who is managing my case. Otherwise the whole affair is outside of all known possibilities in nature, for a man whether in the body or out of it cannot be in Paris one minute and in Chicago or San Francisco the next. Besides, on these soporific air-voyages I have appeared to see armies marching to martial music, have heard songs sung and merry stories told in foreign salons and home theatres; have been shown great gold-quartz veins among the Rocky Mountains, and have looked out upon the country from nearly all the world's observatories. Twice I have been up on top of the pyramids, and once into the very crater of Vesuvius! But my experiences were not at all like ordinary dreams, or half-waking tours of the fancy. Their startling reality staggers me, but my companions on these sky-trips being distinguished personages and friends still "in the flesh" seems to warrant my mental photograph theory.

Now, as to what I have learned of the "angels" since my former communication. Just this, and little more: I hear their voices every hour in the twenty-four, and as distinctly as I do our usual family conversation. Did you ever listen to one of Edison's phonographs, while the bystanders heard not a word, whether it was song, oration or band music? Thus it is in my case exactly. I hear music, laughter, jokes, wise discussions as to modes of operating upon me, which are stopped the moment I listen, and have all manner of interviews and greetings. "Good night" passes between us on retiring, and "good morning" on awaking, the same as with other persons. It is simply all thoughts, but never a word on my part, which like a flash is always understood, while with them it is vigorous and polished spoken language. And I could almost swear at times that those surrounding me must hear our "celestial" confabs. But it is just the phonograph, incomprehensibly and spiritually duplicated. They tell me the funniest stories and sing solos and quartets that I never before heard, talk about politics, history, geology, astronomy, health, marriage, my own life and death, American and European authors and a multitude of other topics, but with this qualification: I am to learn absolutely nothing of the Spirit-world, except as I draw inferences, until they get ready.

Why this should be so I am told is that my ambition to know, and my powerful, unflagging curiosity are among the strongest elements of success in this undertaking. But for these and my almost mule-like constitution to bear the treatment, they say that ere this their powerful and novel attempt must have been abandoned. As it is—and I am told this as I write—death alone can prevent my case from having a successful termination. This much they swear to me, and send greetings to Col. Bundy, but in phraseology rather too vigorous for publication. The leading "operator" on this job—I am sorry to say—occasionally uses Bible words in a somewhat questionable manner.

How much more time must elapse and what the outcome is going to be, they will not at all tell me. When I have suggested—almost importuned—some early "tests" to the public, I have been altogether unpleasantly criticised. "I have already," they say, "been honored with knowledge that kings would give their crowns for," and it is rank ingratitude and presumption to question or advise; with all of which on mature reflection I heartily agree. So I brace up, apologize to the "Professor" and—wait.

Just this I know, and shout to you the glad tidings: The dead do live! Why they are working this communicating job through me and not through you, I don't know. It cannot be because I am any wiser or better, for I am not; but I fear nobody, and always hail the truth. I swear to all I have told you, every word of it, before God, and upon my manly honor. Probably other spiritual undertakings like this are going on—the "Professor" says so—and they may succeed and my case be a failure; but anyhow I have no doubt that a full communication between the two worlds is not remotely ahead of us, and that the proof

of a future life will be general, joyful and overwhelming. I could already write a wonderful book with the marvelous facts of my own experience, but I would scorn to raise a voice or a pen, except as I do now to give hope and good cheer, until the evidence comes conclusive to the world, and as generous and open as daylight!

I am an attorney-at-law and otherwise wholly engaged in business, so that I cannot answer letters, but I would gladly reply to any inquiries that THE JOURNAL might put to me.

A SWEDENBORGIAN SEER.

BY ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

Few chapters in spiritual literature are more interesting than that wherein Mr. Henry James narrates his heart experience when he first became acquainted with the writings of Swedenborg. He had been in a "ghastly condition of mind" for over two years, and had consulted eminent physicians without avail. Calling one day upon a friend, she suggested that he might be suffering from what Swedenborg calls a vastation, one of the stages of the regenerative process of the human soul. Mr. James at once procured two of Swedenborg's volumes, the treatises on "Divine Love and Wisdom" and "Divine Providence."

"I read from the first with palpitating interest. My heart divined, even before my intelligence was prepared to do justice to the books. Imagine a fever patient, sufficiently restored of his malady to think of something beside himself, suddenly transported where the free airs of heaven blow upon him, and the sound of running water refreshes his jaded senses; and you have a feeble image of my delight in reading."

The secret of redemption found in Swedenborg by Mr. James was honest self-forgetfulness, identification of self with others. Selfishness negates the energy of God, which is love. "I am nothing as substantive,—I am everything as recipient."

"The divine being or substance is love,—love without any the least set-off or limitation of self-love; infinite or creative love in short. And it communicates itself to the creature, accordingly, in no voluntary or finite, but in purely spontaneous or infinite measure—in a way so to speak of overwhelming passion; so that we practically encounter no limit to our faculty of appropriating it, but on the contrary sensibly and exquisitely feel it to be our own indisputable being; feel it to be in fact our inmost, most vital and inseparable self, and unhesitatingly call it me and mine, you and yours; cleaving to it as inmost bone of our bone, and veritable flesh of our flesh, and incontinently renouncing all things for it."

In his work on "Society the Redeemed Form of Man," Mr. James says: "Subjective consciousness is the burning spiritual death wrapped up in every man by virtue of his finite generation. There is no evil at all comparable with this either for comprehensiveness or intensity, if it be allowed to go uncorrected; for it is altogether fatal to man's spiritual life, which consists in his loving his neighbor as himself. Now the only possible way for a man to do this is to feel that he is not self-centered, that his life is not his own personally, but belongs to him in strict community with his neighbor: thus that he and his neighbor are both alike dependent, at every moment, for every breath of life they draw, upon one and the same merciful and impartial source. In other words, a man loves his neighbor as himself only by virtue of his first loving God above himself, or supremely. And the only way this supreme love becomes developed or educated in him, is through his moral experience, or his obedience to law. Whenever, and so long as, man is tempted to commit false or malicious speaking, theft, adultery, murder, or covetousness, and yet abstains from doing it out of a sincere regard for the divine name, his self-love, so far as it is harmful, is spiritually slain, and the divine love infallibly replaces it. These formal vices express the whole substantial evil known to the human heart; and when man, therefore, in the exercise of a felt freedom and rationality, deposes them or any of them from their habitual control over his action,—not because they conflict with

his outward welfare, or expose him to the contempt of men, but simply because they wound his inward reverence for the divine name—he becomes spiritually regenerate or new-born.”

The real creature of God must be wholly good. For whence could evil be derived except from him in whom the creature lives and moves and has his being? Good and evil, heaven and hell, are purely subjective appearances, and will disappear when self-love is freely subordinated to love of others and of God.

A disciple of Swedenborg, Mr. James is himself an original thinker. The true relation of man to God is the theme that he elaborates again and again. “His truths were his life; they were the companions of his death-bed, and when all else had ebbed away, his grasp of them was still vigorous and sure.”

HUMAN IMPONDERABLES—A PSYCHICAL STUDY.

By J. D. FEATHERSTONHAUGH.

XXVI.

PROGRESS OF THE BELIEF.

The unreasonable enmity to phenomenal facts, so curiously entertained in some quarters (it would be as wise to hate the aurora borealis), is evidence of the progress of these facts, and the progress bear witness to their reality.

The vast multitude which has been brought to believe in a supernatural interference has made the subject, independently of its true character, too serious to be treated with levity. It is a sure conclusion, drawn from the past, that the tide of these mysterious things, swollen by a flood of testimony unexampled in the world, will sweep on in spite of every feeble barrier, until all men come to know what are the facts, and what their meaning. The serious thought of mankind cannot lay forever forty years behind the knowledge of the day. The belief has spread so widely, and the evidence from the parts of the world most remote, is so uniform and consistent, that men can no more be deterred from assuring themselves of the truth than water from gutting through the crevices of a bank. For the life-time of a generation the movement has been gathering strength every day, in the teeth of a contemptuous opposition, until it is hoping against hope that like its precursors it will pass idly by. When facts of such an unusual nature have taken healthy root and become certainties to every observer, they can only do so because they are true, and their continuous and progressive influence is then assured all the more, on account of their incredibility.

When we undertake an inquiry into these forces and discover how strictly true is all that we have heretofore fancied to be false, past skepticism appears to have bordered upon obstinacy, not so much because we ought to have known the facts, although forty years would seem ample time for the most prolonged investigation, but because we ought to have known that the immense mass of unanimous testimony could not have existed unless the facts were substantially true. Satisfied, as the careful student always is, that these wonderful occurrences are real, the belief in them cannot retrograde, but on the contrary the examination of every hypothesis becomes obligatory, despite and perhaps somewhat in consequence of the antagonism of religious and scientific thought.

Day by day distinguished men noted for the accuracy of their researches and the justness of their conclusions, give in a full adhesion to the verity of the phenomena. All over the world, notably in England, traitors, looked upon as such by their less informed brethren, are to be found in the different orders of the ministry. There is no shield of religion, science or incredulity that the facts have not pierced through and through. The violent means by which phenomena of the same nature were once repressed, and which rabid partisans again propose, never can be renewed at the bidding of impetuous zealots. Daily experience makes it evident that these strange things, bearing so often a spiritual character, are on the highway to popular acceptance, if nothing more rational is offered to stop them than the idle chatter of universal fraud or the grotesque monstrosity of demons.

With the great advantage of the affirmative, the be-

lief is tightening its grip on the world, permeating all classes of society, holding up the shallow denial of the facts to the ridicule it deserves, and making glad converts of judges, bishops, priests and teachers. If we cannot perceive how surely a general conviction is growing around or can learn nothing from all these years, our judgment is of the feeblest. Even now the most conservative scientific minds all over the world are succumbing to the mysterious power. Yet so bewitched are men by the glamour of their own self-sufficiency, and so entirely have they neglected to build up their objections on the vantage ground of observation and experiment, that of every voice yet raised against the facts we may exclaim with Balak, “Thou hast blessed them altogether.” So vast a number of every degree of culture, and of every grade in life, having received these facts from personal knowledge, has established a sure rule as to the future effect on all reasoning minds yet to come in contact with them.

The progress that these phenomena are making to a wider and still extending acceptance is especially marked by the large number of educated and exact minds now deeply interested in the subject. The medium has ceased to be the object of scorn, for to her is owing not only the psychical research societies, but all our knowledge of the higher developments. Men no longer refrain from expressing their convictions as to the reality of the facts, and seriously give their attention to a spiritual hypothesis. The objections and preconceptions of mere opinion become worthless in the face of an experience gathering strength day by day. A sane judgment holds it to be an inevitable result that such wonderful facts, unanimously confirmed by all who are at the pains to form an enlightened opinion, must more and more occupy the attention of mankind until the mind reaches a satisfactory view of their character. It cannot be otherwise, and the sooner the fight against the facts is abandoned, the sooner will we arrive at a just understanding of them.

We need not look any further than the single and oft-repeated experiment of a pencil writing in a place inaccessible to the human hand, to be assured of the worthlessness of this presumptory denial. The subject requires riper thought than the habit of chronic incredulity knows how to give. In sober verity the allied army of the living and the dead is taking captive the senses and the reason of mankind, and daily gathering new recruits on every side. When forty years more have passed, what may not be the vast proportions then? Exact, absolute, and experimental knowledge is now, and will be then, our only safety from error.

It is the fashion now, as once it was with respect to astronomy and geology, to speak of men who knew facts to be truths, as enemies to religion and teachers of impious doctrine. Not that anybody really believes it to be so, but by some queer twist it passes for a logical and effective method of disproving a fact. The simple statement of the case is this: each observer is constrained to receive these extraordinary things through the evidence of sense, and whatever conclusions the facts establish, the responsibility rests on them.

The poor, superstitious wail that goes up “to let these things alone” is as unmeaning as want of thought can make it; they will not be left alone, and it is not an intelligent sense of duty that advises it. They are in the world by God’s permission, and we need no other. Their revival in this age is the sure evidence of their vitality, and perhaps of their necessity. If we open our eyes and muster up some little degree of intellectual courage, we must see them and learn whatever lesson they may teach. It was well once that these forces and the theories connected with them were not made a part of general knowledge, and the wisdom of confining to the esoteric circle was manifest. This restriction is impossible in modern times, even were it desirable. The widest publicity and most thorough knowledge are now the only healthful means.

Spiritualism as it now exists and daily increases, false or true, is a belief in the world of such mighty

proportions that it is hardly possible to speak patiently of the jaunty indifference that mocks at it. Those who have a healthy knowledge of the subject, and have followed the history of these forces as from time to time they make their reappearance, always with a clearer and more definite character, cannot help seeing that they are gradually becoming part of our familiar knowledge, and weaving themselves into the intellectual life of the world. To dispossess the facts is the forlorn hope of the idlest dreamer. Think how strong the reasons must have been, that in less than half a century so vast a multitude of human beings should have discarded the surest negation of a life-time and through a succession of objective facts been brought to believe, as surely as in their own existence, that they are in the presence of their dead friends, take them by the hand and listen to their voices. Has this strange belief had no cause for its inception and wondrous growth in all these years.

Whatever of truth awaits the future, whatever of fraud or delusion in the present, there is now beyond all question a profound importance in the causes of this aggressive thought-fast closing round the world—sweeping away at a breath the long negation of centuries—scorning an order of nature we had been taught to think inviolate—scattering materialism to the winds—denying a physical resurrection, yet assuring futurity—dethroning men of science—confusing and confounding their philosophies and filling all space with invisible powers which the best wisdom of the past had so long looked upon as the superstitions of the vulgar. In knowledge alone lies our safety. True science seeks in all of nature’s ways the cause of each effect, and finds a key in every fact to unlock the secrets of God’s providence—rejects the false—accepts the true, and declares its laws and conditions. Religion must meet these facts, whatever may be their cause, for she cannot change a single hair, in a prayerful and honest spirit, not ignorantly and intolerantly forcing on an antagonism where none can exist, but humbly trusting and helping that the purposes of the Almighty may be perfected, assured that every truth belongs to him. Age after age these “signs and wonders” spring up and die, yet at each new birth grows something stronger and stays something longer. The persistent thought, foreshadowing through the old mists a dim outline of truth, is in the sunshine of these more tolerant days, shaping itself into clear and precise forms of knowledge. We are treading close upon the border-lands of wonderful things; we may step on the threshold to-morrow, or by our own laches long years may intervene, but whenever we do we will look back with amazement and shame that our eyes were blind and our ears deaf to the multitudinous facts now thronging around on every side.

[THE END.]

“PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.”

By S. BIGELOW.

IN THE JOURNAL of June 20th, W. Whitworth relates a fine instance of genuine humanitarianism as contrasted with Christian teachings and example, as exemplified in a discourse delivered in this city at the funeral of a prominent church member and Sabbath-school superintendent. He closes with this sentence, “Here is practical Christianity from a man laying no claims to church fellowship, but whose quiet, simple doing is worth more than all the lip sympathy in the world.”

Now I want to ask brother Whitworth why he calls such acts “Christianity”? By what authority does he and other writers justify any such use of the word? I fail to find anything in the etymology, or historical use of the words Christian or Christianity to warrant Spiritualists and Liberalists in calling every manly, generous, humane act, “Christian.” The whole history of Christianity from its first organization as a distinct system of religion, has been one of war, brutality, selfishness, repression, oppression and bloodshed. It is based on selfishness and its fundamental doctrines strike at the very foundation of moral character and a grand and noble manhood. In a careful study of its history I fail to find any prominence given to good

works, deeds of kindness, or humanitarian labor. It has never recognized the divinity of man, nor exalted righteousness above dogma. And the more "primitive," the more crude and anti-humanitarian. Every departure from the original, genuine Christianity of the fathers of the church, every protest and schism, have been steps towards the truth in obedience to the long stifled voice of human reason.

It seems to me that it is time for us, Spiritualists to begin to call things by their right names, and cease to toady to falsehood and dogmatic foolishness. What use have we for the word Christian, since we do not accept the doctrine of the special divinity of the man Jesus? What right have Unitarians to cuddle under the wing of the mother church and claim to be the real, genuine Christians, when their distinctive characteristic is a denial of the one basic claim of the whole structure. Let us be consistent and stand or fall by our principles and not seek to curry favor by the use of cant phrases and words upon which we attempt to fix meanings wholly unwarranted by their use, derivation or historical significance. I want to utter my earnest protest against this continued weakening of our position as reformers and champions of advanced thought, and conceding so much to our most formidable opponents by consenting to use their cant expressions and qualifying adjectives to describe every good deed, noble act, or manly motive or effort, when the entire genius and spirit of their system are contrary to the real spirit and meaning of the thing described. Let us sail under no false colors.

CLEVELAND, O.

AN ORTHODOX DIVINE ON SPIRITUALISM.

The clergy have been among the most bitter opponents of Spiritualism, but the growing sentiment in favor of its essential teachings and the increasing disposition to treat the subject with respect are having a perceptible influence upon the attitude of the pulpit. Dr. Wild preached a sermon in Bond street Congregational church, Toronto, Ont., June 28th, from the following text, taken from Jeremiah xxiii, 28: "The prophet that hath a dream, let him tell a dream; and he that hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully. What is the chaff to wheat? saith the Lord." In his sermon Dr. Wild said substantially, as reported in the *Toronto World*:

In Spiritualism as in all other isms, there is chaff and wheat, and we should be careful what we accept, because methods of investigation are new and the whole matter is as mysterious as it is important. A few weeks ago a friend of mine called upon me. He told me he was going to New York and asked if I could arrange for him to attend a seance in that city. I gave him a letter of introduction and a special seance was arranged for him. He was told several remarkable things about himself and his relatives. The medium said: "You hardly believe in Spiritualism, but I tell you something whereby you may know that I am not deceiving you. In two weeks from now a prominent man in Canada will die. His death will cause great alarm and arouse sympathy throughout the land. Nothing will be talked of for several days but his death and funeral." My friend now declares that the medium foretold the death of Sir John A. Macdonald. Now, it may be so or it may not. For myself I cannot positively say. The presumptive truth seems to be on the side of my friend. I leave the matter with you. I have come to this conclusion, that man can communicate with man by ways and means outside the usual commonly understood methods. Whether it is by recourse to disembodied spirits, future revelation and research will make plain. Faith healing, science cure, mind reading, clairvoyances and several shades of Spiritualism are not yet defined sufficiently to satisfy the public as to their origin, operation and methods of application. Some day we shall know more of these mysterious agencies. Intellectual millers will come among us who will separate the chaff from the wheat, and perhaps before long. He said that in his visitations of the sick he had frequently known them to foretell their death, and gave one instance of a member of his own church who had foretold the day and hour of her death. How they could tell he did not profess to know. Perhaps the New York medium referred to could see that the tissues of Sir John Macdonald's brains were nearly worn through and could calculate that in a few more days his work would be done. His brain had been wearing through for months and it only needed the eye to see that the tissues would soon

break. Or perhaps some spirit communicated the fact.

If I had eyes that could see the seeds of disease that are working in your systems I could tell you how long you would live.

THE GHOST OF THE SUSQUEHANNA; OR HOW SHE GOT HER PENSION.

By S. F. N.

"Fanny, go get the pension—it is time." Thus spake a voice at her ear that had been silent in death for near eighteen years! And in the suddenness, the shock of it, the long-time widowed wife sat as if it were natural to hear this; as if time and death were not and had not been, and half turning besides, as if to give the speaker attention, same as in life, so stupefied was she, and unable to think or realize anything for the instant or two, beyond that far away time which the sound of the voice recalled.

Then—"ah!" and bounding to her feet she fairly flew up the side of the bank under which she had been sitting, to catch, if possible, the perpetrator of that ghastly joke before whoever it might be could escape.

Yet even as she flew she knew it could not be—that no one in all that vicinity knew or could know enough of her affairs to perpetrate such a joke.

Nevertheless she rushed on to the top of the bank and gazed quickly everywhere; called, listened and beat the bushes up and down, but all for naught; no human being was in sight, no one hidden, no one could have got away, the long, clear stretch both ways and before her making it impossible for any one to have made the distance during the moment or two it took her to reach the top of the bank—and nothing near sufficient for concealment, except the clumps of dwarf trees and bushes which she had just been beating so thoroughly that not a mouse could have remained concealed therein!

What could it mean! and she stood for a moment with distended and terrified eyes gazing across the river whose side she had just left, while she asked the question; then slowly, hesitatingly and cold to the finger tips, she made her way back to the rock where she had been sitting and sat down again to think it out.

The profound stillness of a cloudless and sultry summer noonday prevailed everywhere. Even the river at her feet flowed on as noiselessly as "the foot-fall of the angels"—one of which, she began shudderingly to almost believe had been near her.

"What else," she said, looking furtively around; and then, "nonsense! its explainable, if only I can recall all I have been thinking—a reflex of my own thoughts—it must be." But try as she might, she could recall no thought that would connect satisfactorily with what she had heard.

And she had heard it, that was certain—the very voice, accent, manner of speech! all were there to the very life, and growing more and more distinct with each moment of recalling it, so that she could not put it by as a delusion of the senses if she tried. And she did try—"poohing" and "pshawing" to herself hysterically in the endeavor not to believe. But it was there still, vibrating on the air as it seemed, and beating down all her efforts at disbelieving by the persistent beating of itself in her ear, just as she had heard it, and just as it would have been in life—a gentle caressing cadence into which his voice always fell when turned to her, and which nobody, nobody knew or could know but herself.

So, although an utter disbeliever in the supernatural of whatever kind or description, and with very little belief in the hereafter at all, let alone the ability of the dead to manifest themselves here again, yet in her now shaken unbeliefs, and hardly knowing what she did, she sent her voice out over the waters in a loud, wild cry. "If it is so, come, Norris, speak again; convince me," and all the agony of her soul went out in the words. But nothing answered save the voice still throbbing on her ear, and her own in echoes of itself fainter and fainter down the range of hills. Still, the impossibility, no one could know; she had not thought of the pension—she couldn't tell for how long, and when she had, 'twas only to think of it as too long neglected, too late. And, at any rate, nobody on all the broad earth could imitate that voice!—its sound, its tone, its way of speaking.

And she had not slept, that was certain, nor dreamed, nor fallen into contemplation, nor retrospection nor any other of the moods that carry the mind backward; but on the contrary was intensely alive to all about her; and so wholly and sole occupied with the immediate present and how to get away from it, that thought of her dead husband had not crossed her mind that day—"not once," she thought, half in self-accusation as she mentally went over the ground of what her thoughts had been.

'Twas true, when she first reached the spot and sat down despairingly, she had exclaimed aloud, "Oh God

what shall I do?" but that was fully two hours before, and she knew now, when recalling it, that there was neither retrospection, regret, nor hope, nor appeal in it—just simply a sound; forced out by the pressure within—the cry that comes from over-burdened souls as relief to themselves—nothing more.

So racking her brain, recalling her thoughts and tearing them to tatters, as it were, in a mad endeavor to find a key to what she had heard, she sat for hours more; sat until the shadows lengthened out across the waters and she had come to say to herself, "it must be; there's no other accounting for it—he lives! somewhere and in some form he lives and knows," and rising up with eyes askance lest she should indeed see what she had called to see, she made her way back in the fast gathering darkness to where she called home, a pretty nearly transformed being and a resolved one.

She would try. If it meant anything it meant that—that she should try—permission and command, both it had been; for in life her husband had utterly repudiated the right of any one to accept a pension—had contended that every man owed his life in defense of his country if need be, and without compensation; and had lived and died in his belief, leaving his wife impressed with his views, and still more with what had been his wishes, that although impelled on several occasions to try for what had been his due and now hers, and easily obtainable, she was assured, yet she had never gone beyond thinking about it; and that only in the first years of her widowhood. But now she would try. No harm could come of it, if no good came; for whatever she did would have to begin on nothing, since nothing there was to begin on. All from the very start would have to come from some as yet unknown source. And that she decided should be the test. If her first step was attended with success she would believe just that much, and so on to the end.

She had come to this out-of-the-way place to tide over the interval between the failure of a bank and its resumption, which nobody doubted would be soon, and two years had passed; with no more prospect of its doing so than the first day of its failure; nor so much, for each day had lessened the likelihood and the hope, until now it was pretty nearly hopeless.

Had her husband, in his far away world, become cognizant of this, and in his agony at her agony, burst his bonds, whatever they were, and come to point a way for her?

She would see! Success should be the evidence. If she obtained the pension she would thenceforth believe in everything—Spiritualism, a God, a hereafter, all! otherwise—but here were the words still beating in her ear, as loud almost as when first heard: "Fanny, get the pension—it is time." And this after twenty-four hours and a healthful sleep; as if an "otherwise" was not to be allowed her. She must try.

But how! To whom apply? All were strangers here, all indifferent; and the remains of the wreck she had brought with her, expecting to furnish rooms for herself, had been pounced upon by those she had been recommended to, and distributed around among two or three families on the pretext that she could "board it out."

But there had been no open doors to her after the chattels were secured, except in the one place where she had landed first, and where they had immediately discharged the one servant kept and inducted her into the kitchen, the dairy and all the drudging of farm life, for merely what she could eat; and she was shown very plainly that she was expected to stay there.

How she had lived and endured through these two years she could not tell, for her ability to do and endure had been far more a surprise to herself than it could be to any one else, since only she herself knew how incompetent she was; not from knowledge however, but from use; her only labor throughout her entire adult life having been of her pen, and that only when the mood took her. But now, like all imbelievers, having admitted a part, a possibility, she began eagerly to swallow it all. It was he who had sustained her, he who had seen her weakening day by day, he who had seen the hopelessness of what she was waiting for, had relented of his earthly decisions, had told her, and would see her through.

All this in a night! so that when she arose next morning resolved to reclaim these chattels and sell them, it was with an assured feeling that she would meet with no impediment or opposition. And yet when she reasoned, she couldn't see how it could be; for she was valuable to these people, cost them nothing; and "possession was nine points of law;" and they were the very ones to enforce the truth of the adage.

Still she moved on to her purpose of trying, as if impelled by something outside of herself, and notified each one of her wish to have the things carried back to the warehouse from whence they had been taken, "in order to sell and get enough to take her to New York," she explained. And that was all. She said no word of what had occurred, nor of what her purpose

was, and answered to all questions, "I don't know, I am going, that's all I can say."

Somewhat to her surprise, and notwithstanding her doubts of about every other moment, the things were all at the appointed place at the appointed time; and still more to her surprise she sold all for good prices within forty-eight hours of their announcement for sale, and in twelve hours more was on her way to New York.

Then, all being done and she on her way, reaction set in and she became frightened. And—what was it? The rush and roar of the train, the distance, getting away from the vicinity or back to her senses, or what?—but the sound that had stayed with her, hovering in and around her ear like a large bee, from the moment of hearing it up to now, and urging her on to what she had done, was now lost to her! She could catch no sound like it, nor even imagine the sound, nor recall her husband's voice; which she had always been able to do, and so get to it; all ability to either recall or imagine was gone from her as completely as though she were another person, and she sat confounded, looking at herself and her doings of the last few days very much as a child looks at a jack-in-a-box after the jack has jumped out and gone back again.

Then she counted her money. One hundred dollars, clean, was all she had. A goodly sum enough ordinarily, but for what she had undertaken, ough! And sick, dizzy and appalled, she leaned her head against the car window and went fast asleep.

APPLYING FOR A PENSION.

To those who do not know what is required and what entailed in such an effort, this sounds simple enough, perhaps; but to those who have "gone the pace," or been onlookers of the torments and slow torture of the waiting to be done, the starvation, despair and finally death before the grind was through, "applying for a pension" means about the same thing as applying for a coffin—or did; but now, happily, and through the supreme, self-sacrificing and humane efforts of the "Corporal," the first G. A. R. man as commissioner, the government has come to act more on the just principle that, "if 'twere done, 'twere well 'twere done quickly," and so the crippled and impoverished through serving the government do not die as often as they did before getting what is promised and therefore due them.

But our applicant was ahead of these times—going as it were, into the very jaws of the seower process; the slowest, in fact, of any yet! And so the lawyer to whom she applied told her: "I will take your papers, of course," glancing over them, "that is part of my business; but—how old are you?" She told him. He shook his head. "Do you know how many thousands are ahead of you to be passed upon?—aye, how many are already passed upon and lying there! just waiting; for nobody knows what—lull in politics, I guess." Then he told her what she must have in addition to the papers she had brought, a death certificate showing her husband had died from wounds received in the war, (of the rebellion—he put that in.) Her marriage certificate, as many affidavits as she could get, sworn to before a notary, that she was the person she represented herself to be, had been the wife, had lived with her husband throughout and to the date of his death, and had remained his widow.

SHE STOOD APPALLED.

She had always thought that the papers she held would be all-sufficient and overwhelming in their evidence, if ever she made up her mind to use them; and that the trial of the matter, the real and only trial, would be the long waiting—the proverbial delay of their being acted upon after being presented. But of the sufficiency of the papers themselves, no doubt had ever crossed her mind! And here in addition, as she pointed out to her lawyer, was something more than usual; evidence that was not common and certainly not to be looked for in but very few cases: A dozen or more of obituary notices averaging from a "stick" to a column and a half, all giving brief history of her husband's career, the cause of his illness, death, etc., for he had been prominent in the newspaper world as well as in war, and lamented by many. But it was pointed out to her that none of that sufficed for her; she must be identified all along the line—not only as the wife before his death, but as the widow also; that was, that she had remained the widow.

"How absurd!" she said; "all that is only repetition of what you have here. Do they heap these obstacles up like this in order that people may not get what they are invited to get?"

Thus she protested; not because she had doubt about getting all the evidence needful, but because she saw before her a task that she quailed before—the hunting up of people whose whereabouts, after these years, she knew no more of than the man she was talking to! And that meant time, and time meant money. And she had so little! And there was no turning back, there was nowhere to turn to—nowhere, nobody, nothing.

No, there was no way now but to go on; and she soon took her leave with these words of her lawyer following after her: "Remember, the more affidavits you have, the surer and quicker the work, once we begin."

Then commenced such an ordeal as she had never dreamed of—getting clues of people and following them up; many by letter, many more through the devious and kaleidoscope ways and windings and changes of city life, and each letter and each clue requiring days and weeks sometimes to pursue to the end—of success or failure as the case might be.

Finally after two months of such work she had all in—affidavits from "all along the line"; that is to say, vouchers for herself from the day of her marriage up to that present—a period of twenty-two years. It was miraculous. Nobody believed it could be done; she hardly believed it herself, when beginning, but doors and means and channels of information opened to her in the strangest of ways and as if some invisible hand went before and cleared and pointed the way—or rather led her; for oftentimes she would start out without a single definite idea as to how she should go about that day's search, and stopping in a store or making a call, preliminary, as she thought, to the day's effort, would find that she had lighted right on to the *sum bonum* of what she wanted!

Thus she went on groping, as it were, in a blind sort of faith, but always successful, until finally she had found and obtained affidavits from people she had known "all along the line" of the twenty-two years.

Her money gave out long before she had accomplished this, but she asked, and it was handed her as if that, too, was influenced by some unseen force; for she asked of people, had to, that she had no right of friendship, or of much acquaintance even, to ask on, and yet it was always forthcoming.

And needless to say each incident of this kind strengthened her belief of a watchful eye over and guiding her. But there came a time when her faith was tested to its utmost—annihilated almost.

She had left the getting of the death certificate copy to the last, thinking that easy enough; but when she went, full of elation at having got so far through and only this one more thing to do, she was overwhelmed at being told that the record gave Bright's disease as the cause of death—therefore useless to her.

She went to her lawyer; but all her pleading and arguments were useless—he would not forward a single paper until all was in; all that he had designated.

Then she went home frantic with grief and regret. All her money gone, deep in debt, herself exhausted and launched on a hair, as it seemed to her, over an abyss where there was no turning and no going on! Throughout all her time of searching, too, she had not been unmindful of the future; that time of waiting which lay before her after her application was in, and had employed all her spare time in answering to advertisements for help—resolved to take any situation she was competent and able to fill. But not a place had opened to her! And after two months' trying there was discouragement in this too—in fact despair; for if she couldn't obtain a situation by two months' trying, what chance was there, ever! And her last borrowed money was gone so that she could not advertise herself, and she could think of no one now to apply to for more; the few, the very few slight acquaintances on the strength of which she had borrowed, being all exhausted, and she would not, could not, go to them again.

Even with all this help, she had many times gone with insufficient food before she could bring herself to ask car fare—hunting people up had taken so much—and now absolute poverty confronted her; immediate, too, for she had not enough to buy her breakfast with. And she lay there on her board bed (she had slept on two dry goods boxes put together ever since she came to New York to save buying a bed, and as matter of precaution against this very condition which she now faced), lay there looking at the wall, and the shadows that played upon it from a tree outside, striving in a benumbed sort of way to think somewhat of what she was to do, but more of the bitter disappointment and shock she had received that day, and the fatality of it to all her hopes. The precipitation had stunned her. But she was preternaturally awake, nevertheless, striving with herself for two things: to accept the inevitable, wrench her mind clear of the *ignus fatuus* she had been following, and as a side issue, as it were, wondering how it was that such an error had been made in the registry as to the cause of her husband's death. For it was false, all false; or if he had Bright's disease it was only a complication and result of the wound that had killed him. And he himself had been an official in the board of health, having charge of those very records from which she had received her terrible blow to-day—her death blow she was sure, for she had neither the strength, means nor courage to undertake an inquiry into that and ferret it out, those returns being so final, as she knew, and so inexorable. No, there was nothing for her, no hope, no chance. She might

go on for a little, reaching from this to that in futile efforts, but the end was assured and not far off. And she didn't care. The long mental and physical strain of the two years' previous, together with this last supreme effort, and now its disastrous culmination, was too much for even her uncommon strength, energy and will power; and she "let go her hold," as it were; lying here prone on her back, with no life in her, it seemed, except a small, round, burning, grinding and unusually active spot somewhere in the center of her brain, from which emanated the few thoughts she was having.

Presently she was conscious of some change in the dancing of the shadows she had been watching—some development, it seemed, into a form that looked like works, and the flickering had ceased. She watched for a moment, and—yes, there were letters forming! just as she had seen forms grow under the artist's brush. She looked a little longer and then got up, indifferently enough, to learn the cause, never doubting but she should find it in something that was being done in the houses opposite; and although of no interest to her, yet she never could let anything go by, not the smallest trifle that she didn't understand, without tracing it to its cause. She must have a cause for everything! always; and that characteristic, abnormally developed, had been the main bar to her belief in anything not demonstrable. Hence her Atheism and her ridicule of Spiritualism.

But she looked in vain; all the windows in sight were dark like her own, and hers being a rear room, no effect from street lamps were possible, nor from any other light. And the moon was down now, too, she noticed, so that nothing was explainable by that. All this in a few seconds, and she turned to look at the wall again, expecting to see that blank also; or black, as it should be, from there being no light anywhere now, neither from lights or moon. But to her surprise, and more to her vexation, the development was still going on; and the room itself was lighter than she could account for. She saw, too, that a name was being spelled out. There was no mistaking it for shadows now; there it was in well-drawn lines on a curious sort of white glow—she could call it nothing else, for it was certainly not the dirty, yellowish wall she had turned her light out on—and nonplussed she took a chair and sat down to study it out. "Mor" was what was already there as she turned from the window. Now another letter was forming—another "r"—and she watched with faster and faster beating heart, and brain, both, until an entire name was spelled out! a name she knew, and knew what was coming long before it was finished. "Morrean Morris." That was all. But in a flash she knew what it meant. Morrean Morris was the doctor who attended him last—her husband.

You may be sure she did not sleep, but waited for daylight in a tremor of hope such as she had never known before, and in low entreaties, prayer and pleading for more—for him to make himself manifest! But the light died out, the name with it, and daylight came, but nothing else.

She was assured, nevertheless; and went out soon as people were astir, and pawned the last ring left on her finger to get the money for starting on this new hunt, perfectly satisfied that it was not for nothing.

And it was not. In two days the doctor had been found, the matter explained to him, his oath taken (to the effect that the registry was his carelessness) and the copy of the corrected death return in her lawyer's hands ready for transmission to Washington.

She had much to go through in the way of suffering for the necessities of life during the process, but it wasn't for long; the delays that had seemed such disasters to her brought the crisis of her affairs to just where a new and humane hand had taken the helm of the pension department in Washington, and hers and all other pensions were granted (and paid) as swiftly as the evidence demanded they should be.

And she lives now over the very spot where she got her first manifestation, in the firm belief that her husband, though invisible, dwells there with her; lives in comparative comfort wherein to end her days, and in hourly breathing forth of blessings on the legless soldier commissioner who was not one of them and so had to "go."

The millionaires of the moment should study with care the story of the Stewart estate and the Tilden millions, says the *Catholic Review*. Perhaps the first will do as an object lesson. The great fortune piled up by the merchant has become a kind of pirate treasure which all the fools of the world can go hunting for; and they are all in the search, led by the lawyers. The Tilden millions are in litigation, the old man's heirs not having sufficient respect for his memory to to permit his bequests to be used, according to his desire. The lesson is plain. Let the millionaires imitate the late Peter Cooper, begin their charities while they are living, and leave too little at death for heirs to quarrel about.

A LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

His cap is old, but his hair is gold,
And his face is clear as the sky;
And whoever he meets, on lanes or streets,
He looks him straight in the eye
With a fearless pride that has naught to hide,
Though he bows like a little knight,
Quite debonair, to a lady fair,
With a smile that is swift as light.

Does his mother call? No kite or ball,
Or the prettiest game can stay
His eager feet as he hastes to greet
Whatever she means to say;
And the teachers depend on this little friend
At school in his place at nine,
With lessons learned and his good marks earned,
All ready to toe the line.

I wonder if you have seen him too,
This boy who is not too big
For a morning kiss from mother and sis,
Who isn't a bit of a prig;
But gentle and strong, the whole day long
As merry as boy can be;
A gentleman, dears, in the coming years,
And at present the boy for me.

—HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

A recent article in the "Asiatic Quarterly Review," of London, under the caption "Are English Women Legally Inferior to their Mohammedan Sisters?" denies that "women have no souls according to the Mohammedan religion." It states that "Islam gives greater privileges to women than Christianity; and in many Christian countries, England included, the position of woman, only a quarter of a century ago, was far inferior to that of the Mohammedan women in every country, including even the 'dark continent.'" The article continues: "Until 1870, and even until 1862, the date of 'The Married Women's Protective Act,' the married women of England and their property had no separate existence at all in the eyes of the law. This was the law of Christian England for centuries. What is the effect of marriage on a Mohammedan woman? The learned Justice Moulvi Syed Amer Ali answers: 'The contract of marriage gives the man no power over the woman's person beyond what the law defines, and none whatever upon her goods and property. A Mussulman wife retains in her husband's household all the rights which the law vests in her as a responsible member of society. She can be sued as a *feme sole*. She can receive property without the intervention of trustees. She has a distinct lien upon her husband's estate for her ant-nuptial settlement. Her rights as a mother do not depend upon the idiosyncrasies of individual judges. She can enter upon binding contracts with her husband, and proceed against him at law if necessary.' This law has been in force throughout the Moslem world for the last 1,250 years. A Mohammedan marriage is a civil contract, requiring no priest nor any sacred rites." In contrast with the English rule that divorce can be had only for adultery, the article states: "Under the law of Mohammed, on the contrary, the wife is entitled to a divorce for the following among other reasons: 1. When the husband leaves her without any means of subsistence; 2. When he treats her habitually in a cruel manner; 3. When he forces her to do labor of a kind which is considered degrading to a woman in her position; 4. When he is in the habit of threatening her with bodily injuries. The husband must besides return the dower he has received with his wife. In many cases of divorce, under English law, mothers are deprived of the custody of their children. Mohammed said, however, 'that the claims of the mother to the custody of the young child so absolutely outweigh those of the father, that the father really ought not to come into the question as such at all.' For, the *Fatwa-i-Alamgiri* says: 'The mother is, of all persons, the best entitled to the custody of her infant children, during the connubial relationship as well as after its dissolution.' The mother, according to Mohammedan law, is entitled to the custody of her daughters until they arrive at puberty, and in many cases until they are married. In the case of male children, the rule is that the mother is entitled to the custody of the boy until he is independent of her care."

The Illinois Woman's Alliance having investigated the administration of justice

in the police courts of Chicago, as it affects women, has learned, it says in a letter addressed to the chief of police, that "the inability to find employment at living wages is largely the cause of the prostitution in our city, and the popular impression that the police force and justices are entitled to revenue from these unfortunate women is one of the most effectual means of keeping them in a state of degradation." "We believe," the letter continues, "that bad women should have as fair a chance before the law as bad men, and are entitled to equal consideration; that as no woman can enter upon a life of prostitution alone, she is no more guilty than her partner, and often less so, because she may be forced to earn her bread by it, while he is never in that position; that the women prostitutes of the city are no more dangerous to society than the great army of men prostitutes who stand ready to lure to evil ways young girls and dependent women; that we are justified in pursuing our investigations, and in proclaiming the results as widely as possible, because the actual status of the most degraded woman determines the possible status of all women."

"Because of these convictions we urge upon you the following:

"1. That you forbid all unnecessary handling and brutal treatment of women by policemen.

"2. That all policemen be supplied with, and instructed to use, mechanical contrivances in the management of refractory women.

"3. That you forbid the common practice of arresting women in 'loads,' not for any violation of the law but simply on reputation, a practice resulting in a system of blackmail, iniquitous to society, though profitable to the police force.

"4. That when a woman is arrested for 'soliciting' unless the man solicited appear as a prosecuting witness she be discharged.

"5. That there be established a central station to which all women and no men shall be taken when arrested.

"6. That the proceedings of the trial board before which complaints against officers are made be open to the public.

"As our investigations have revealed the fact that injustice to women in the police courts is common, we urge that some way be devised by which a higher class of women than are now employed be selected as matrons. We hold it to be a truism that those who are mentally, morally or physically sick demand the care of the most intelligent, therefore the position of matron should be filled from the ranks of the best educated and most humane women."

In a Sheffield (Eng.) church the other day a marriage ceremony came to an abrupt and altogether unlooked-for termination, says London *Tid-Bits*. It was the fault of the would-be bridegroom, and most people will say in losing his bride he met his deserts.

The ceremony went on right enough till the clergyman, addressing himself to the woman, put the question whether she would have the man to be her husband, "to love, honor and obey."

At the mention of the word "obey," the bridegroom ejaculated, "I'll make thee."

"Are we married yet?" asked the woman of the clergyman.

"No, you are not," he replied.

"Then we shall not be," she said, and thereupon she left the church.

The man protested that it was too late, but she heeded him not, and his discomfiture was made none the less when the parson told him that he thought she had acted very sensibly.

No duty is more incumbent on parents than that of discouraging in children a tendency to the cruel treatment of insects and other creatures of a higher order, yet helpless for defense, even against childhood. The little one that has put a pin through a butterfly, or carried off a young bird from the nest, or inflicted needless pain on a cat or dog, has learned a lesson that may have a far reaching influence upon its future life. Yet how often are such spectacles to be seen, while parents, well meaning perhaps, give no heed to the indulgence that may bear bitter fruit in the future! The lower creation must give way to the comfort and necessities of man, but let children be taught that even the lowest of beings should not be subjected to unnecessary pain. This is a duty which school teachers as well as parents should not neglect.

Mrs. Edwin H. Low, wife of the well-known steamship agent, is described as one of the thriftiest, pleasantest, all-round

business women in New York. She is actively engaged with her husband in the conduct of his affairs, and once or twice a year crosses the Atlantic to look after the London agencies; and she has entire charge of the New York office when Mr. Low is absent on business tours. She is, withal, the embodiment of courtesy and feminine refinement, and in spite of her multifarious duties she finds time to keep house, entertain hosts of friends, and now and then appear in society. She is a sister of Blanche Roosevelt, the novelist.

Miss Georgia N. Kilbourne, the fair young bride of General Schofield, is said to be a very bright as well as charming young woman. She is rather small, a graceful blonde, and knows how to dress with taste and effect. She is an excellent musician, a delightful violinist, and is said to be a vivacious and charming conversationalist. She is 26.

Mrs. Elizabeth Boynton Harbert, President of Illinois W. S. A., is with husband and children having a delightful trip on the Pacific coast. Mrs. Harbert recently addressed both the Woman's Club and the Unity Club at Los Angeles.

Benj. R. Tucker announces that he will on July 25th publish the first number of a new periodical, to be called "Weekly Bulletin of Newspaper and Periodical Literature." Its chief feature will be a classified catalogue of all the important articles appearing in the periodical press of the United States and the British Provinces, daily, weekly, monthly, etc. The title of each article will be given, the name of the author when known, the name of the periodical publishing it, the number of words in the article, and, when the title is not sufficiently definite, a line or two descriptive of the subject-matter. There are a few journals which catalogue the contents of the magazines, but his will be the first to do the same for the daily and weekly press.

Mr. Walter Howell writes us from New York that he arrived there the 11th inst., that he has overworked and feels his energies at a low ebb, and needing rest greatly will not visit any camp meetings this summer.

A BOOK NOW CLOSED TO OUR INSPECTION.

I have always been interested about Edison's early life. For I believe that such a genius is a very interesting study to the Spiritualist. None of us lives to or by himself. None of us really knows himself; probably he has only a working acquaintance with a superficial part of that fully rounded individuality, a portion only of which is consciously correlated with the surroundings of this world. None of us knows how far his thoughts and acts are his own, unaided and undirected by those unseen beings whose presence some of us can sense, and to whom we are all more or less indebted. Where what I call *myself* ends, and someone else steps in to guide and direct, is a problem as yet unsolved by me. I cannot tell; only I know of a surety that such aid is given me, such guidance comes from spirit friends, and I am content to defer the exact solution of the problem to a time when I shall be more fit to grasp and master it. If this be so with us of ordinary clay, what shall we say of the rarer porcelain that the will of the Great Potter creates for an admiring generation at infrequent intervals? What of the geniuses that lift human knowledge on to a higher level by their intuitions; that push on the progress of the race by their efforts; that stand towering over their fellows and carry in their inspired countenance, in the eye, "the window of the soul," a radiance that is not of earth? Inspired they are in a sense as full as were the prophets and seers of old; and their insight and inspiration comes from the same prolific source—the world of spirit that surrounds us, and its denizens, who, often unknown to us, guide and direct our destinies. It may well be that over the man-child born to such distinction as Edison has achieved appointed guardians watch and pour into the receptive soul the knowledge that he is to

give to the world. Such, at least, is my belief; it gives me the only clue I can get to the doings of precocious genius in those minds of tender age that are taught we know not how, except that their knowledge was not gained through ordinary channels of instruction. I have known children who seem to have brought with them into this world the keys to mysteries that most men plod on to advanced age, solving wearily. One is a born musician, "taught of God," for man had nothing to do with teaching him. Another "lisp in numbers, for the numbers come," a poet born, not made. Another sees and reproduces Nature's subtle beauties that escape the conventional eye, while yet his untrained fingers should be learning to draw a line. Some are scientific in the cradle; others have solved abstruse problems of exact science in mathematics before they can talk clearly. To others, as to Edison, the infinite combinations, which lead to discoveries in science and their application to the arts, are an open book. In all we trace the results of causes hidden in the past, a book now closed to our inspection. When we are able to read that book what secrets will be revealed, what problems solved in the lives of the geniuses of earth!—*Stanton Moses in Light*.

ARCTURUS 550,000 TIMES LARGER THAN OUR SUN.

There are three well defined classes of stars, judged by the quality of light they yield. In the first class are the clear white and bluish white stars like Sirius and Vega. These are supposed to be the hottest stars and the most luminous in proportion to the extent of their surface. Then there are the golden yellow or pale orange stars, of which Arcturus and Capella are fine examples. These have begun to cool. Finally, we have the deep orange and red stars like Aldebaran and Antares. These have advanced still further in the cooling process.

Now the spectroscope informs us that our sun belongs to the orange or Arcturus type, and if we could view it from distant space we should see a lovely star of a pale golden yellow. The question arises, then, how far would our sun have to be removed in order to shine with a brightness no greater than that of Arcturus? According to Mr. Maunder, it would have to be removed 140,000 times its present distance, or about half the distance between us and Alpha Centauri.

But Arcturus is 11,500,000 times as far away as the sun, and if our sun were placed at that enormous distance its diameter would have to be eighty-two times as great in order to give a light equal to that received from Arcturus. I hesitate to present such figures, implying magnitudes far beyond any to which we have been accustomed, yet they are but the logical deductions of observed facts. In other words, upon Mr. Maunder's reasonable assumption Arcturus must be a gigantic sphere, 550,000 times larger than our sun, with a diameter of 70,000,000 miles, or more than large enough to fill the entire orbit of mercury.

To make this contrast clearer, let us institute a simple comparison. Jupiter is larger than all the other planets and satellites of the solar system. The sun is a little more than 1,000 times larger than Jupiter. But Arcturus, if our information is correct, is 550,000 times larger than the sun. By the side of such a majestic orb our sun, grand and overwhelming as it is in our own system, would dwindle to an insignificant star.

Contemplating a world so vast, endowed with such mighty energies, and rushing with such resistless force through the great depths of space, we cannot resist the questions: Whence came this blazing world? Whither is it bound? What is its mission and destiny? Is it simply a visitor to our sidereal galaxy, rushing furiously through it like a comet? Is it being constantly fed and enlarged by the worlds it encounters and the meteoric matter it gathers up in its wonderful journey? What would be the effect if it chanced to pass through a nebula or a star cluster? Was the new star which suddenly blazed forth in the nebula of Andromeda in 1876 due to a similar cause?

As this mighty aggregation of attractive energies sweeps along his celestial path, thickly bordered with stellar worlds, how many of those worlds will yield forever to his disturbing forces? How many will be swerved from their appointed courses by his irresistible power? How many will plunge into his fiery bosom and be swallowed up as a pebble is swallowed by the ocean?—*Scientific American*.



THINGS I SEE AND HEAR.

TO THE EDITOR: There is a certain district of Cleveland, Ohio, the greater portion of which is given up to the lowest grade of European nationalities. The most prominent features are saloons, beer-gardens and dance halls. To judge by the habits of the people one might readily infer that public dancing, Sunday beer-garden picnics, brass band playing and general drinking carousals were the chief occupations. Lack of newspaper reading and accompanying ignorance are conspicuous, as are the number of Roman Catholic churches. The two, it has often been observed, quite frequently go together. The priest is given unquestioned authority, the population being almost exclusively of recent immigration from Catholic countries where the papal church holds despotic sway over the consciences of her adherents.

Not long ago a certain poor widow, who hardly earns a livelihood for herself and four children by washing, became so deaf as to make it a matter of great difficulty to go through the rite of confession. Indeed, so loudly did the priest finally have to shout his responses from the little box where he sits cooped, as to greatly disturb the worshippers congregated near. It did seem as if the devout widow must give up the privilege of telling her sins altogether, when the wily confessor hit on a scheme that bid fair to smooth all trouble away.

After awhile, however, it was observed that the widow no longer came to confession. When questioned in regard to this dereliction by a friend, she naively replied, "It cost too much." "How's that?" "Before I got so deaf it cost not one cent when I confess. But after we shout so it make too much noise, Father—told me I shall say nothing; just kneel down and pray for me; I pay a dollar for the church and it be all right. I go three or four times, but it pinched so hard paying so much money, I can't stand it. So I stop away." "Slick, but how much of the teaching of Jesus of Nazareth in this! Was not such a trick a shameful playing on the superstition of an ignorant devotee!"

Last winter I accompanied my wife, who is a devout adherent of the Methodist church, to a meeting gotten up for the purpose of raising the customary yearly fund for foreign missions. Having strong doubts as to the wisdom of spending large sums for missionary work in distant lands while so much ignorance, crime, misery and destitution lie broad cast, round about every church and at our very doors, and whose chief outcome has been the wide opening of the rum traffic and other vices of civilization among helpless people. I determined to permit but a small sum to be given. The sharp trading device of having each one affix his or her name to the amount they would give on little cards arranged in readiness was put in force, and then a certain star mesmerizer of the revivalist order, who had been engaged precisely as theater star actors are secured to rake in the skelels, was let loose to get in his peculiar work. It is not my purpose to dwell on how he ranted and roared, how he thrashed his arms like those of a wind-mill and sweat and swayed up and down the platform in wild excitement, as his great fiery eyes rolled and hypnotized the souls of his hearers. Enough that he worked the people up to a mental condition, in which they sat helplessly at his mercy and then put in the choice licks he had never known to fail. He told, in a pitiful voice that brought tears in great sympathetic drops from scores of eyes, how in a Brooklyn meeting, after pleading for the lost, benighted heathen, his hearers became so worked to the right spirit, that one poor widow, the mother of five little orphans, whose frail support came from hard work at one dollar a day—a glorious sister who donated largely in support of the church—actually put her name down to give seventy-five dollars that year to the noble work of foreign missions! And so excellent did this piece of robbery of a poor mother and five orphaned children seem, that he mopped the mesmerizing perspiration from his fat cheeks and unctuously repeated: "Seventy-five dollars from that poor widow!" Every fiber in my body tingled with indignation as I saw scores of pencils marking down big sums in emulation of the weak, benighted soul, who had cast the very livelihood of herself and children under

the grinding wheels of this hypnotizing juggernaut.

In a tremble of outraged humanity I bent down and whispered to my wife, "That man is not honest. I hold him in utter loathing. Don't set your name to a cent! Not a cent!"

Here we have the bare-faced jugglery that plays on the superstitious idolatry of weak believers at both ends of creedal theology. W. WHITWORTH.

Cleveland, Ohio.

A TRIBUTE TO A TRUE MAN.

TO THE EDITOR: I was glad to see the good words in the last number of THE JOURNAL regarding Mr. James Haslett, of Port Huron, who has passed to the higher life. It is true, as you say, that he gave much more abundantly of his moderate means than many who have far greater wealth. Many mediums who happened to visit Port Huron whom he saw were in need went away benefited by a suit of clothes, or an equivalent in money if most needed; and all was done so quietly that none but he and they knew until their overflowing hearts prompted them to speak of his kindness.

He was an outspoken Spiritualist, and he loved above all things quiet communion with the spirits in the sanctity of the circle of home and cherished friends. The light which he found of such value to himself he never placed under a bushel. Ministers, business men and men in whatever capacity who visited his place of business soon found that he had nothing to conceal through fear of "injury to his business," but rather that he had that faith in human nature which led him to feel that an honest man respecting his own honest convictions would stand higher in the estimation of all thinking people than a coward, and if not, he was ever fearless of the consequences of speaking the truth. The cause of Spiritualism has lost in his death a staunch defender and a man who evidenced his willingness to work and to sacrifice. Two years ago when the deed was made out for the camp ground at Haslett Park and the work systematized I know by conversation which he had with me that he was making more of a sacrifice than to some people appeared. He said: "This means four more years standing at the bench, cutting; then I'll be all right." But he has his release. This will be a hard blow to Haslett Park camp meeting unless the powers that be raise up a David in strength to meet the Goliath of difficulties which appear to human sight. To be sure there are some willing workers there, but we see no one as yet who is willing and who has the means to do the part he did. Mrs. Haslett, who has earnestly seconded his efforts all the way and who has gone there year after year early in the season and performed astonishing labors, considering her physical strength, feels that she shall go this season, as she knows he would wish, and help to carry the work to success. Dr. Edson, the manager this year, is an efficient member, and is already doing all in his power to make the coming meeting a success, and I hope all Spiritualists in Michigan will feel it a personal duty to lend their strength and influence toward the work for which he has sacrificed so much.

I was sent for to officiate, with my spirit guides, at the funeral services, which took place at his home in Port Huron, Mich., and also a service at the chapel of the crematory in Detroit, where the remains were incinerated, his wife and son faithfully carrying out his wishes in this respect. This was a new experience to me, though I had made up my mind some time since that it was the best way to dispose of the body; still as I passed into the little side room of the chapel to lay off my wraps and saw on one side of the room a row of shelves containing some vases and other receptacles, each of them labelled with the name of the person whose outer form had at last been reduced to this little dish of ashes, my feelings almost overcame me, but at that moment I saw Mr. Haslett himself undisturbed in spirit and in the old familiar voice he said: "I would not make any change now even if I could," and after looking through the building and viewing the retort, I felt that this would be my wish also.

The body is the medium of the soul; we miss it and tender associations linger about even after we know the spirit has left it, but no such feeling was mine on this occasion as is usual when laying the body in the grave. All that there was of him is now spirit; and may it go on in the pathway of progress, knowing only such joys as he richly deserves. He was among the first in my work in Michigan—which was early in my public work—to give

me greeting, kindly words of cheer and material aid. Our friendship has grown until I feel a personal loss in his removal. And none but those most intimately acquainted with them, who know how closely their lives had grown together, can realize what a loss this is to Mrs. Haslett. That as a spirit he will be able to make himself manifest to her in this trying ordeal is the wish, I know, of all who love them.

R. SHEPARD LILLIE.

DO YOU SIT FOR EGGS?

TO THE EDITOR: I fear I am not very true to my promise to write you from time to time of incidents occurring in my life as a public medium. The life of a public medium is at times a most trying one; still it is not all clouds, for there are circumstances which take place of a very laughable nature. One morning on answering my door bell I beheld a man, as the saying goes, fresh from the country; boots just out of the barnyard, and in great haste he asked if I was the medium. Informed that I was, his next question filled me with surprise, and I must say a great deal of mirth, for although I was dwelling much of the time with the spirits out of the body, I never saw the time when I could not see the ridiculous as well as the sublime aspect of things. His question was this: "Do you sit for eggs?" Of course I never called myself one of the feathered tribe, so I said: "Sir, what do mean?" Then he said he had a lot of eggs he would like to dispose of and would like a sitting for them. I did give him a sitting, and he had three beautiful children in spirit life, whom he spoke of as his "little chickens." So much for the eggs. JENNIE POTTER.

RELATED AS A TEST.

TO THE EDITOR: While spending some weeks in Chicago lately I had a sitting with a Mrs. McWilliams, 5905 Indiana Avenue, whom I believe to be a very good medium and a true and worthy woman. Her control described quite well several spirit friends present, especially my wife, who joined the spirit hosts some eight months ago. I was told that she could not control, but could dictate her message, which she did freely and affectionately. I called her attention to an agreement that she and a dear intimate friend of hers, a lady about her own age—Mrs. H.—made that whichever went first to spirit life should manifest in some way to the other if possible; and asked her why she did not do it, as I knew Mrs. H. was really anxious to hear from her and know of a truth—if indeed it were a truth, which she seemed seriously to doubt, not being a Spiritualist—that spirits can and do communicate. My wife told me that she had been to her and had so manifested that she was plainly conscious of it but did not know that it was she. She asked me to write to Mrs. H., who was then traveling in the Northwest, and ask her to recall a certain incident on a bright moonlight night in May, in the far West, when alone in bed, she felt a gentle touch upon her right cheek like the soft stroke of a feather, and if she did not look to see what it was, and feel, and think she heard something. "Tell her it was me trying to manifest to her."

Here is what Mrs. H. says in reply: "I cannot attribute many things that take place to spirits; I did feel, at Fargo, I think, something touch my right cheek, and I put up my hand to brush away the sensation, and looked to see what it was. I saw nothing and felt annoyed; I have felt these things so many times that I treat them as a nervous sensation and think no more of it; I cannot think it is spirits."

Now then, Mr. Editor, consider well all the circumstances and say if it not a good test of identity as to the actual presence of my wife, and also of a genuine spirit manifestation. The medium, an entire stranger to all parties concerned, Mrs. H. a skeptic and knowing nothing of the matter which was being thus called up a month after it happened. Mrs. H. writes from Minneapolis and was in Fargo about the time my wife claimed to have thus manifested.

I submit this simple and apparently unimportant circumstance to the consideration of those who may at times doubt the genuineness of many simple, yet important manifestations from our spirit friends; and to call attention to the very discouraging influence it must have upon them to be thus discredited and doubted after exhausting all the resources at their command and having partially succeeded, to have it brushed aside as "a nervous sensation." I often wonder that they do not give up in despair and leave us to plod our

way alone. We do not realize the difficulties they have to meet in ministrations of love; if we did we should be more considerate in sifting the genuine from the spurious, the true from the false, and give the dear spirits just credit for what they do. But I do not wonder that honest, intelligent skeptics are slow to accept facts and phenomena, when there is so much fraud and deception practiced and detected.

Go on in your good work of eliminating the frauds, and may success crown your efforts. S. BIGELOW

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

HISTORY, GEOGRAPHY AND THE EARTH.

The following is sent to THE JOURNAL as an "extract from a composition of a little African girl in the orphanage at Cape Palmas, Liberia."

Do you know what history is? History, as you know, teaches us what is to happen in the past event. Geography, shows us where the thing has happened at. History tells us when Adam and Eve were created, and geography shows us where the Garden of Eden is, which continent, which division. History tells us that Adam was the first man who was created, and while he was sleeping God took out one of his ribs and made Eve. After awhile, Eve went to walk among the trees of the garden. Conversation took place between her and the devil. The devil told her to eat some kind of fruit which God had told her not to eat. She took it and ate it, and also took some for her husband. When Adam saw it he did not take no time to ask Eve where she got it from. History, geography, and the earth just do to go together; one tells us about this, and one tells us about that, and so forth. Histories are interesting to read, indeed they are. It tells us about the whale. The whale is the largest animal in the sea. Whale is spoken of in the Bible. When God sent Jonah to Ninevah to preach to the people about their sins, Jonah refused to go. He went into a ship with some people. He just went there to hide from God, but God caused a storm to take place. The ship went from this way to that way. The people was afraid indeed, and they began to cast lots. The lot fell upon Jonah. They took him up and threw him into the sea. While he was going to the very bottom of the sea he met with this animal, so the whale said, "My friend, where are you going to?" Jonah answered and said: "I have disobeyed God, and am trying to hide from his face." The whale said, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Don't you know that neither you nor I cannot hide from his face?" Jonah said: "O whale! I am so afraid, I don't know what I am doing or saying." The whale said, "Jonah, oh Jonah! hearken unto me, and take heed unto yourself, for indeed I will swallow you up soon." "Have mercy upon me, O whale, and if it is God's will, he will carry me safe to the land, so I may obey him." The whale said, "Jonah, put your head into my mouth, and get ready for your life." Jonah said, "Whale, I think you better swallow me, because I see there is no use in talking." The whale said, "Jonah, the idea of your running away from God! you will bear the consequence, that is all I got to say." At the same time he did swallow him up. Jonah thought the whale's body was his grave and end. Therefore he offers up a prayer for his sins, if he should die before he should get to the shore, if it was God's will, to carry his soul to heaven. The whale did not rest, day after day, nor night after night; so after three days the whale went to the shore and vomited up Jonah. Jonah was just like a drowned rat.

The following warm weather don'ts are worth heeding:

Don't hurry. Don't worry. Don't complain.

Don't run to catch a car but wait for the next.

Don't wear starched linen or suspenders or a vest.

Don't swelter in gas-lit rooms when you can sit in a balcony or out of doors.

Don't neglect any opportunity to run out of town over night, especially if the run be by water.

Don't debilitate your system with warm baths or political discussions, but take your baths as invigoratingly cold as you can and leave politics for cooler weather.

Don't ask anybody if it is hot enough for him, and don't answer the question if it is put to you. Live calmly and you may enjoy life with the mercury in the nineties as well as at any other time.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head are for sale at, or can be ordered through the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

Mind is Matter, or the Substance of the Soul. By Wm. Hemstreet. New York: Fowler & Wells Co., 1891. pp. 258. Price, \$1.00.

The author of this work claims that there can be no qualities without substance for them to inhere in, and as the only substance conceivable is matter, he concludes that the soul is just as material as the body is, although so attenuated and refined as to be invisible. Mind, he argues, is the quality of the material thing called the soul, as cohesion and chemical affinity are inherent in ordinary matter. He argues that by demonstrating the corporeal nature of the soul we demonstrate its immortality in the imperishability of matter and its alliance with volitional tenacity or love of life. But the author makes soul to consist of matter in a certain form and condition, and since there is no proof and no analogy to support the supposition that any material form that has come into existence can escape mutability as to form and condition, it is folly to predicate the immortality of the soul on the indestructibility of matter. If soul is a material substance the most natural conclusion is that it is subject to the changes of matter—aggregation and segregation. But after all this author admits that what is known as matter is but a phenomenal manifestation of a deeper underlying reality. If he had only kept this in mind, and argued that it, instead of material atoms, is the basis of sensation and thought he might have escaped the main fallacy and the logical weakness of his hypothesis. Mr. Hemstreet sees the necessity of having a basis for mental as well as physical qualities, and since such basis is conceivable only as substance, and substance is definable only in terms of matter, he assumes, notwithstanding the fact that what is known as matter is only phenomenal of an ultimate reality, that matter is the substance of the soul. Atoms unite and produce the soul, giving rise to qualities called sentence and thought. He assumes that these material atoms will by the affinity of their desires refuse to separate. Indeed the atoms are referred to in places as a kind of mind stuff, after the manner of Clifford. Mr. Hemstreet's speculation is an old one which finds no support in modern physics or modern psychology. His collation of expressions of others in regard to the corporeal nature of the soul is interesting. To some of the statements of the book exception may be taken on scientific grounds, but it makes no pretensions to science, and is merely the speculation of a man who does his own thinking, follows his own method and gives his thoughts to the public in clear language, which leaves no doubt as to his meaning. If it fails to solve the difficulties which it raises or suggests, it is nevertheless thought-provoking and may lead from materialism to a higher philosophy by the only route that a certain class of minds can take.

The Greatest Fight in the World. Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon's Conference Address. From "Fight the Good Fight of Faith."—1 Tim. vi., 12. Post free. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. pp. 64. Paper, 35 cents.

This book, one of the most telling utterances of England's famous preacher, comes into the inspiration contest just in the nick of time. It is a conference address of which the divisions are "our armor (the scripture), our army (the church), and our strength (the Holy Spirit)." Nearly one-half the address is occupied with a defence of the verbal inspiration of the Bible.

On this point Mr. Spurgeon says: "If this book is not infallible, where shall infallibility be found?.... The depth saith, It is not in me; yet those who have no depth at all would have us imagine that it is in them." This is rather a captious way of treating the subject and will satisfy no skeptics as to the infallibility of the Bible or of any other work. The address abounds in Spurgeonisms.

MAGAZINES.

The July *Unitarian* prints for its opening paper a sermon by Rev. J. W. Chadwick on "Prof. Briggs' Criticism and Theology."—The *Unitarian Review* for July contains a sketch of Erasmus by S. Fletcher Williams.—*Knowledge* for July gives the meaning of words and refers to movements up to date, including the memorial to Leo XIII by the Archangel Raphael Societies, to form into separate parishes the

different groups of immigrants in this country with priests for each nationality. —The opening article in the *Path* for July is by Mrs. Annie Besant on "Karma and Free-Will." —The *Phrenological Journal* for July has something to say of Prof. C. A. Briggs and the Church Controversy, and says it clearly and well, giving a portrait of the distinguished heretic. "A Pink of Perfection" hits off a certain type of childhood capital, and "Wrong Side Out" is a good illustration of motherly tact. —*Hall's Journal of Health* for July has articles on "Good Health," "Coffee: its Use and Abuse," and other interesting subjects.

The *Chautauquan* for August presents an attractive table of contents: Old Chautauqua Days (Illustrated), by Theodore L. Flood; Flying by Means of Electricity, by Prof. John Trowbridge; Illustration and our Illustrators, by C. M. Fairbanks; American Sporting on the Seas, by J. H. Mandigo; A Study of Longfellow, by John Vance Cheney; The Physical and the Mental in Hypnotism, by Alfred Voillée; England in the Eighteenth Century, by Edward A. Freeman; Modern Surgery, by C. R. Hammerton; The Sorosis Club at Bombay, India, by Mrs. M. B. Denning; A Colored Creole Type, by Julie Wetherill Baker; Women in the Pension Office, by Ella Loraine Dorsey; and The Indian Women of Dakota, by Kate Carnes are among the articles. The usual editorial and department space is well filled. —Poulney Bigelow, who was a schoolmate of the German Emperor, will contribute an article to the *Midsummer* (August) number of *The Century* on the first three years of the Emperor's reign, the third anniversary of his ascent to the throne having taken place on the 15th of June. Mr. Bigelow believes that "since Frederick the Great no king of Prussia has understood his business like this emperor," and in this article he gives what he considers the secret of the power of William II. with his people, and incidentally contributes many facts regarding his life.

Don't be discouraged about that eczema till you have given Ayer's Sarsaparilla a persistent trial. Six bottles of this medicine cured the complaint for George S. Thomas, of Ada, Ohio, when all other remedies failed to afford any relief.

Unless more care is given to the hair, the coming man is liable to be a hairless animal; hence, to prevent the hair from falling use Hall's Hair Renewer.

For a disordered liver try Beecham's Pills.

ONLY 5 DOLLARS

To Niagara Falls and Return via C. H. & D., July 30.

Special excursion trains will leave Cincinnati and Indianapolis, July 30, for Niagara Falls via the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton R. R. The trains run solid via Toledo and Detroit and the Michigan Central and consists of through coaches, sleepers and chair cars. Round trip tickets from Cincinnati or Indianapolis to Niagara Falls and return \$5; Toronto and return \$6 and proportionately cheap all rates along the line. On sale July 30 and good returning till August 5. Opportunities will be afforded to make very cheap side trips from Niagara Falls to Thousand Islands and other points of interest and returning stop-over will be permitted at Detroit within limit of tickets. Secure your sleeping car berths at once by addressing E. O. McCormick, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Cincinnati, O. Any C. H. & D. Agent will sell you tickets.

Easy to Reach Manitou.

A Pullman Car now runs from Chicago to Manitou Springs without change, via the Santa Fe Route. It passes through Kansas City, Pueblo and Colorado Springs. It leaves Dearborn Station on the Denver Limited at six o'clock and reaches Manitou at half past eight the second morning. No other line can offer this accommodation. You must change cars on any other line.

Pullman Palace Cars are run by the Santa Fe Route without change from Chicago to Las Vegas Hot Springs, Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, Manitou and many other Rocky Mountain summer resorts to which excursion tickets are being sold at 212 Clark street.

The *Fapaday* Pamphlets: The Relation of the Spiritual to the Material Universe; The Law of Control, price 15 cents; The Origin of Life, or Where Man Comes from, price 10 cents; The Development of the Spirit after Transition, price 10 cents; and The Process of Mental Action, price 15 cents. All for sale at this office.

"Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething," softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Samuel Bowles's Pamphlets: Experiences of Samuel Bowles in Spirit Life, or life as he now sees it from a Spiritual Standpoint, price 25 cents. Contrast in Spirit Life, and recent experiences, price 10 cents, and Interviews with Spirits, price 50 cents in paper cover. For sale at this office.

Signs of the Times

From the Standpoint of a Scientist.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE FIRST METHODIST CHURCH UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE WESTERN SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

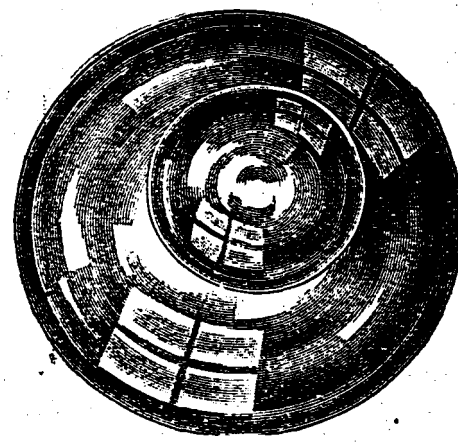
—BY—
PROF. ELLIOTT COUES, M. D.,
Member of the National Academy of Sciences of the London Society for Psychical Research, etc., etc.

CONTENTS.

The Woman Question. The Naros, or Cycle of six Hundred Years. The International Congress of Women. The Opinions of a Scientist. "Substantially True as Alleged." Phenomenal Spiritualism. Experiments with a Table. Test Conditions. The One thing indispensable. The Spiritualistic or the Theosophic Explanation? Animal Magnetism and its dangers. The Great Power of the Magnetizer. Magnetism the Pass Key to Psychic Science. The Biogen Theory. The Astral Body. The Better Way. Natural Magic. The Outlook. And an invaluable stimulant and guide to the NOVICE IN THE STUDY OF THE OCCULT as well as a most

EXCELLENT MISSIONARY DOCUMENT.
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For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. C. BUNDY, Chicago.

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AT AUNT'S HOUSE.

One time when we's at aunty's house—
Way in the country—where
They's ist but woods, an' pigs and cows,
An' all out doors an' air!
An' orchard swing; an' churries trees,
An' churries in 'em! Yes, an' these
Here red head birds steal all they please
An' tetch 'em ef you dare!
W'y wunst, one time when we wuz there
We et out on the porch!

Wite where the cellar door was shut
The table wuz; an' I
Let aunty sit by me an' cut
My wittles up—an' pie
Tuz awful funny! I could see
The red-heads in the churrie tree;
An' bee-hives, where you got to be
So kearful goin' by—
An' comp'ny there an' all! and we—
We et out on the porch!

An'—I ist et p'surves an' things
'At ma don't 'low me to—
An' chicken gizzurds (don't like wings
Like parunts does, do you?)
An' all the time the wind blowed there
An' I could feel it in my hair,
An' it smell clover ever'where!
An' a old red-head flew
Purt' nigh wite over my high chair,
When we et out on the porch!

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Smiles and Old Saws.

As lazy as Ludlam's dog, that leaned his head
against a wall to bark
As busy as a bee.
As cold as charity.
As mad as a March hare.
As nice as a nun's hen.
As plain as a pike-staff.
As seasonable as snow in summer.
As deep drinks the goose as the gander.
As nimble as a cow in a cage.
As true as the dial to the sun.
As wary as a blind horse.
As welcome as water in one's shoes.
As a cat loves mustard.
As brisk as a bee in a tar pot.
As busy as a hen with one chicken.
As full as an egg of meat.
As hungry as a church mouse.
As good beg of a naked man as a miser.
As merry as a cricket.
As grave as an old gate post.
As white as the driven snow.
As the wind blows, you must set your sail.
As good water goes by the mill as drives it.
As demure as if butter would not melt in her mouth.
As often as thou doest wrong justice has thee on
the score.
As wilful as a pig that will neither lead nor drive.
As good eat the devil as the broth he is broiled in.
As love thinks no evil, so envy speaks no good.

Our Old Fire Company.

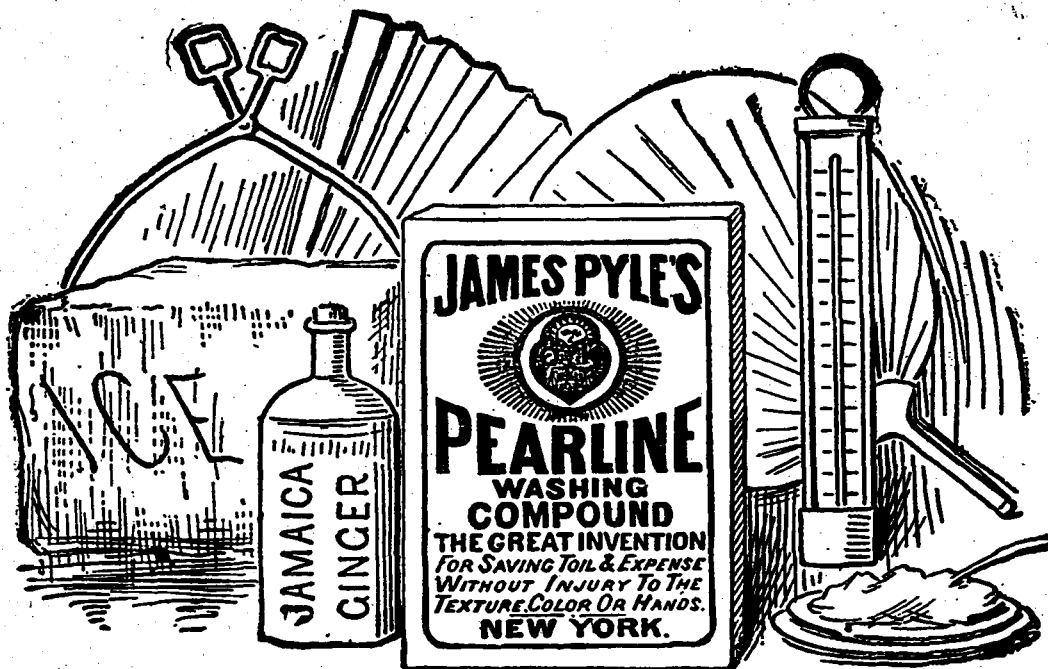
"That was a gay old company that we belonged to,
Joe, away back in '68, when you and I 'ran with the
machine.' Do you remember that big fire in Hotel
Row, one freezing night, when fifteen people were
pulled out of their burning rooms and come down
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Greene brought down two 'kids' at once—one in his
arms, the other slung to his back? Poor 'Dick'! He
got the catarrh dreadfully, from so much exposure,
and suffered from it five years or more. We thought
once he was going in consumption, sure. But, finally,
he heard of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and tried it,
and it cured him up as sound as a flint. I tell you,
Joe, that catarrh remedy is a great thing. It paved
is good a man and as brave a fireman as ever trod
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Beaver Dam, Wis.	Lake Madison, So. Dakota.
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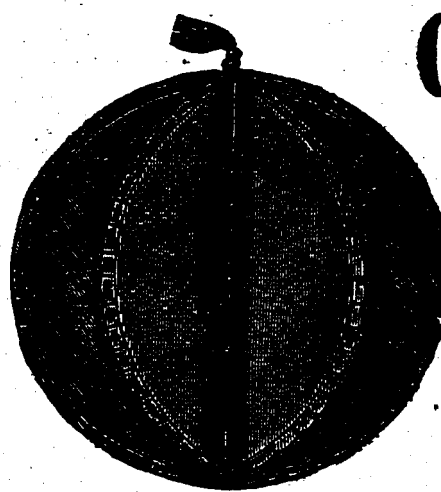
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Onward, onward, as they go!
Life is made of smallest fragments,
Shade and sunshine, work and play;
So may we, with greatest profit,
Learn a little every day.

Tiny seeds make boundless harvests,
Drops of rain compose the showers,
Seconds make the flying minutes,
And the minutes make the hours!
Let us hasten, then, and catch them
As they pass us on the way;
And with honest, true endeavor,
Learn a little every day.

Let us read some striking passage,
Cull a verse from every page;
Here a line, and there a sentence,
Against the lonely time of age!
At our work, or by the wayside,
While the sunshine's making hay;
Thus we may, by help of study,
Learn a little every day.

—EXCHANGE.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Hail, August day, which comes in crisp November,
Let's all March forth to greet the natal morn—
May it equal Christmas, which comes in bleak
December,

When poultry and pigs get fat by eating corn.
May every June bug hide its ruptured head,
And Jew lie dormant in the sun's bright ray;
And Jane, you airy creature, rise from your bed,
And join in honor to Thanksgiving day.
Oh, who would be a ripe duck in the month of
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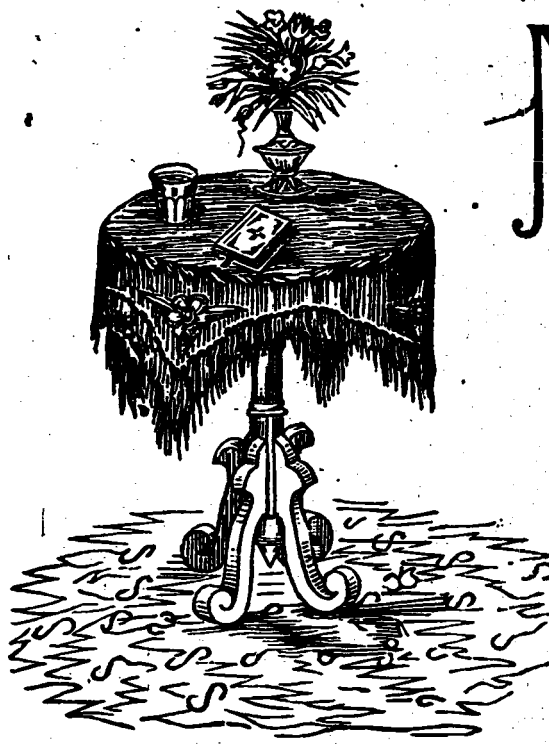
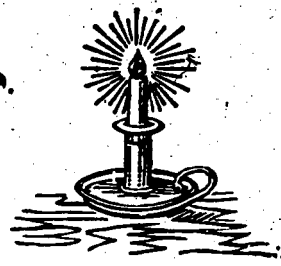
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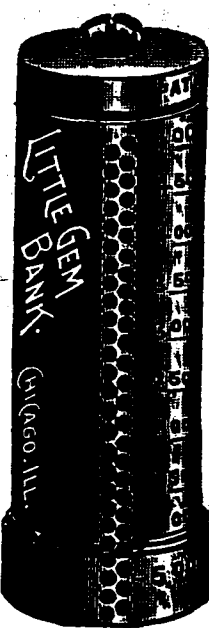
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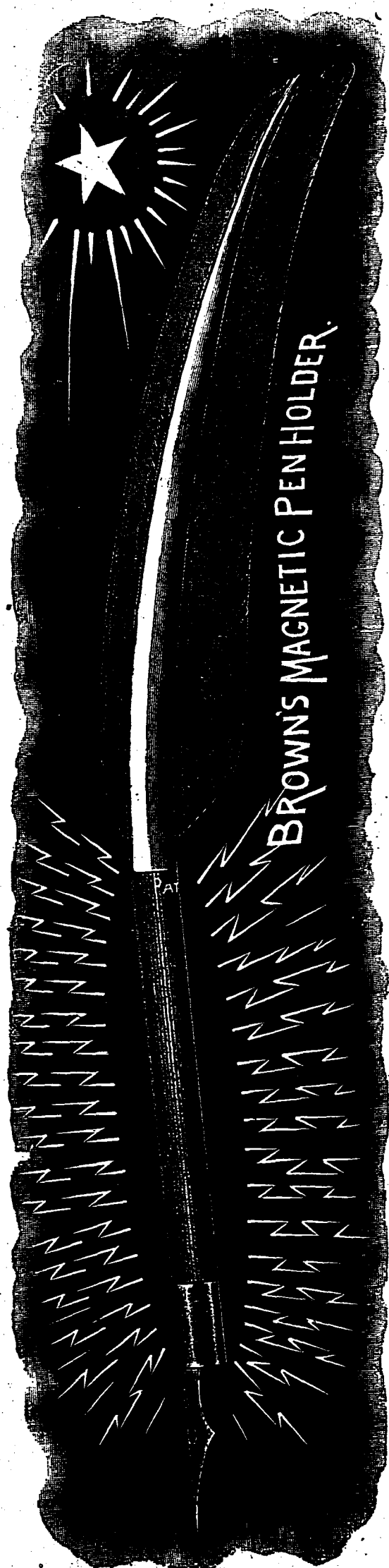
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MRS. LILLIE'S WOMANLY PROTEST AND REBUKE.

TO THE EDITOR: To correct misapprehensions and misstatements, as to why I cancelled engagement to speak for meeting called by its chief promoter, the Northwestern Spiritual Camp-meeting, now holding sessions on Lake Minnetonka, near a hotel which is also run by this camp-promotor, I desire space to state the reason so that my numerous friends in Minnesota and the Northwest will understand. I peremptorily declined because I found that the camp manager, after assuring me that he was to have a first-class camp, engaged as one of the speakers a notorious character, one Moses Hull. This man is not allowed upon the rostrum of the leading camp-meetings of the country, and has for nearly twenty years been tabooed by the great body of professing Spiritualists. He has advanced such doctrines and avowed such practices, that until he shall just as publicly declare that he has repented of having so taught and that he sees the folly and curse of such a life, I cannot with due respect to myself, to the faith I profess, and the host of moral and upright Spiritualists of America, appear on the platform where this man is allowed; and I will not.

R. S. LILLIE.

In this number is concluded the series of papers entitled "Human Imponderables," by Mr. J. D. Featherstonhaugh, undoubtedly among the most valuable contributions that have been made to the literature of Spiritualism. The fullness with which facts and phenomena have been given, and the ability, discrimination and judicial fairness with which every phase of the subject has been discussed by Mr. Featherstonhaugh, have been appreciated and admired by the large number of persons who have carefully read the papers. Many will unite with the THE JOURNAL in thanking the author for his excellent work in defence and exposition of spiritual truth.

Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, 302 West Madison street, psychometric, healing, writing and test mediums, give readings daily. Classes for physics, Tuesday and Saturday, 8 p. m.; Wednesday, 2:30 p. m. Receptions, Friday, 8 p. m. Hall meetings, Sunday at 11 a. m.; and 7:45 p. m., and Thursday 8 p. m.

Mrs. Anne L. Diggs, of Kansas, associate editor of *The Advocate*, the State Alliance paper of that state, called at the office of THE JOURNAL last Monday on her way to Washington, D. C. She is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of reform and is very hopeful of the triumph of the people over monopolistic schemes.

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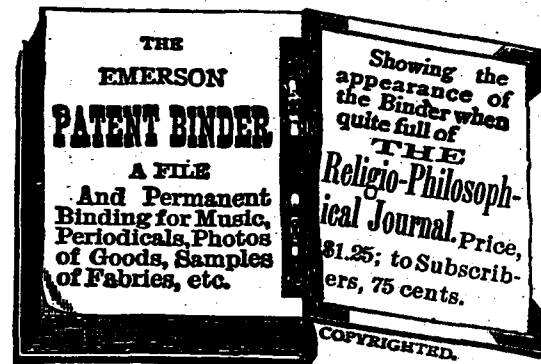
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